

MERCENARIUM,

VOL. 1

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A Chapbook by  
Big Sal

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- **BIG SAL**

***"The Konpeitō Masquerade"*** A Concept Poetry  
Collection Coming Soon,  
April 2021!

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# Intro [Skit]

From the year 1 to the year 2200, an unprecedented expanse of human growth and development took place. Empires rose and fell, armies underwent drastic changes that would shape the face of war forever, and in the midst of it all stood something much more mysterious and unpredictable. A portal unlike anything ever seen had appeared in the sky above the Rocky Mountains in the year 2200, and sure as the scorched mountains around it, out from it was spit a man regaled in a sort legionnaire outfit of armor that looked cobbled together from various nations and cultures.

The portal floated with ephemeral energy, and although many mistook it for a cube, it was in fact a tesseract. The Tyrian color emanating from the object was enough to make even the wealthiest man rich with envy, but the glow was something altogether more bucolic and unique. Never before had the world or its wildlife been subjected to such obvious and dangerous signs of extraterrestrials – until now.

The man that had been spat from the mouth of the portal now laid resting on his side as he tried to catch his breath. The last thing he remembered was he was in the middle of a clash between powers in the middle of the Roman countryside when a bright blast suddenly leveled the battleground. The next thing the warrior could remember were the odd symbols and hieroglyphics that appeared to him in his tunnel of vision as he was hurled through space and time. Coming to his senses, this warrior was amazed at his ability to now speak the local language of the place he had been dropped at. The people that came for miles to see the Time Traveler were in awe at such an unbelievable sight before them. The only saving grace in the entire situation was the portal still live and rotating symmetrically as it puffed with power immutable in difference from the most magnificent temple creed.

Mothers reached out to touch his face with questions of his past. Fathers raced to compare themselves to the aged warrior standing before them. Kids all gathered around to hear the stories and tales that the Traveler had to speak. Instead of giving his tale of woe however, the man spoke with gusto and determination as he said unto the crowd of gathering onlookers, “Fear not people of the mountain, I only seek my way home. I believe that portal above us is my key to doing so, yet it feels as if the gods themselves have locked the door on me. Allow me time to gather supplies and I will be on my way. I do not wish to inconvenience you lot.” After the legionnaire spoke his piece, an elderly man approached him in rags and mumbling to himself. The warrior reached a coin out to the elderly man as the mumbles turned into coherent words, “He knows you are here and he will be coming for blood, my son. Please, you must go back the way you came and never look back. This is a dangerous time, one unfit for one enigmatic as yourself.” The warrior looked down at the old man’s finger touching his chest as he replied, “Who knows I am here?”. Not another word fell between the two as the entire area became quiet with stares of silent and terrified curiosity. After a deep breath and contemplating his reservations, the old man spoke thusly, “He Who Ate the Sun. He knows and He is not happy that someone so powerful would appear now at this time. Says it’s not right.”.

The old man’s words and the crowd’s stares did little to stifle the warrior’s intent or resolve as he laid his last response unto the entire crowd, “Hear me now; whoever so shall approach me as a friend, let them lay their arms upon my table for feasting. But he who sullies my home with an attempt to besmirch or destroy it will be met with the Roman fire of Ares himself. I do not play games, peasants. He who raises arms against me first shall see his lopped from his body and disposed of in the River Styx. Now, take me to your leader.”

# Roots to Lichtenberg

Time to die in both the businesses when closing if it's too hard,  
I will buy explosive citruses imposing on the fruit cart,  
Evade changing dates from the hells that have evils,  
Grenades hang like grapes from the belts of banditos.

~~~

Take a C-note laid in ego on the hammock so they see me,  
Stay at cinco playing Plinko with the static on the TV,  
Empty fear will grace the trucks that are higher than we fly,  
When we hear the base erupts from the fire in the sky.

~~~

Raid the farms and fallen building while they're hiding in the covers,  
Take the arms of all the children while they're crying for their mothers,  
Tear the form used to plan in the war news and sand while they curse us as their prey,  
Where the storm troopers land just to form future's Man on the dervish of the clay.

~~~

Come to guard your men in battles when the devils end your nation,  
Summon charlatans and shadows from the temple's meditation,  
Find the herbs I've buried rotten with real bones that will store us,  
I'm the mercenary charging through kill zones in the forest,  
Cut the sighting to its photo shoots and predatory peace,  
Struck by lightning so we grow the roots of respiratory trees.

# Cabin in the Woods

Skies devise what we chart by the price of the page,  
I arrived in the dark with my eyes on the gauge,  
Truth will cure the right disease if it's often men with limits,  
To ensure that I can breathe with the oxygen diminished,  
The right-of-way for cannons is a seal we will oblige,  
The sky is gray as salmon and the veal that they deprive,  
Where a phase will not get good if not for Orwellian fact trails,  
There's a taste of rotting wood by the crocodilian cattails,  
Walk in evenings with my shadow where our leaders are then captured,  
Block the bleeding of the battle in the cedars with the raptors,  
Drink the secret breed of liters leaching bleachers of their bat shit,  
Seek to beat the reed to readers reaching reapers with their hatchets,  
Keep the kettle placed on carbon like a camper where his hooch is,  
Sleep in meadows razed of guardsmen with a gander where the goose is.

~~~

Afraid to fund the pharaohs that were taverns to the viruses,  
Awake with double barrels in the caverns of my irises,  
Smiles break through doom and fuck a woe if living on the cleanest barge,  
I'll make the moon a cup of joe while sipping on this thing of ours,  
I'll smoke the bowls and bake to burn with numbers for a winner's pledge,  
I stoke the coals and wait my turn like hunters at the river's edge.

# Respite at the Caramel House

Creating burrows if the depth shows like a cockle of the butchers,  
Evading arrows in the meadows while I wobble in the bushes,  
Stripped of honor in our death as odds will cut corn and wither,  
Rip the armor from my chest and watch the blood form a river,  
If the clock muted omens, then we're liable to rap it,  
With the posh tunics woven like the vinyl of a classic.

~~~

Blend the timbers in the memories when sent to us to sketch a pen,  
Enter embers' inner energies like enemas for any men,  
I cinch a five for snack and friend with basis in the media,  
To synthesize the saccharine in stasis with the stevia,

~~~

Academic as in now when I'm destined just to drown in the bluest sky showing,  
At a respite in the bough by the cesspit and the plough as the roosters die crowing,  
Pick the CDs with encryption when we let 'em in here later,  
Mr. Meeseeks on a mission when vendetta is the favor,  
Shed the zeal like a shell and dread the bill of this hell as we grieve for the graves,  
Wet the seal in the well and get surreal like Buñuel on the eve of the aves,  
Clear as dreams that fund elation with the mountain climb compounding,  
Here I've seen the sun awaken for the thousandth time and counting,  
Lash me to the autumn trees like seizing on the sparring sons,  
Raspy as the rotten leaves when wheezing with my charring lungs,  
See, the cruel men are the weak if they're bullying the meek just to burn and light a bowl,  
We can rule 'em in a week if we fool 'em in their sleep and return to buy a soul.

# Deci(Nation)

I was the orchid and the bloom,  
Foil sails rust in thickets when they reach their destination,  
By the market and the plume,  
Royal snails crushed to snippets like a legion's decimation,  
Shine a sword when in the room. . .

~~~

I wash the arts of hopes to seek a pen and doubt the tome,  
I watched the guards approach and beat the men without a home,  
A goner was a-grazing in the red field of peckerwoods,  
Their armor was emblazoned with the dead seal of emperors,  
They're made into a jelly when they're brazen as a deli with the flame in like a galley,  
Awakened in an alley as they're dragged into the belly by a dragon of the valley.

~~~

Plan a robbery to peel through in the nights of hell I suffer,  
Animosity will kill you as it tries to sell your brother,  
Learn that Lohan had a medic in the times she passed the limit,  
Turn a grown man apathetic to the crimes he hath committed,  
This had better be a product of a marriage we have rotted in a tense stand or climb,  
This scarcity of logic isn't warily a topic for the tenth man in line.

~~~

I'll sell you revolution with this education planning,  
Devalue devolution with the decimation damning.

# An Undying Oak

Coasts oblige when dredging depths to seed the pods of leader ploys again,  
Close my eyes expecting death and beat the odds like Peter Freuchen,  
Cut the cod as you stand freely while surrounding on a saddle,  
But it's odd if they can't see me and I'm shouting at my shadow.

~~~

I bellow to the breeze just to gloss a gilded lie,  
My elbows on my knees as I watch the pilgrims cry,  
When racing to get to class in death and pacing past the palms,  
Engraving epitaphs for pets on an ancient path of alms.

~~~

Rifles blind you like a pearl from the omens of the gods,  
I will write you for the world like the Romans for their dogs,  
Clutch a storm in my jacket if it's since a sensibility,  
Touch the cairn as you pass it when convinced of invincibility.

