



Prophets of the Broken Velcroe

LYRICS

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6 Months Ago-My Velcroe
copyright Emily Blong 2008

six months ago she left in the night, kissed the dj held her best friends tight. into a snowstorm she travelled on, figured no one would miss her when she was far gone.
15 hours later in a sunny state, laid a blanket on the floor and decided to wait for distractions to draw nearer cause she had planned to leave her fate, but in that hour of decision he came a little late.

"breaking blue skies, suffering old ties, images i'd like to forget
but ive been taught there are no regrets.
breaking blue skies, the pure things come from she who cries,
and in these things I have new worth, but can love make a massochist no longer want to hurt?"

12 episodes of madness and they hurt each other badly but it was only because they loved eacother madly a bat in his cave stops responding to light and that is what he'd taken from his toy wife....
their lives weren't fit for a passion like this, he told her to keep quiet, "they wont appreciate it", he was right about it all except not trusting her friends cause when you must stop to love yourself is when it has to end.

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Sandcastles
MY VELCROE
© Emily Blong 2008

What I'm really really good at is kicking over sandcastles. (repeats)

and I built a pretty one that my foot is itching for,
yes I built a pretty one.

feelings, too many feelings flow from this sewage line into an overflow pond of the one I dode upon.

I was hoping that someday you'd kiss me when you fucked me.
perhaps I'm just projecting, I tend to overthinks things. but I was hoping that someday you'd kiss me when you fucked me, but perhaps im just pretending that you'll ever feel a thing.

A song for Edo Wilkins
My Velcroe
copyright Emily Blong 2008

i stand above him on the window sill looking down into a void of suppressed feeling
while the bodies thrust the blankets pulse mechanically-- like the laundry he'll
not be doing before the next time he'll grab me as a patch to plug the lonely-- other sweat, foreign sex, --I'll soon lay nestled in his chest, and when he dreams of others they'll be clinging to my dress

chad: the fruit at the top tastes the same as at the bottom but they dont climb high enough

for me to want to catch them your beauty doesnt work here anymore i never wanted

you to feel like my whore / you took promises from off-handed dreams framed inside

the smoke screen of my misery

emily: then why do you keep me?

my skin is made of plaster, inside rosy cheeks and a sincere grin i try hard to keep my form,
for thats what he aquired me for so deep is the burn so great is the heat that he would never know
except the tears that perspire from my pores but when the paint chips away and his days of poetry have passed away
i'll still be here an inanimate object faceless hair a mess.

Chad: I guess i tried to frighten you away by disclosing your misgivings and all those things i

say. but its never gonna happen not for a million years

Emily: well ill take it as a challenge and let paitence outrun tears.

boys never outgrow dolls i guess
everybody wants a little lace under the dress.

Snakes and Trap Doors

My Velcroe

© Emily Blong 2008

I got an email from you as im staring at you neck. theres a universe between us in this five feet from which you sit.

well, pick your form of torture, but silently is not my way. and yet i'd like to save your face, so i push reply and say:

don't turn around maybe I'll see you on the peir up north.

where pink snakes and trap doors will just remind me of

New York.

no, dont turn around maybe I'll see you on the peir up north,

but pink snakes and trap doors will just remind me of New York.

if you say it aloud enough, with enough conviction you can chase any faux paux away. but if i pray hard enough and i think long enough, the reason I can't see you will never go away.

a loss of innocence against a social concience.

i must have lost my guage of whats appropriate theese days.

don't turn around maybe I'll see you on thee peir up north.

