

HAVOC ADMIRER

James RandallFly

The Royal Purple doth implore
I wonder what the Finder will think
As they ponder the wet meaning behind these words
My dripping wet words on purple in ink

All the time i love this life i make
What God brings is for us to take

The inky black pitch that is the utter and brutal night
Nestles my fractured laughs punctured by fright
The ever-effervescent transcendent scent
Begrudges and nudges my illuminated delight

All the time i love this life i make
What God brings is for us to take

I constantly ponder my perpetual wander
Too often think we inexplicable thoughts
Inexorable and torturous, they dial me back
Driven is the courage of inevitable attack

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What God brings is for us to take

Fend, O ye of scant tricky trade!
Ply your skill in ravenous steel blade!
Diaphanous havoc wrought from iron!
Gossamer gowns on hippy chicks admired!

This Beauty Bleeds True!
The Royal doth implore!

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