~~~

Bespoke over blood in the deaths of an ego,  
These folks show more love to their pets than to people,  
Cold as grams on a knife when sold to man and his wife for a half a hundred miles,  
Roll the sand like it's dice and hold my hand like it's life as we pass the pungent piles,  
Guard the gradient from the golem as it turns into an old nun,  
Carve your name into the phloem like it's worded in a poem,  
Walk the glades in the grass when it's fun to rest and settle,  
Block the blades from the path when they come to test our mettle.

## Liquid Sun and Urban Decay

Cut around me as the veins bust like sleazy dick in floozy,  
Put a bounty on them chains just like Jeezy did to Gucci,  
Wash the blade when in the hardships like to host an angel's death,  
Watch it fade into the darkness at the grove of anal sex,  
Fed the feet to fields when more serene than music that decried doubts,  
Where the keepers build a war machine and use it as a lighthouse.

~~~

Pick your puns so posh like poor things when the affluence applies,  
Liquid sun awash in mornings and gargantuan in size,  
Reek the river with the reckoned on the worst plate of pie,  
Seek the slither of the second from the first snake to die!

~~~

Vicks on Venus for the thick clouds when we're certain to stay,  
Wicks extinguished by the big crowds in their urban decay,  
Poke an iris just to function as you flush them from the bottom,  
Smoke arises from construction and destruction of a Sodom.

~~~

Give the pistol whips to prisons filled with feds to link and synch,  
Dip the crystal quills of griffins 'til the nibs will drink the ink,  
Live as kings on risen brinks in accordance of the gun,  
Piss in sinks the missing links when it's orange as the sun,  
Show the courts the cost of freedom – only humble to the dumb birds,  
So, we're forced to watch our kingdom slowly crumble in the suburbs.

# Dastardly Deeds

Foul skies laughing at the kaiju that were buried in a drum,  
While I's passing through the bayou there was scarcely but a hum,  
Take the hopeless creed of wisdom to the docks to see the jewel,  
Make the roses bleed in crimson while the rocks will bleed azul,  
Share the past answers sired if it burns to dawn a fire,  
Where the last lammergeier will have perched upon a wire,  
Timing TV if the court says we are fierce as martyrs fight,  
Riding freely on our horses if we pierce where armor's light,  
Lead by visage where a black dot spilled on people from the isle,  
Creak by crickets and a cracked pot filled with pico and the gallo,  
Why we don't we start to enter in the recourse remembered with our name up in the treason?  
Like a street market vendor that would recharge an ember if you came up with a reason,  
If a cop calls me much, I am crazy as I crouch,  
With these hot, salty nuts in the safety of your mouth,  
Humans base this in their ego as they burn their joy's rags,  
You can taste it like a vino or your virgin boy eggs,  
Foxes bleed the burrows while anointing what the cash pays,  
Oxen eat the arrows that were pointing with the grass blades,  
I might mumble where my jaw is if I know these cunts will feel,  
I can rumble with the rawest as I throw a punch to kill,  
Though I'll bleed a butter pound, I may need some other noun if I wipe out the sirens,  
So, I'll seek another town while I sweep the underground like I'm Viro the Virus,  
Molding Colin Farrell nightly with adventures and the tropes,  
Hold the bow and arrow tightly when the tension is as close.

# Smell the Gasoline Roses

If we laugh through the leaves at our dastardly deeds,  
Will we master the needs and then capture the seas?  
In the facts and the pleas with the chaff and the reeds,  
Is it grass for the bees or a patch for police?  
In the vats with the sleaze and our masks on our knees,  
Let me pass if you please, all I ask is for peace,  
Tip the gas on the streets with the passion apiece,  
Lit the blast in the breeze and whipped our backs with disease,  
Syph and vax have agreed on shit that backs up their grief,  
If it passes for beads in the cracks of their sleeves.

~~~

Smoke had woken up the stogie since the graying Bics were cool too,  
Rope and yolk up like it's Loki when he's playing tricks to fool you,  
Script the cellar's evening views in the sky to have a dream,  
Dip a ballerina's shoes in the lye and gasoline,  
Won't let me with my art in to the dead dream I had started,  
Protesting what to pardon with the best thing in the garden,  
Investing in a martyr if the flesh stings in the carbon,  
Go alone with freedom's ruling and upend coasts in music,  
Throw a bone and need a bully as a friend roasts the stupid,  
To condone a kingdom's cruelty and condemn those that loot it.

~~~

To acclimate the preparations needs springs and fresh brandy,  
Eradicate the expectation's beached things like *Death Stranding*.

# Unto the Woods a Fear Unlike Any Other

I set a scene so stunning in the leavening of fear,  
A reckoning was coming and a reckoning was here,  
Bleed a bone cut out of wire with flesh that clutches stronger tones,  
People won't put out the fire unless it touches on their homes,  
We hack a blade with purpose and a king of the old nation,  
Deactivate the service that will ping on your location.

~~~

Even warring culled the dead where I show my dreams of passion,  
Greet the morning full of dread when I know why things will happen,  
Deflecting bits of lying like it's savage sauce ablaze,  
Protect the kits while crying that the rabbits lost the race.

~~~

As we deathly guard our lives from the empty cars and lies on the gun Philando's death is sold,  
If a leshy parts the skies and the fleshy parts of thighs like that one *Sopranos* episode,  
Write a copy lodged inside of the poppycock implied on the lonely docks so sunny,  
Like when Bobby lost an eye and his body dropped to die but he only lost his money,  
Search for cure here and dirt-herded birds like cursed mercs,  
Stir a pure fear of cur fur incurred first from hurt words.

~~~

Dig a sand dune with an aster and an end play for the title,  
Posh as coats that tug an ear,  
Whip the bamboo like a master and a sensei of the cycle,  
Odds that odes are what we fear.

# I Take 10

More men in town to test your fate hitched to burn the lake wren,  
For every pound of flesh you take, bitch I'll turn and take ten,  
Rid the water of a bad melon with the passive friends that fall,  
Rip through armor like a Black Talon with their backs against the wall.

~~~

If I don't row you off the dock part, will you know I'm out of felt still?  
I will show you how to rock hard and I'll show you how to melt steel,  
Pus and lesions teach of labor on the side we're fucking buried,  
Rustic reasons reach the razor while they fight for Bloody Mary,  
Bid the psycho home and laugh with a day gone in the land,  
With the Styrofoam and gas as the napalm in my hand,  
Bind the streets to bat or bomb with a gun and rifle storming out,  
I'm the beast of Babylon and the one your Bible warned about,  
A flower comes to kill men when his streets are full of sand,  
Devour suns and children of the beasts that rule the land,  
Separate from the energy that's thundering a sundered helm,  
Epic as the imagery of entering another realm,  
Recruit a son and foreigner when puking up a porter rib,  
Refute the gun and coroner and shoot them up like Dorner did,  
Too unruly for abyss if as much of you survives,  
You can put me on your lists and I'll put you in my sights,  
Staining dye under the grounds by the rain that slapped in spurts,  
Aiming high above the crowds but I aim at captains first,  
Blame a rival for your vanity when you crash the next dish,  
Aim your rifle at my family if you have a death wish.

## March to the Malice

Bind the picture to the plan with the one hunter to croak,  
I'm a drifter in this land with a gun under my coat,  
Bomb a building's buried brunch in the snow and black sky,  
Watching military trucks while they go and pass by,  
Final fight to carry war through like a porch with a poinsettia,  
I will light a cherry for you as the torch of a vendetta,  
Try to earn a crown of embers if it tended my bud's ash too,  
I would burn a town to cinders if it meant that I could catch you.

~~~

Side the queso with the kitchen like a kettle with a victim and a hundred open blades,  
Dye the petal in a prism, buying pebbles for the fishes with a ton of broken clay,  
Like a rebel on a mission writing devils in submission just to bum a smoke for Che.

~~~

Fraying lands ash the sails and attack the hunt with skills,  
Praying hands clasped to nails like a stack of hundred bills,  
Licking up the bloody glass like keto with a tear bomb,  
Stick it up your fucking ass like Steve-O with a beer bong,  
Drag a bag to build a bridge and fade away to still repent,  
Break a leg like Silva did and paint the bay a silver tint,  
All bright and grayed and learn the mime is owed love in a cooking class,  
I'll bide the blade that turned to time and woke up on a wooden raft.

# The Unexpected Death of Chivalry

By the phase two of our meeting in the view I see and stand,  
I had raised you from a seedling when you grew to be a man,  
Eventual sickness of the mind isn't honestly in wisdom,  
Potential witness to the crime with the oddity imprisoned,  
I could launch you to the mark where they hunt you like a king,  
I would walk you to the park as I pushed you on the swing,  
Plus, the chum water's iffy of the ice that's incidental,  
Just a young father living with his life and his potential,  
A crazy summer skewered in the sunken ash and gray,  
The days were numbered fewer on the one I passed away.

