

Adolescent Bravado

--Casey Dahlin

Wake up, wake up!
It's time to be a man!
You've been here for too long.
In the same old circle of hell.
Ha! Smart kid. What are you doing here?
Out on the fresh cut lawn,
watching the sprinkler go by,
and Jesus Christ and mommy's Cuisinart,
and arcade on your bike on weekends too.
Always the same, always mundane
what were their names?
Fuck it!
You're better than that! Your stronger, faster too,
You're a man now, its time to make a choice
bleed out like a pussy
over porcelain
down the road, never cross the street,
and flights of fallout boy sing thee to thy rest,
or get up. Get up. GET UP!
You're too big now. You're huge!
There's horses hangin' like you you're so big!
You're ten feet tall, no twenty, maybe more.
And better too, than high heel shoes
or her hair, or his dads sports car too.
You never needed that shit, that's not real.
Dreams are real, material is fake
You're better than them all, you really are
but still you're never good enough for her.
You never will be good enough for her.
Never never never never RUN!!!
wow, look at that!
After all that draggin' now you're off!
Faster, faster!
California! Hell, to Tokyo!
Out the sun roof, sky, the sky is mine!
Just take it, scream and no one will fuck with you
You could blow your brains out

and fuck a porn star on Tuesday
they can't cut you down!
Arms out leo, you're king of the world now!
Like a rockstar, everyone is looking now
but not like then, not at that old you
they see whatever you can make them see
you rub their nose in your amazing grace!
They love you, you can make them do it now.
They're yours the fuckers, burn them to the ground.
Don't like it? Break it!
You want it? Take it!
Grab her body now and take it all!
Isn't it great?
Doesn't it feel good?
When it goes *POP*
Now spit it out.
All chewed up, its no good for anything
Theres something glamorous in leather boots
She's smoking by the drummer on the side
All disaffected tryin' to be above,
but you're above, she'll fall right into you
so take her! Hell, she's yours already, right?
Hey dipshit, can't you read?
The bottle says "Drink me"
Drink me. Eat me. Smoke me. Snort me. Lick me.
Who's your God now?
You have ultra violet light and razor blades,
and that ugly mug staring up from the mirror,
when you brush the powder aside.
And then you can fly.
Up on your white horse,
and death follows with him.
Look at the tiny little fuckers running below!
So funny I might piss.
Look at this!
Now faster! Faster! Don't worry about the pain!
The chicks are insane.
What was her name?
...
Ugh. Wow. I'm pretty tired kid.
Maybe tomorrow kid, maybe tomorrow.