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Bucket for your bleeding heart
My Velcro
©Emily Blong 2008

The best defense is to keep your ears hidden, would you like to try my earmuffs? they're in style this season. Hey-we're not finished please dont go to work today, or at least change the station, I dont want to feel this way. truth or not, the ideals of the stories they create will perpetuate the sloppy art of sadness on my face.

while I was out, I got you a present its a bucket for your bleeding heart. this rain around you is not doing much of anything and I thought it'd be a start.

why o why must i be cursed to care when there's nothing I can do about the trouble over there. I'll imitate the happy ones whose smile is their umbrella; may I stand under your delirium? I asked the flower fella. "why are you so hopeless?" the embroidered petals say...

well, maybe I'll try a parasol, and let the light shine through today..
so beautiful and perfectly diffuse...wasting away so unhappy's a bit confused.

while I was out, I got you a present its a bucket for your bleeding heart. this rain around you is not doing much of anything and I thought it'd be a start.

Fantasy's Gone
©Emily Blong 2008

Someone's looking out the window, or at the mirror at their own eyes, wishing there was someone to stare back at them, as am I.

perhaps our lonely glances, will someday meet eachother, I saw it in a movie, were you there? did you see me?

Chronically all alone, when you reach below the threshold, you dont need a reason when condition is the cause.

chronically all alone, how'd I get below the threshold, happy there but comfy here...you gotta keep on keep on..

And if you hear me singing through the wall, dont hesitate to knock.

and if you find yourself dancing in my dreams, play along- theres no need to talk.

and if I pass you on the street, I'll be the one floating by.

reach out your hand to ground me, and you'll know you found me.

Velcro Skye
My Velcro
copyright Emily Blong 2008

Walk with a man who shivers and sweats through the alleys of the night.
The scent from his pores stains my clothes with rotten wine.
What does it cost to truly buy this? while the sand on the beach will frame the sunrise for awhile.
People wake and introduce themselves to the day life.
And still we conversate like we've been doing all night.
I watch my feet I watch my hands, I dont need trouble.
But the moment I put out the fear is when it comes back double.

His little angel, is trying to save the world but she always seems to fall asleep.
His little angel was trying to save his soul, but she cant seem to keep her nose clean.

How I see myself is that which I've become. And now its time to re-introduce the old one-cause this new girl's a drama queen, or bring the boy back where's he been, or what about the women you'd become. must you choose to encapsule only one?
well thinking too much was never a curse-like a cat on the prowl.
how fabulous you are and yet you speak so foul.
you've become the hated--wasted.
yet you've never felt so proud and you wana scream the reasons for your
blasphemy to everyone around.
But who is this that I followed through the city?
Another odd to prove they're all against me.
the odds are against me.

His little angel, is trying to save the world but she always seems to fall asleep.
His little angel was trying to save his soul, but she cant seem to keep her nose clean.

Doing speed in long beach!

Get me out of this crowd and let me back in my dungeon. there I think that there's a trap door to heaven. and I cannot recognize the skin I'm living in and today I dont feel much like dancing.
or feeling or fighting or writing or being your angel.
I dont want to be your fucking angel.

No Regrets
MY VELCROE
© Emily Blong 2008

you opened me up and spat on my insides, re-arranged them into something that you despised.
well, i guess you're right, im the one whose crazy,
crazy, that wasnt you talking-just the script im living inside.
caught in the circle of the sadness I claim your absense creates, was exactly whats been pushing you away.
you owe me nothing, but sill I demonize my only one.
my skapegoat's right, I just needed attention.

I don't regret running away, I never found the words to make me stay.
The only thing that you ever say is everything will be okay.
I'm over searching for promises, words have proven more harm than good to us
you were the only, you were the only promise ever made.

how could they know of that thing that we shared
your fingers will always be all caught in my hair.
they discredit me, with opinions and sense, I must be quiet - I've got no defense.
I know I'm obsessive, of you I'm so jealous, you're stoking coals with your shadow.
yes. I've already addressed this, but I suffer from a love so selfish and pure, it shouldn't be allowed to exist in my world.

I don't regret running away, I never found the words to make me stay.
The only thing that you ever say is everything will be okay.
I'm over searching for promises, words have proven more harm than good to us
you were the only, you were the only promise ever made.
And now im paying for it every day.

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