~~~

An archon of the everyman would kill for what I have now. . .

~~~

I need you planning sleep when your towers are appraised,  
I've seen you stand and weep with your flowers at my grave,  
Share another hell and harm when you felt the plough arrive,  
Where your mother held your arm and you held your brow so high,  
Ceilings sagging through the bar to loot the crowd a tariff sum,  
Really happy who you are and super proud of where you've come,  
Find your mercy in your helms like addressing the police,  
I'm observing from the elms and obsessing with the trees,  
A way better goal and sum is a reason for denial,  
I may never hold your sun, but I'll see him with a smile.

# Pluck the Solemn Strings

Feel us gleam the dreaded hairs culled from sleep that skipped the creek,  
Killers dream electric chairs hold the sheep that did the deed,  
My own maiden is to suffer with her beauty as I perish,  
I awaken from my slumber with a duty to my marriage,  
Blind the pharaoh with a cudgel with the date and death simple,  
I'm an arrow on a knuckle and await the next window,  
Drown the ducks that live for crows as the savage fucker lives,  
Out of fucks to give for foes while I bandage up my wrist,  
Clink the pieces of the glass with a pellar that was knighted,  
Speak to trees if on my path like an elder as he's guided,  
The innocent will end their session speaking from the louder ledge,  
An instrument of insurrection eking on the outer edge,  
Suck the stings and fleas from Thanos if he's solemn as you die,  
Plucking strings like wings from angels while they're falling from the sky,  
Sharing copies from my sash where the paladins arose,  
There are bodies by my path and they're skeletons with robes,  
Bear the dumb dreams and the facts shrouded with cobwebs in our walk-in,  
There were once wings on their backs now but are rotten and forgotten,  
Skin the skinless if damnation bears to be the beast of burden,  
In the distance a plantation where I see the plebes are working,  
Spy the broach on queens we're fucking in their tar pits by a candle,  
I approach with strings a-plucking as the artist of this apple.

# Reconcile Contrast

I script the page gloss as I moderate the leeway so,  
I sit with legs crossed while I contemplate a TKO,  
Then I'd blow up in the valley on a secret path to fry a banshee,  
When I show up to their rally and then beat their ass like Meyer Lansky,  
A prime time is decided as the rust fused the forts,  
Their hive mind is divided on the just use of force,  
I've lived here in the garden since the broken were the same men,  
I sit here as a target but I'm open for their payment,  
New fights we'll come join if water seen will help 'em next,  
Two sides of one coin like Dr. King and Malcolm X,  
Bend the light and memory to skin the night of energy and a fleshy pile from last year,  
In a plight of equity and a fight so menacing where we reconcile on cashmere,  
Ride the corner down the ways where they started killing many,  
I'm a warrior out of place with my armor feeling heavy,  
Hunch and grind for information round the cedar and the laws,  
Once in line for decimation, now a leader of the cause.

~~~

The feeble on the map are then the link to find a factor,  
The people are enamored and they think that I'm an actor,  
A barren city drifts to the heavens on a frigate,  
They're staring giving gifts in the presence of a legate,  
Tearing through their lands with the truths I seek in anguish,  
Staring at my hands and confused I speak their language.

# Yearn for the Yellow Leaves

Skies are stone and abscess but watch the song and lotus wither,  
I alone am transfixed and walk along the rose's shimmer,  
Fuck the fam that fences forgo for the clean advice and fact,  
Put my hand against the portal as I dream of life I had,  
Both oblige the mass's mercy while they stay stuck in the sea,  
Close my eyes like caskets early with my legs cut at the knee.

~~~

Evolving past the bushy me called "Wallop" by the crook's decree,  
Nostalgia has its hooks in me all balled up in the books for free,  
This march uphill is art we kill like knowledge of the hardest fight,  
The warmth we feel is hard to steal in solace with the darkest night.

~~~

I ask the priest if dragons rot with devils in the legion's field,  
My masterpiece and magnum op are special to the seasons killed,  
Debating foes while razing homes to punch or pivot diction,  
Like crazy shows of HBO's and ones that mimic fiction,  
A carbon rank is hard to flank at night and when the port is dark,  
A modern tank has bombed the bank, so fight them where the sword is sharp.

~~~

Tip the boat and sink the mission with a coat of leather albums,  
Slit the throat of inhibition if you hope for better outcomes,  
Fuck the kings and fire singed in the ice or night and soil,  
Pluck the strings of violins like a knife you wipe with oil.

# Lucky Rabbit Foot

The hollow trees we're buried in try diverting to the timber last,  
Apologies my furry friend, I am searching for the better path,  
Pry the crate from sacred ancients if the money buys it moot,  
I await my fate with patience and this bunny by my boot,  
Sip a trickle of their whispers from your pinky to your shot,  
With a tickle for its whiskers and a binky on the spot.

~~~

Spike the bullets with their hair as I pass their casket then,  
Like the Polish with a bear but I have a rabbit friend,  
Wipe the vat of water beetles with a stricken soul ablaze,  
Like a cat for Dr. Evil when it's frickin' cold as space!

~~~

Shock our friends with a blast if the catcher isn't cogent,  
Block the lens from the flash when we're captured for the moment,  
Side with fools that follow rivers to the boring pool of bliss,  
Write the rules in hollow whispers like a boarding school for kids,  
Put a cook-off in a canyon when I bleed a bloody blade,  
Cut the foot off my companion if I need a lucky day,  
Sour spit will cost us blanks with eventual inventions,  
Now I sit and watch their tanks with their tentacle infections,  
Ceding streets to violent profit with our dreams that sleep in boats,  
Breeding beasts if biologic with machines that beep in modes,  
'Round a certain way it's funny as it turns to labor plunging in a steady step and union,  
Now a Terminator bunny will then burn the paper money while we ready revolution.

# The Beauty of Freedom

Free a pet truth if you know all when fighting so the pain stops,  
She was refuge for the snowfall when hiding with the rain drops,  
But the stigma had her frightened, she remembered she's a peon,

An enigma so enlightened that it entered in an eon,  
Where evil is the sole thing hinged that courts agree to place,  
Her people were controlling since she's forced to be a slave,  
Many say their passive praise is raw and hurt from using letters,  
Every day she passed the cage and saw the bird was losing feathers.

~~~

Stir the warriors in the mortar with a better deed observed,  
Her employers would ignore her and forget to feed the bird,  
Though her evening and her efforts are so precious by design,  
So, she's sweeping up their messes with a message on her mind,  
Squeezing hands will freeze and bear it like a rose had seen its age  
She has plans to free the parrot when she goes to clean its cage.

~~~

Strong as might to stand and beat men while they hang them in ascension,  
On the night she planned its freedom in the sanctum of redemption,  
Calling cops the spineless toads that are hauling out their weapons,  
Falling off the spiraled roads while she's falling up to heavens,  
Abide the creed we carried and we posit twice today,  
That night she freed the parrot and then watched it fly away,  
Pour the wine of divination on the portrait that it spilled,  
For her crime of liberation, she was tortured and then killed.

# Violence Isn't an Answer

A lot to bear indifference like silencers in camphor,  
I stop and stare at hypocrites if violence is an answer,  
I came forth to source the cleaners from the broken tape and signage,  
I wage war in sports arenas with opponents raped by lions,  
Healthy guidance for the people cut by Kony down the hill,  
Tell me violence is an evil but you showed me how to kill,  
Play as coppers raised right with a fear of silver dollars,  
Pay to watch us cage fight and then cheer for killer soldiers.

~~~

Take the sealed end raised in bags of their pennies with a pet kiss,  
Make the children wave their flags in assemblies of their pledges,

A kettle chips its char,

Orchids bloom in caustic dust,

The Devil tips the bar,

Pour his plume 'til profits bust,

Purpose actively as vicious as a tide that pulls it nightly,

Turn us passively submissive so we bite the bullet blindly,

The message is what breaks us when we burn another street,

Aggressive as they make us when we turn the other cheek,

Strand and blot the plot on the fern that played the flute,

Man had wanted God so he turned and made a nuke,

We seek reformation with peak restoration of things that are placed in the creek that conned the rock,

Complete devastation in three generations that see the end of nations and peek upon the plot.

# Supplant the Elders of Kingdom Come

Sanctify a cracked crown that fed boys the berries,  
Amplify the black ground with dead voices buried,  
Wrest the weapons from a home with a shadow white with fright,  
Etch our lessons in a stone by the candlelight at night,  
Set to kill me after hours if they're holier than hash is,  
Never really had the elders that could show me where the path was,  
Cut all hatred from the rending of the brave refuting censors,  
But I'll make it like an ending to my favorite movie ever,  
The best that we will bring is an industry on brink like a friend to lend his wages,  
Inexorably linked as their symmetry is synched in the end to blend our faces,  
Ascend to spend the stages defending any ages of many men in cages,  
Upend the trend of racists that tend to bend our graces where pent-up pen and rage is.

~~~

Sic a sentence on an arrow sent to hit us where we furrow and the bees will plant our pity,  
Spread the sickness through the borough dead to business and a furlough as the leaves supplant a city,  
Harmful recombustion that is better than the glare,  
Artful deconstruction of the effort that's repaired,  
Rain depletes the parched of silence that the mountaineers attain,  
Aim to please the arts and science if a thousand years remain,  
See no checkered doubt and shadow in the narrow plot's aplomb,  
Equal effort out of ammo as the arrows blot the sun.

