

Dead birds were chewed vegetables:  
 4:12 AM, the alarm blinked and so did I.  
 Our protagonist the Lord said, it's him or your sanity.  
 I chose you. I chose them  
 colors I saw, neon lights they were  
 and I wanted to dance among their number, too.  
 They skipped down yellow brick roads, around pearly gates  
 while I stood in awe on earth's plantation.  
 Hadn't I paid my dues?  
 The Lord said, you can never repay me, for you have sinned.  
 Then Adam, the first man, stood up on Plymouth Rock, blazing a trail  
 for a new man, who learns to do everything in spite and passion  
 no longer wanting to live as a likeness of God

but wanting to be God.  
 They built a stairway to Heaven, God gave them new tongues.  
 Lost in translation, I wanted to be among their number, too.  
 Their glamour and grime.  
 I was restless in my thoughts, methodical in my ways  
 calm on the outside, but always raging on the in.  
 Life is a masquerade ball, and I did seek a phantom  
 moving too quickly for me  
 and I did grow too calculated  
 like a mouse in a test.  
 I had no fondness for that wounded girl.  
 Life is for the resilient, life is for the living  
 but I was undead, shambling among them.