~~~

Bombardment by the blindest where a priestess will then have sex,  
This parchment and papyrus are the pieces of my past left.

# White as Marble

**PERICLES:** Why won't things be backing up with the armaments and covers?

**MERCENARY:** I don't think we add it up if the marble chips its colors,

**PERICLES:** Staring at you in my business as you're sent to center place,

**MERCENARY:** Here's a statue with a grimace and a testament to race,

**PERICLES:** Script the mapping of a meadow with the rock bits of a comet,

**MERCENARY:** Split an atom in an arrow if I promise that they want it,

**PERICLES:** Iron sights will spy the boar where it pits the pinioned paper,

**MERCENARY:** I arrived to fight a war, so I'll give opinions later!

**PERICLES:** Tend your lord, I sent him south to the lilac of our tenets,

**MERCENARY:** Lend my sword to rend the grouse as I fight back with a vengeance,

**PERICLES:** We don't need what we incur from the merging of their mouths,

**MERCENARY:** People see what they prefer in the burning of their house,

**PERICLES:** Spin a dime that's not for dyeing, all the farce will burn is pride,

**MERCENARY:** In the time I'm occupying, all the marble's turned to white,

**PERICLES:** Cut the light that is in Hell as they drop me on a spike,

**MERCENARY:** What a sight that is beheld like a body on a pike,

**PERICLES:** Sheer as winds and waters carried to the gardens of my greedy crows,

**MERCENARY:** We're the sins our fathers buried like the Spartans at Taygetus,

**PERICLES:** To sate a pen so cunning while I write away advice,

**MERCENARY:** Await the end incoming with this dying way of life,

**PERICLES:** Should I go to match your beating if I'm cut up from your greeting?

**MERCENARY:** But I know the statue's meaning when I look up at the evening!

**PERICLES:** Hear the thud of wanderers when they rouse with average coaching,

**MERCENARY:** We're the blood of conquerors in the mouth of madness closing.

# Mead Hall Motions

I say what would avenge for those daily in their deaths if our minutes are our ministry,

I stayed up on a ledge where I wait upon an edge as a witness to the history,

Try our floats with valley water and the quarters in a crease,

I approach the rally proper while my sword is in my sheathe,

Final flow with rhymes amounting and aligning behind the throne,

I will go and find a bounty like I'm trying to find my home.

~~~

Fairly fucked by the candle where we frag Illuminati,

There'll be blood on the gravel and a battle brewing softly,

Whip a caiman on the couch as a shot spit to kill me,

Strip the paint from in this house if it's not fit to feel me.

~~~

Desecrated with a penchant pinched for kills on future TV,

Designated as a medic since my skills can supersede me,

Fuck the fucking laws hot as an ember of these hunters,

But I cut their balls off when I enter in their bunkers,

If the map to here is forming on the banisters of warring where the poppies split the shore,

It's a massacre in mourning like cadavers in the morning where the bodies hit the floor,

Pump a fist filled with madness if they need their air like running,

Fuck the rich, kill a fascist, and this legionnaire is coming.

# Blossoms Wither on Middle Ground

I read pages aimed to gear at the pigeon's skies above,  
I see faces stained with fear and their crimson eyes of blood,  
This war killed our apathy's stance to start shit in the alley,  
A store built by family hands is target to the wealthy,  
Though a coronation's earned, it's no fun to blend a prism,  
So, when corporations burn, they then come defend the system.

~~~

Battles fought are won for freedom if they're fooling us for dying,  
Sandals clop upon the cement like I'm Julius and crying,  
Skim the heavens and the craters in an evening on a dune,  
In the presence of the greatest while I'm weeping at their tomb.

~~~

Hard at play like broken tunes when they barrel through the Bastille,  
Armor splayed with open wounds and the arrows in my back still,  
File the beat's book and folder as days bleed a better storm,  
While the streets cook in sulfur, I may seek a peppercorn,  
Solemn arts are trading doubt for saving death a glacial thesis,  
Oligarchs will play it down while playing chess with racial pieces,  
Buy police and trade a tire to the salty fuck that canned it,  
I unsheathe my blade in fire while they call me but a bandit,  
Fear will char your flesh like prisons to go seek the snow while freezing,  
Here they argue definitions and don't even know their meaning,  
Bear this duty to your brother if you trust life to this lesson,  
There is beauty in your color but you must fight the oppression.

## Mercenary Drax

Tie a turtle to the coral with a flame in my hand,  
I was hurled through a portal when I came to this land,  
Input will then follow sheep with a "but why?" to follow forth,  
It's what you would call a leap and it's what I would call a warp,  
Set in walls that we have treasured with the sickened doubt to stand,  
Sweating balls when in the desert while I'm spitting out this sand.

~~~

Liberated in a day,  
Standing tall and high to do this,  
Give the sacred but a jade,  
Damning all in skies of hubris,  
Peeling fruit to cut the pit out,  
Some things will never change,  
Filling boots that dug for ditch drought,  
Unseen in separate range,  
Mist the barrel with the ashes from the big blaze in my hand,  
Kiss the arrow as it passes through the rib cage of the damned.

~~~

Find the water in the fire that a wood beetle's biting,  
I'm the monster that is hired by the good people hiding,  
Spread the snow and ice again that kids will love to stir with art,  
Never know when life will end so live it up when pure of heart.

# Duality

Joan of Arc would bleed the canvas of an evening plot unknowing,  
Though I march to meet the madness, there's a creeping thought that's growing,  
Laughs that we get from a dream are blind as deaths we want to film,  
As my feet lift from the green and find their rest upon the silk,  
Bishops know defeat and bleed, read, and then drink so they'll all just see a salary,  
It's a noble deed indeed freed of greed and deceit with a quality duality.

~~~

Kick the gourds to beat the plots with a whole bunch of old rakes,  
Flip the board to cheat your gods where they're skull-fucked on smoke breaks.

~~~

Tracking meets to spawn a fire while they're hoping that it soothes,  
Stacking reeds upon a pyre with the smoke that it exudes,  
See the monster in your presence sent to end those bleeding darker,  
Evening honor is in essence evanescence leaking water,  
Call the cops fucking the dead in their best gown and the ground,  
All the thoughts up in my head come to rest down in the town.

~~~

Pay a court for their lie like you dream you are a rapper,  
Raise my sword to the sky as I'm screaming that I matter.

~~~

Sunken souls will hunt the rich as we cut them from the sides,  
Puncture holes in puffer fish and then put them to their eyes,  
Off to buy these like a game if their fucking fears survive,  
Watch their life freeze in a frame where their bloody tears will dry,  
Love the broody and the broken when you broaden what the best say,  
But the beauty of this moment is forgotten by the next day.

## Omphalos in a Crow Crop

It is snowing in my eyes as I rise through the shed snow,  
From the moment you arrived, I realized you were special,  
Come cooing at the kooky as their crew cut lots of hookah,  
Unmoving as a movie that had moonlit Mansa Musa,  
Bear the bastard that we'll beat where the eighty wise men now lead,  
There's a basket at my feet with a baby crying loudly.

~~~

Stack the pictures in your phone since we mercs are dying proud,  
Crack the innards of the stone so we'll slurp the slime on out,  
Spit this rhyming off a bitch and stick to silent walls abridged,  
Licking lion paws like lips with different tyrant laws to fix,  
Checking with reality like weapons as we caught the lord,  
Pecking at humanity and beckoned from the water board,  
True conveyance wrote the bible on the shore to sell shit,  
Bucephalus rode awhile in the war with El Cid,  
Boxed with paper pot shots thought that flawed our moment here,  
Occam's razor ought not plot with Murphy's Law and Schrödinger.

~~~

A bit of salty stalking where the ladies flash breasts,  
I sit while softly sobbing at this baby's last breath,  
Might appear, avoid the stupid, with the shining in their stance,  
I can hear the joy of music while I'm crying in my hands.

## Intermission [Skit]

Looking out at the expanse of desert and scorched forests, the warrior Drax could see the glimmer of small patches of plum trees and purple bell peppers congregating around one particular area of the heat-induced mirage setting in. The mercenary however, knew how to spot the difference between reality and a simulation – or so he thought.

The warrior approached the farm and came upon a group of dirt-caked children playing in the radioactive mud nearby. Something about the water surrounding the place made the warrior uneasy, but he was broken from his trance when a rather raggedy man wearing overalls approached and asked him, “Howdy fella, where ya from?”. The warrior cocked his head slowly like a weathervane to meet the man’s gaze directly before saying, “I’m looking for the One that Ate the Sun. Do you know where I can find this man?”.

It would be another few hours before the warrior finally cleaned the last speck of blood from his blade and found his feet in the forest. A long blink goodbye and he set off on his way. Along the path was a disarray of dismantled military vehicles and scorched tanks. Armor hung like a tooth from a cave lion as it scattered into the seven winds always present.

In the distance, the warrior could now make out a skirmish going on between war parties of men while various machines converged on the battle sidelines as modifiers of sorts. Explosions and screams of terror ricocheted off the rocks and found their way to the warrior’s ears.

The legionnaire walked with purpose as the blazing sun began to set on the horizon. No other means of escape would remain once the light was extinguished from the sky. The warrior drew his dagger from its sheathe as he sliced it across the palm of his left hand and let himself bleed the ink into his next letter. As abruptly as he had stumbled upon the site of the battle, the warrior was now thusly thrust into the heat of it all as he narrowly dodged an incoming makeshift arrow. The assailant retreated into the mass of bodies engaging in melee warfare as the warrior drew his kopis and stepped up with urgency.

The warrior knew not who was who and which side was fighting for what, all he knew was he had to get home. The arrow that nearly ended his life now lay motionless amidst the backdrop of bloody legs and falling bodies. A darkness unlike any other would soon be left upon the world’s doorstep as those stuck in its shadow fought to escape with their lives. Drax, the mercenary warrior now stood atop the world’s doorstep as he readied himself for the coming scourge. If his mother had taught him anything, it was to never run from a fight and to always use his head to outsmart his enemies, and at least one of those things would always remain true.

## Night at the Museum

This sickness spots a secret on the side we shout in Sanskrit,  
The Business Plot succeeded and they're wiping out the planet,  
Like Malcom X we take stands in acres with our godless sinners,  
They welcome us to wastelands and bathe us in their toxic rivers,  
They both supply the deaths to men while all upfront like ethanol,  
Emulsify their excrement and call it but a chemical.

~~~

Unleash the night with scotch and rums for legionnaires that taste the day,  
We leach the sky like cops of funds and leave them there to waste away,  
Miss and eat bloody meals and at least cut the reel if we spit, shout, and fuck,  
If you need something real as police come to kill, then you're shit out of luck!

~~~

Hitmen risen in our presence stick the crickets in their asshole,  
Pinion pigeons by persimmons picking pickets from the battle,  
Near the samurais in clear glass that brand us first as pure brass,  
Where the canisters of tear gas will stand for curs that fear class.

~~~

We oppose the putrid ivy that will burn and darken glass,  
We approach the museum nightly and return the artifacts,  
Blades are black and weighed in blood right with violence and thanks,  
They will activate their floodlights and fire with their tanks,  
They were mortified in kitchens at the kids and Mr. Plissken,  
They will fortify positions for the bliss to slit their wrists in.

# Requiem for Hannibal

Lock the door and loot the fellows that are civil with their Folgers,  
Knowing men will bleed a minute,  
Drop a sword to shoot the salvos with a signal to the soldiers,  
Hoping ends will meet their limit,  
Posting caution tossed in wads up to the mossy pool of separatists,  
Hosting gossip lost and caught up in the hospital with sedatives.

~~~

Operate a tire in the night here of the hell we're sent,  
Only like we're Beetlejuice,  
Compensate desire for a fighter of the relevant,  
Pull me with the needle loose,  
Concentrate your fire on the rider of the elephant -  
Solely with an evil truth. . .

~~~

Saints will march to their deaths with the bounties on their heads,  
Eve accosted every Adam,  
Flames will arch to the flesh of the townies in their beds,  
Bleach the rocks of any chasm,  
Blend the paints with a brown meant to faze what we found in a poem when of beauty,  
When the graves in the ground send the aves to the town, then you know you're in a movie.

## Taciturn and Unabridged

Hunt the skills of dancing harpies with a rhyme to teach the beat,  
From their hills commanding armies to the lime beneath my feet,  
Pick the images that pin us up and stick the blush on happy clowns,  
Witness visages so infamous that dip the brush in shanty towns.

~~~

We stand so cold in activism and to press against bowl,  
Mechanical in animism's manifesting tentacle,  
Tyrannical as past editions stand suppressing sense and all,  
Irrational as cash for prison's random listings sent and sold.

~~~

Afraid to frown and love much as we paint a clown with others like the cedars of our secrets,  
We shake the ground above us just to rape a town of lovers where they leave us like we're leaflets,  
I break the beat I borrow as I violently address the killed,  
I take a seat in sorrow while I silently assess the field.

~~~

Go blast a fern and flood the ridge with ash from urns and blood from lips,  
So taciturn and unabridged to last the burn and fuck the bridge,  
Packing ancient blades with foul choice for surviving what we flee,  
Machinations made with alloys while they're rising from the sea.

~~~

Cut a clam out from the caña with a beetle in a bible,  
Put a hand out to the Hannya when cerebral with the cycle,  
Flood a steeple with our libel in a peephole that we might show to the winners of each level,  
But a sequel with a psycho is an evil that we title at the dinners with these devils.

# Streetwise Sensei

I have seen life end days if they can't reply with facts,  
I'm a streetwise sensei like a samurai that raps,  
Fuck a court that sells us trauma that's forbidden in its absence,  
Cut the cord of melodrama like a ribbon as it dances,  
What's your mission in this madness or the meadows that we bury?  
Clutch the pigeon on the canvas with the perros in the dairy,  
Dig the bogs above the lawns if we're putting moss in beds,  
Sic the dogs and fuck the laws while we're cutting off their heads.

~~~

Seek a bottle near the well while I'm ducking through the windows,  
Even Pablo feared a cell with a fucking zoo of hippos,  
I'll never leave the deader tree that's sent to me as symptoms see if this is free for separate fees,  
Remember me as energy in synergy with syzygy like sympathy for enemies.

~~~

The whole supply is sold inside so hold it tight and guard the nets,  
An old goodbye will mold the sky in gold and white like carcanets,  
Why won't the skies impart their bliss in final breaths that I won't gift to griffins in a vestibule?  
I won't survive a dark abyss if I'm amiss and I will miss my missus in a misty pool.

~~~

Lock their body in the dungeon while I'm passing through the pictures,  
Cock the shotty when I come in and I'm blasting at you bitches,  
Find the Thorazine I'm eating that I crush in my palm,  
Like I'm Tarantino bleeding from the dusk 'til the dawn,  
Dine their lady for the fun so she pays me for the sum of the pencils that are pricey,  
I'm as crazy as they come like a daisy in the sun that assembles where it's icy,  
Send them dimes to find their prisons if our business is as lawless,  
Blend the pines, imbibe the prisms, and the wick is where the rock is.

## To the Pan Flutes and Potholes

Pin the record list that hell knows to a pessimist of peace,  
In an edifice or alcove is the death of bliss and bees,  
In this decadent disease we are counted when we fall,  
Spin the record risk to me so I'll mount it on the wall.

~~~

Bomb the track like laudanum idle in the crack of kraken battles,  
On a plaque or platinum vinyl in the back with satin sandals,  
Building blocks with skies no higher; stealing jobs and fighting fire,  
Silky soft as microfiber feeling lost in my own mind here.

~~~

In the rags and their remnants is a page of our sentences like drugs and fast money,  
To the crags and the crevices with bags of our necklaces and jugs of mad honey,  
Skipping falls that stick to sand like dragon calls that split the land,  
Tripping balls on tryptophan and egging halls to kick the can,  
Tag the bridges oft harkened to the hell built in the street,  
Make the bitches stop barking like I'm Val Kilmer in *Heat*,  
You and I are new as liars doing ire if the damn truth is not souls,  
Move and fire through the briar brewing wire in the pan flutes and potholes.

~~~

Flip homes for real when the strip poles are steel in a crate or box splitting,  
Wish bones and twill will have skipped stones to kill on the lake of lost living,  
Bridges wooden as a stump where the grayest skies are forming,  
If you put them in the trunk will they stay alive 'til morning?  
So, Cupid is as aimless as if we decide the A-list,  
Pellucid and it's painless when you beatify the brainless.

## Satriale's Pork

Skin the bison hacked from mothers like the emotes of a blunder,  
In horizons sapped of color are the key notes that we suffer,  
Steer the ship to rush in and carry peace in the round,  
Here I sit in wolf skin and wear its teeth like a crown,  
Spoken with a telly click and coming to your deli fridge,  
Smoking on a healthy stick and hunting for the wealthy pigs.

~~~

I scuttle fleets and timber while I'm scoffing at the best bid,  
My knuckles bleed a river while I'm huffing in my respite.

~~~

I might have sold a wire strung to higher ropes in gooey grasps,  
The night is cold and I am young if I awoke on dewy grass,  
An execution is survived with lots of burden to upkeep,  
The revolution is alive when cops are burning in the street,  
Blind and stricken in the water as our betters die in Denver,  
I'm just sitting in my armor as the feathers find an ember.

~~~

Fight a skinhead at the bar and he's going for his gun,  
Like the impact of a star if we're slowing as we come.

~~~

I've seen them pass the bread to a dragon in the acreage,  
My fingers clasp his head while I drag him like he's baggage,  
Hear the book you've read is closing on the township in this madness,  
Here I put his head to trophy while I mount it where the plaque is,  
I'll wash the pearls under steel like they're black toes on the floorboard,  
I watch the world come to heel like Sopranos at the pork store.

# Property of the System

Trust an angel is in office when they kill men they could reach,  
Mother Mabel was a goddess to the children she would teach,  
We admit it once we stand up in our cooked soles -  
She could fix it just like Sam could from the book *Holes*,  
Try and meet her with their leashes as a free, amazing Black queen,  
Smiling sweeter than the peaches when she sees her babies laughing.

~~~

Graft the grate an open visa and gut angels in their rage,  
Master made the *Mona Lisa* and put Mabel in a cage,  
Gorge the gods and murder witnesses with half a knife and anchor,  
Forced to watch from further distances with master's wife in anger,  
Send the pain from a god like to gift the snow a great view,  
When you're chained like a dog and your kids will grow to hate you.

~~~

Envision you a great view as the foul men split the condo,  
Imprison you to rape you just like Belgium did the Congo,  
If race is lacking class, then their purse snatched her labor,  
Encased in cracking glass while her birds hatch and hate her,  
People weathered like the roads from the crow to the panther,  
She will wither like a rose and she'll grow like a cancer,  
Spin the blades on bleachers touched by a million racist cowards,  
In the cage her fingers clutch and her children raised without hers,  
Host the tea for another friend with smoke to spread the spree,  
Post a plea to the government and hope they set you free,  
Our lies are only lawless if we know what we deserve,  
Her cries of lonely solace are the poetry preserved.

# Don't Feed the Pharaohs

Cooking summers where we perish just to enter through a coffin,  
Looking under every crevice like from Timbuktu to Compton,  
Fear the evil in its lairs with stones that throw doubt with the efforts,  
We're the people from the stairs, so don't you go out and forget us!

~~~

Tipping flagons on their corpses with the white flag of their lies,  
Whipping wagons for the horses while we ride back with supplies,  
In the old timber clearing while we're firing the feathers,  
It's a cold winter rearing while admiring the embers,  
Deadly hells announce their goals with the mountain's legion arching,  
Empty shells that housed the souls of a thousand demons marching,  
Kick the right priest to death confessed in autumns of a mating school,  
Lick the spiked teeth of flecks of flesh and lock them on the wading pool,  
Shunning Trump and hatred to the sound of tofu that fills barrels,  
Running drunk and naked through the town when old school like Will Ferrell's,  
Fight the weather raised in luck when now whining with the poor fucks,  
Like I ever gave a fuck just how shiny that my sword was,  
Your words appear as weak as past lives that call us out - the cool,  
The first to shear a sheep will ask why it's all about the wool,  
Blast through the Poconos and rumble with a pair of gloves,  
Last like we're Roman roads and crumble like America's.

~~~

Children's dungarees are lived in, filled with memories omitted from the past on gray paper,  
Shield the other things from women still to suffer these in Yemen if we pass the grave later,  
Silken luxuries and linens built the countries that we live in on the backs of slave labor.

## Buried by a Teddy Bear

Cunning quitters make a melee in the dairy with an empty stare,  
Running rivers ragged daily when they're buried by a teddy bear,  
Trade the cows for what is bigger than the mountains in the mirror,  
Break the vows of an enigma by the houses of the river.

~~~

Recreate the global harness with the keys to keep us skipping,  
We awake in total darkness and defeat an evil city,  
Stay like mammoths in a bank if my hump is half as high here,  
Lay an ambush for a tank while I jump and stab the driver,  
Times are gearing for our deaths on a poker wing of bank wrath,  
I am piercing through his flesh while I'm opening the tank hatch,  
Laid in grace and graves to rot to attack with the dead,  
Make him taste the blade I brought through the back of his head,  
Pay no bang-bang afraid of the blank white and gloss,  
They say don't bring a blade to a tank fight but watch!  
Final fucking funds we have are for hate to trek rock,  
I will cut their guns in half when my blade is red hot,  
Sloppy murals split a town with their praise in defeat,  
Watch their barrels hit the ground like grenades at their feet,  
Rifles bang an atlas cut on a cunning new Houdini,  
I will hang a fascist up like they're fucking Mussolini,  
Here the ceremonies sizzle when they paint a black parade,  
We're the mercenaries widowed when they came to hack our blade.

## Color of the Agate Eyes

Modify the match to then complicate the cracks and look out for this to catch,  
Posit it as facts and deposit it in sacks with proboscises to match,  
Here we're cleaving through an Eden where the grouse grade the milled,  
Where they're stinging through the tweed when in the house traitors built,  
Painting us a felony to bang for us a melody and seeing us as poppycock,  
Rancorous duality and dangerous reality will meet up where the bodies drop.

~~~

Full of fire in an eye like a pound of the mota,  
Hold your lighter to the sky, we can brown the aroma,  
Take me down to Tacoma where we take the trucks and three loads,  
Make me sound like a stoner when I break the buds like geodes.

~~~

Live for duty if you have to and split the clock for life's truth,  
Chisel beauty from a statue and hit the block like Ice Cube,  
Lonely pains will walk the yards in the form of selfish towns,  
Holding chains to taunt the guards while we storm the palace grounds,  
Trade your saddle for a stream once or the cackle of a demon,  
Make them rattle with machine guns in a battle of the beaten.

~~~

Rinse the rat shit from your helms in the towns and damn basins,  
Lynch the fascists from the elms on the grounds of plantations,  
Build your dream while breaking windows as you suffer just to stay free,  
Kill a king to make a widow but you fuck her on the daily.

## Speakerbox Simian

Skies are diving through the bright winds and the distances we cover,  
Sighs arriving as the night ends in the instances we suffer,  
See an animal that eats right and burns the peat in bloody grace,  
He's a cannibal for street fights and turns to eat your fucking face,  
Splitting socks by given dots like the cuttlefish is ready,  
Kicking rocks and spitting shots but the jungle is as deadly,  
Holy sands he'll trade for coin in the pouncing of a wraith,  
Throwing hands to make his point while he's bouncing to the bass,  
Here's the glitch that killed a man where the best of men would come in:  
"Spear a fish and build a dam as a testament is summoned!",  
Bake and blaze the day's savants where they're landing on the grotto,  
Wake the rage of racist aunts but this man he won the lotto,  
Bringing oodles to the needy as a buffer to the deadly part,  
Slinging noodles like a CD and he's hustler at his heavy heart,  
Take a walk up to the grotto on the dirt and sand mounds,  
Wake the block up with a salvo and then burn the Klan towns,  
Bitch, I bet your legion's darting to the depths of nothing white,  
If you ever see me marching, then you better fucking hide,  
Shot another brother dead in affairs with nothing godly,  
Chop a motherfucker's head if he dares to fucking stop me,  
Two more beers and several rivers where they punch hookers' tickets,  
You won't hear the devils whisper to the subwoofers in it.

## An Arrow of Ascendance

Cue the man with a plan and as vile as a peach,  
Scooping sand in my hand like a child at the beach,  
Shaking firs to break their branches like the trains that split the town,  
Making sure to take attendance of the grains that hit the ground,  
Wash the ball of muddy brain and the hype that heeds the moments,  
Watch it fall like bloody rain from the titan's hematomas,  
We will run into the fletcher when he's scrying through his shop,  
We can rumble when he's better but he's dying on the spot,  
Bend the light into the sound where a pearl breaks the glass,  
When the titan splits the ground and the world quakes its last.

~~~

Bishops stand up rich and bland betwixt the band of minute sand by a pyro in his vengeance,  
Jibber jabber kicks the can to kiss the hand of myth and man on an arrow of ascendance,  
Eat the chitlins from the middle and the garnets that we grind,  
Eke indifference from a nickel and the partridge for a dime,  
Ancient waters reach our loam bed as it's hard to view the carpet,  
Make the monsters feast on stone bread at a barbeque we started,  
Book a change like body boons if the nerve of it's the same,  
Cook the brains with shotty spoons and a Berkowitz to blame,  
Steal their kush to get them gutsy as you fill their pan with jars,  
Feel a rush like wet pussy when you kill the man in charge.

~~~

Thoughts and barrows will arise costing pharaohs that survived in the little ways uphill,  
Watch the arrow as it flies off the barrel at the sides and it ricochets to kill.

# The Old Kingdom

Pour the old gin as my drink with the dead things of my world,  
For a moment I was king of the red skinks in the burrow,  
Save a son crowned with pearls knowing cowards are as weak,  
They would come around the world throwing flowers at my feet,  
Strip their voices from their coffins, in the midst a dry eye,  
Pick the poisons and the toxins that you wish to die by,  
Teach your brain to match emotions when in pain with nothing real,  
Freeze the frame to capture moments like a train by Bloody Bill,  
Sing a broken sound so awesome that they learn it is an aura,  
Bring the moment down to Sodom when they burn it with Gomorrah,  
Blaze these boxes of my poems by the bodies of their babies,  
Raise the phlox from in the phloem by the poppies and the daisies!

~~~

For the few like me as the precedence and days off,  
Order looms nightly as the evidence of chaos,  
Metal hangers hang the crooks from the valleys and the trees,  
Echo chambers ate the wolves in the bellies of the beasts,  
The freedom for a tyrant is a burden to the ghetto,  
The kingdom was as vibrant and as verdant as a meadow,  
Evil reigned in ancient woods that could eat its subtle trolls,  
People came to trade their goods and would keep a couple rolls,  
Seeding thickets, plains, and plants as the cock that taunts the gun,  
Even crickets came to dance as they walked upon the sun,  
Sing the netting and the grass in the pressing of the mast as the leshies are undone,  
Since the shedding of a past isn't dreading for its laughs as it readies for some fun.

# Skipping Through the Ashes

Contemptuous aggravations in the depths of cracks or cave-ins that are broken like a stone club,  
Infectious machinations will infest the apparitions that are coping in their own blood,  
At least we'll build the pinnacles to equal something's enterprise,  
The streets are filled with sentinels and people running for their lives.

~~~

Broken bonds will bleed the balmy like it's Viacom in karma,  
Open arms to greet the army while they fire on my armor,  
Stun the crowds that found stakes in the troubles of the day,  
From the mouths of brown snakes as it crumbles in decay.

~~~

Praising grace to leave us twice in a crop or ageless plot,  
Placing faith in Jesus Christ will not stop a racist cop,  
Cut the tree that spawned our debt with the posse's pity learned,  
Put a knee upon our neck as you watch your city burn.

~~~

Find the water laid in mildew with a maul and bloody hand,  
I'm the monster paid to kill you when they call the Boogeyman,  
Greet the middlemen in death with the foolish lounging softly,  
See the metal bend and flex with the bullets bouncing off me,  
Barely fit into the mattress as we run this trucker's town,  
Nary skipping through the ashes while we gun these fuckers down.

## Teacup Party

Break the aberrated steps due to freeze and the fuck all,  
Drag decapitated heads through the streets like a shovel,  
Been a sunny day in focus with the world sinking me,  
In my bloody state I'm noticed by a girl drinking tea,  
To fall down to the foam if the mattress has its tension,  
She calls out the unknown and she catches my attention.

~~~

Piss a bill and break a beat as we reappear to cheat,  
"Mister will you take a seat if the tea in here is free?",  
Fight the many with a strong pair as they ready for the bombs there with the army's bullets free,  
Like Buscemi when in *Con Air* with a penny for the wrong stare and a party full of tea,  
Time will lead you to the symbol of the freedom that its forming,  
I will meet you in the middle and I'll eat them in the morning.

~~~

Sell the fish as hounds and nymphs surround the flesh like mountain crypts,  
Malkovich will mouth the quips and house the kids a thousand fists,  
Crowd the kilns with lonely winners like a soldier in a palace,  
House the film's adobe winters as it's colder than a callus,  
Soak the chains and douse the lesson as a repertoire emerged,  
Open fangs will oust the venom from the petrichor and herbs.

~~~

Bow when given to the queen like a box of purple perm,  
Now I'm sitting on her swing as I watch the world burn,  
Cups as leaky as the lessons like we're bricking up the pyre,  
Put my pinky to the heavens while I'm sipping on the cipher.

## Preservation of the Status Quo

An atlas is imperative if you evolved streets,  
Establishing a heritage at the root of false trees,  
Check the paint and clothes or rags for the Vietcong's revenge,  
Let them hang their foes and flags from the tree they want to quench,  
Put the produce on the pallets with a grade of slimy skillets,  
But they poke you on a callus when afraid to finally feel this.

~~~

Synch the truths with empty myths like we're fighting with our flesh white,  
Sing the blues like Bessie Smith when I'm writing on my best night,  
Bash the brain and holy crown with an emu in the window,  
Catch a train to go around and I'll meet you in the middle.

~~~

Blowing pipes and madness up with an omen many sighted,  
Throwing dice of mammoth tusk with a Roman 20-sided,  
Sick of darkened thoughts and days as they bar you from the maps too,  
Pick the art to blot and fray while we argue over statues,  
Kissing Artemis in parched snow where they start shit for today,  
It's a dark abyss of charcoal in a tar pit of decay,  
Bury facts and fate for tyrants with a stoop to seat the class,  
Where we activate the climate like a nuke to beep its last,  
Angel feathers fair the evil where the prophets preach at evening,  
They will never care for people while their profits keep increasing.

# Megaphone

Sanctified to sail home when pacing feet are all per diem,  
Magnify the maelstrom where masons meet a mausoleum,  
Sate the blade and murder thoughts to thank the coin and bag of bones,  
Break a leg and stir the pots to make your point with megaphones,  
Buried in the thunder by the dairy and the springs,  
Tear me from asunder and then wear me as your wings.

~~~

I'll split a separate fee if the card is pulled on man,  
I sit on bended knee in my garden full of sand,  
Kiss a dreamer at the party and then charge the cop's incentive,  
With my finger as my army while I carve a swath indented.

~~~

The Saudis hear their business was a piss away from terror since,  
To proudly wear your privilege is to give away your arrogance,  
Bloody bosses in their death while we burn their tree and aster,  
Study causes and effects while you learn to be a master,  
Cities sulking by the millions living reasons sown as fruits,  
Vitriolic as opinions given credence over truth,  
See the fun few in honor while they cut through the solder if we stay awake in town,  
Be like Sun Tzu in water while we punch through their armor on our way to take the crown.

# An Unrequited Reckoning

Watch the skies and roads ascend in the evenings with another ghoul,  
Toxify the oaks avenged when they're leaking in the summer pool,  
Lot of spy blood to detect with a trickle from the crime,  
Prop up plywood to protect with the pickle in the brine.

~~~

A path that's paved in pulpit blood while pacing as they're pissing pus,  
The cask that's made of walnut wood is aging like the whiskey does.

~~~

Break the thought and split a "fuck it" with a person that we trick in time,  
Take a shot to kick the bucket while we're working on a wicked rhyme,  
I did it fine like chicks to find while dicking with a checkered boss,  
A picket line will stick the mind when stricken with a record loss.

~~~

Stunt the hunting of a griffin if the humans breed with Dumbo,  
Unbecoming of the mission with a spoon to feed the gumbo,  
Guard a greedy fate from Cairo while debating love with spirits used,  
Archimedes ate the arrow like I'm waking up in Syracuse.

~~~

The war is through with babies if they can't defend their legion,  
A forest full of gray leaves in an antonym of Eden,  
Debating if we like him when we drag him to the lions while he braces if he sees them,  
Awaiting and arising like a dragon with his eyes in and his faces for the kingdom.

~~~

Stripping free men of their purpose when we're petty to apply it,  
Mixing cement in the thermos while we ready for the riot.

# Eraserhead Identity

I depict the skies in poem from the shadow of a human,  
I admit I was unknowing of the battle that was looming,  
Hoping empathetic visions would displace my enemies,  
Floating ectoplasmic engines will erase identities,  
Shift rebuttals to our own hall as we stand at cliffs for viewings,  
It's a struggle from a stone wall to the San Francisco ruins,  
Plug the lips up with a flower in the kindest lover's eyes,  
Put your fist up for the power if you fight injustice twice,  
Ever since peace was honed, evergreens breached the dome like the alchemists and prophets,  
Recompense seeks a bone sent to death reaching home to the calculus deposits,  
I shall now defeat their soldiers from the Pyrenees to hereto,  
I will vow to be your shoulder and the ear that needs to hear you,  
Humans seek the sunny daily if the right thing is uneven,  
You can keep your money safely since I'm fighting for the freedom,  
Our friends are fit for Philistines while grieving for a sicker man,  
Entrenched in shit soliloquies while seizing on the ship at hand,  
Leaching to a sycophant when beasting through the blaze and boughs,  
Reason is a bigger plan that beats up on the races housed,  
Gory as fate that cracked the bones like little plates that we won't hear,  
Orientate the catacombs; assimilate the evil here!  
Pour the pitchers in the crack of their clear plans and peephole,  
For the bitches in the back as they hear trans are people,  
Clear the land and rend the lord's farm like a bloody abscess cut,  
Here I am to lend my sword arm while we fuck some fascists up.

# If I Should Fall

Split the sky like a rhyme with a breeze and the showers,  
If I die on the line with the wreaths and the flowers,  
Hacky sack on the cross while passing gas like we're dogs,  
Pass me back like a mosh with ashy flash like a moth,  
Sassy lass as a boss with patchy grass as a loss,  
Can't be tracked to the dots when smashing ass like a box.

~~~

We will die and kill for mama if they ask me to the bouts,  
People try to steal my armor while they pass me through the crowds.

~~~

Pants peach with the drips to stand peace on the cliffs and the wooden skies for boating,  
Hands reach from the Styx and stampedes on the bridge as it's looking like I'm floating,  
Skies are broken like an omen where police will break the ice,  
Eyes will open for a moment if I see my fate arise,  
Beetlejuice just for fun and feeble truths that we spun in a night of paradise too,  
Egos bruised like a plum with evil views from a gun where they try to terrorize you.

~~~

Hand to bong, I'm the baddest when I'm rhyming on my way through,  
Standing strong like a dam is where they're trying to defame you,  
Bolt your bed to blue dots when your puck is too hot,  
Hold the head that shoots cops like you're fucking Tupac,  
Get your son to be a baron like a key to dust the gardens,  
Let them come for me, I dare them, we will see who fucks the hardest.

~~~

Preach the myths as white fact when they're stunning as the riff raff,  
Teach your kids to fight back when they're coming with the click-clacks.

# Oracle of an Era

Depend on presidents to get your ends and trek the bends of golden stone,  
Foment a regiment of better men to set the trend and hold their own,  
Smile while laughing at the same things that will draw it on their canvas,  
While we're clashing with a phalanx as the wall of men collapses,  
Bear their lying truths that fail to detect an education,  
Where they're fighting tooth and nail for a check or recognition. . .

~~~

Ascend the steps to angels for revenge in death and cradles.

~~~

Blind as passion for the vagrants that will paint the wall with naphtha,  
Climb the chasm where the crag is while we're claiming all the camphor,  
Nix the souls that thought me funny in their cunning laughs so bitter,  
Mix the bowls of god and money in an onion patch of vigor,  
Ditch the digger in the pile like a cider in the whiskeys,  
Click the ticker on the tile like a diner in the '50s.

~~~

Travel time and token friends to battle minds and broken trends.

~~~

Pray the dead will decay like the meat that we roast,  
Spray and spread their display from their seat to the coast,  
Bat the ball and bunt the glove,  
Bleeding borders breed devotion,  
Sapped of all that once was love,  
Even orcas need an ocean.

# Rusty Swords

Cede the sacrament to dreams in the carpet like a dead phone,  
Be immaculate as gleams from the garnet in my whetstone,  
Pick the dance to shit the bed while pinching pants to drip the dread like minutes on a widow's clock,  
Sycophants and sicko men will singe the plants and brick the head to split it like a cinderblock,  
Wish my enemies were killed just to drain the crack of tar,  
With my destiny fulfilled like I'm Aang from *Avatar*.

~~~

Greet the queens over villas as a burden to the right heirs,  
See latrines for both the villains as they're burnt into your white hairs,  
Even dreams will grow to kill us if they turn into your nightmares.

~~~

Rise and chew the ball at both ends so we're set to check the track,  
Prize what you would call emotions full for better men in black,  
Life is beautiful for moments, though you'll never get it back.

~~~

Get your money free of fact set in snow to ball a glove,  
Pet a bunny, feed a cat, let them know they're all as loved,  
Pour the ice and put the code in when they check with us to pander,  
For our life is but a moment with a speck of dust enamored,  
Smoke this pipe on the steps with a light in the depths like an icy sea undressed,  
So, I'll fight to the death with a strike to the flesh as I strive to be the best.

~~~

Touch the water on the board when your mission is what made her,  
Love is longer than a sword if you're living like a dagger.

# Manipulate the Matrices

Throw your best to Ali's jabs on the coasts of balmy sod,  
Though my friends will call me "Drax" and my foes will call me "God",  
List the remedies in prison that will halve the list and penny,  
It's the best of me envisioned with the avarice of any,  
I'm the builder at the point that won't feel war is odd,  
I'm a killer for the coin; I don't kill for my god.

~~~

Cut a vein with your intention touching two of Polly's birds,  
What I aim is my attention; what I shoot is all these words,  
Time will tip the boat and temple as the birds appear to cowards,  
I will slit your throat in tempo to the curvature of flowers,  
Bound the data to the business and capitulate to stimulation,  
Count the math up with the physics and manipulate the simulation.

~~~

The fire blinds this stone that is soulful as a man elopes,  
A viper finds its home in an old skull of an antelope's,  
Braising buns and tasting tongues with a fair admission muted,  
Grazing crumbs and facing guns in an air-conditioned unit,  
Seeping under from its mouth when leaking onions for our doubt to the evil hearts and fools,  
Seeking comfort in the crowd and drinking sunsets in a drought while the people parch in pools.

~~~

Brittle bungholes are on empty costing life's doubt where the morgue is,  
Willful rumbles at the ready crossing eyes out on the corpses,  
Preach the pinhole to the circle if it's simple as a hurdle like the courts full of the racists,  
Eat your kibble like a gerbil while you're sinful in the world and remorseful for the matrix.

## At the Cairn for a Lost Pet

The more you're breathing in as a dog pees on leaves,  
A warrior needs a friend like a rock needs to breathe,  
Should I reign if it's in terror and a hell is for a mortal?

But I came into this era when I fell into a portal,  
To be the best abrasions in the Denver dust and mail,  
Exceed the expectations that they set for us to fail,  
Should I ferry him through town if I'm carrying the end?

But I carry him a crown while I'm burying my friend,  
Set ablaze in the stream, yet the phase was a thing that we tuned to toss bets,  
Prep a place for the king dead to grace and the dream in a tomb of lost pets.

~~~

Cat and bird friends are let in to the seemliness and grace,  
At the first glimpse of heaven if we dream it is a place,  
Thugs will bust guns and perish in a deader sea of sorrow,  
Hug the loved ones you cherish like you'll never see tomorrow,  
Form opponents on a tab like ellipsis when we're done,  
For the moments that we have are as precious as they come,  
Bolder plans will stack actions that the motive loves to tell me,  
Holding hands to crack canyons as the culprit floods the valley,

Find a dirty berry bland in a bourbon-cherry blend that could murder many men in the murky dairy sand,  
I'm a mercenary man on a tertiary stand as I burn or bury land with a certain scary plan.

~~~

Find no real men sent my way are away from much stress,  
I will kill them any day, but today I must rest.

## To Circumvent the Sanctum

Fall and fray the tower timbers with a maiden of the old seal,  
I'll allay the owl's innards while I scrape them from the roadkill,  
Shooing birdies with a pole saw, splitting shirts and bandanas,  
Doing dirty like La Onda did the dirt to Montana,  
Seek the gods and shams that haunt us from the Beverly with money,  
We can wash our hands like Pontius but we'll never be as ugly,  
Piss your burdens in the pail to a Golden Era ballad,  
It's a service to the kale to be sold into a salad.

~~~

Though we work the men and thank them, it's some artificial nitro,  
So, we circumvent the sanctum in a sacrificial cycle,  
Shall we seed the plans in water if they're meted in the mercy?  
While we lead the lambs to slaughter but we free them on the journey.

~~~

Time will seal my word in statue on the brink of a dead city,  
I will steal your bird and slap you if you think you could get frisky,  
Lastly, fracking fettered gardens and the grassy lawns or dirt,  
As the standing shepherd guarding on this path upon the earth,  
Dead and sundered in a play room with the posture of a tree,  
Let them wonder where I came from like a monster from the sea,  
Step to billy goat police as an archon of the night,  
Shit their ghillie suits and freeze when we mark them for a strike.

~~~

Evenings on the shore's banks will bring me to my sore pains that showed up on the castle shield,  
Screaming with my war paints while thinking that I wore brains and woke up on the battlefield.

## Outro [Skit]

Drax managed to drag his own badly battered carcass out the door of the scrappy mead hall before it erupted into flames. The war that he was thrust into the middle of without context had now drained life from all the surrounding areas of the world he found himself in. Every direction he looked to, Drax could see body after body stacked or impaled and ready for swift burial. Even the vultures, usually mad and craven with bloodlust were now mere circles overhead as the battlefield rotted and putrefied the dust.

Blankets of poppies popped up from recent gravesites as the rain that hit the ground began to seemingly accelerate the time around it. Drax's blood washed from his flesh and became dust as it mixed into the dirt at his feet. No other notions or assumptions would be taking place now. In the middle of all the chaos, Drax could barely keep his head up but managed to see the silhouette of something massive lurking in the foreground.

Just before losing consciousness from the loss of blood he sustained during the prolonged sieges and battles dotted around the countryside, Drax pulled the metal trinket that once adorned his dog's neck and he placed it close to his chest. At the moment of total blackness, the massive monstrosity blurred by rain clouds and dust devils began to approach the lone legionnaire lying there in the street. Drax's breathing was heavy as was his heart, but death seemed only moments away.

The massive blob of blackness morphed into a more humanoid appearance as the sound of massive gates swinging open began filling the echo chamber that was this warrior's life. Drax never really did think he would make it here since he didn't have any friends in this new world, the deadliness of it all often went unappreciated, and the people hated him like they had to. No amount of force on Earth would convince Drax that his life as a mercenary had been worth it.

Then, in an instant and a flash, the world came to an end. The life on the planet ended before Drax's did, and in truth, just as the last bit of oxygen dissipated from the planet's crust and into the nothingness of outer space, Drax not only could feel his lungs collapsing but at the last minute he also managed to see the familiar shimmer of the Tesseract come blaring into view. The beauty of such a moment could never be overstated, and it was in this instant that the mercenary knew what it meant to be human.

