

Poetry Series

sean alexander
- poems -

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sean alexander(11/11/1991)

a child awakes in to a demison of hate
thrown into a world uknown
so violent towards his eyes
the river drains and he cannot cry

im 17 and live in las vegas nevada
if you are thinking about
moving here
read one of my poems (viva)

it might give you a clear impression
of what its like living here

i like bob dylan, the doors, and jimi hendrix
i am an advide reader
and singer/guitar player

my advice is that if you write poetry
than the anwser to your question
is yes
you do have a soul

A Forest Of Darkness

As I search through a forest of which I am in.
Deep as its dark and wrapped up in sin
Where all winners are losers and all losers win.
And the rifle is held slightly right under your chin
This meadow, this bridge, these skies, this pond
I hear the sweet birds and hear their sweet songs.
And I'll think of heaven until I am gone.
Though my version of heaven is probably wrong

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A Poem Of Alliteration

I have a dictionary with only two words
And those words are empty and nothing.

A sunny brown hat

A candle light park

A shady black cat

A canine's loud bark

A blue ford car

A soldier in arms

His baby for tar

The sound of alarms

Lazy lion

Thanks for trying

A plastic ballerina

Yes I have seen her

Dance upon the horizon

A feeling that everything was different
Though nothing had changed

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A Walk In The Park

Come walk with me in the park
A little bit after dark
When the sun is still setting
And the moon is still rising
Like two children on a see saw
As one goes down the other comes up
And we will walk beside the green shrubbery
On the cold side walk
Walking in nothing but our socks
Being careful not to step on rocks
It feels cold out tonight
Please take my coat
We'll walk under the street lamps
Over puddles dark and damp
Come sit on this bench with me
We'll throw bread to the ducks out on the lake
Maybe they will come so close
So you can get a good look at what A majestic creature he is
And then we'll continue walking through the park
And admire the cherry trees that blossom so beautifully in the spring time
Walk past a mime trying to get out of a box he put himself into
I've always found mimes to be funnier than clowns
I've always felt that mimes try to make you laugh by using your mind and
questioning the reasoning and meaning he is trying to get across. I always felt as
though mimes try to laugh with you.
While clowns on the offhand have tried to make there jokes by laughing at you.
Gives you a pie in the face
Or a stupid rubber balloon animal
It always seems that the joke always seems to be on you
Like you have to be involved
But the mime barley witnesses your there
Why you witness his imaginary world
But as we done thinking this thought
I will take to the ice cream stand
And we will share a cone
And start to walk home and admire what a beautiful evening it is.

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As She Lays On The Bed

He paints her face in a candle light room
With a single window showing only the moon

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As The Rain Falls

As the rain falls
And so here we find ourselves!
To dance
To prance
Around in the rain.
The water comes down and washes away the pain.
We do not think about tomorrow only about today.
We feel liberated in some mysterious way.
That I cannot put my finger on.
I cannot tell the reason or rhyme.
The space or time
Where we were was a place called happiness.
All of us having little droplets of condensation
Caress all the fibers in our bodies.
A little slice of heaven and salvation.
None of my five feelings could describe this sensation.
I feel as through life is a beautiful painting sometimes
Sometimes you get caught up in the wrong use of color
Or the way a bush might stick out from the whole painting
The little intricate details that conquer the mind
And keep us up at night.
It takes you to step back from the painting
And look at it as a whole
To really admire the artist's creation.
I feel like this is one of these moments everything comes to grips in a canvass
And everything you can imagine comes true.
Like tiny droplets of rain everything doesn't hit you at once.
And yes sure there is danger that up ahead lighting bolts might strike!
But it's worth it to let the waters of happiness lay upon your face.
So there I was with the four people I admire most
My best friend
My lover,
My teacher,
My brother,
All Dancing around one another,
All feeling free like no laws exist in this world
No evil or treachrorous people exist either.
Only what is right and what should be right.
The rain is an act of god that comes to shower you in freedom

I cannot tell whether the water on my eyes is rain or tears of happiness
And I couldn't have felt that there were better people to share it with me.

A friend that will stick to the very end,
A lover with the kindness of a mother,
A mentor that helped me to find my center,
And a brother with a smile to me unlike any other.

And as I lay dying
While I lie upon my bed
When I see the bright lights
1 thought will go through my head

And when the sun is setting
Out on the evening sky
When death knocks on my door and asks
"Are you ready to die".

And when the story's over
And when my life has burned its entire ember.
There is only one thing
That I will bother to remember

Is this moment
This day
Every second
In every way

For these are the moments of which dreams borrow
And why time comes to a halt
This is why you have pictures of tomorrow
And this is why the rain falls.

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Boredom

Boredom is the game we play
For this game, there is no wrong way
Nothing to do all day
We all slowly waste away
Where are the heroes I've read in books
Where is the villains, count Olaf and captain hook
Where is the adventure that I long?
This cant be! ! ! ! !
This must be wrong.
Where is my damsel in distress?
All I have are floosies that bring me stress.
I am the main character in my story.
Where is my fame?
Where is my glory? ! ? !
This tale of mine I wish to tell
Ill scream it like Tarzan's yell
In my story I am ignored
Where is my bounty
Where is my reward
One day ill find what im looking for
Tell then im stuck being bored.

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Crazy

Old mother sat
On top of my hat
So I beat jerry
With a baseball bat

I made him bleed
And planted my seed
I'm feeling good
Cause that's how I feed

You think I am bad
Well that's pretty sad
Cause I'll slit your throat
if you make me mad

I shaved my head
It fell on my nose
A Nazi sign in my eye
And that's how it goes

I'll freak the f*ck out
If you give me a stare
I'll stab you to death
Cause I don't f*cking care

When my time is up
When they come to my cell

When they strap me all in
And the room starts to smell

Be sure of one thing
And be sure of it well

I'll be laughing my head off.
While I am burning in Hell

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Drifting Threw Town

In an haunting daze
Lost in a maze
Of glass

See many reflections
But no perfection
A mask

Lost in a sea of pity
In a worthless city
Of sh*t

A man without a face
A void I can't replace
With beer

No one's home
Outside I roam
A tear

Churned out like butter
I look in the gutter
And spit

I slip and slide
To try to find
My slice

Cannot be taught
Its rather bought
At a price

Happiness is bought and sold
Oh my this world is getting old
So f*ck it.

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Fun And Good Times

They promise of making you faster.
They promise of giving you laughter.
Their promise of seeing wonderful things
Their promises of making you want to sing.
Their promise of being able to fly
Making it feel like you'll never die.

When left alone they begin to cry
Take us, take us, and give us a try.
But once their in, your mouth they soon begin.
To set your soul on fire

Your heart beats to fast and begins yelp.
The laughter is just screams of help.
You cannot see because they've made you blind.
The singing is only in your mind.
You cannot fly because you cannot move,
And that final promise it now proves,
That their lies about making you feel alive
Only brings you closer to death every time.

You are a slave under their control.
They own everything about you, even your soul.

Finally one day, after four years they've taken away.
And your whole life is now in disarray.
you want to forget this day, and your life
so you go to your old friend the pipe
you take a hit, to fake a smile
your whole world now null and vile.

But finally your mind it breaks.
Your heart it. can no longer make,
The beats that have let you stay awake.

Your time has come.
Your end is near
Was It worth it all my dear?

To give your life for just one thrill.
You have succumb to one little pill
No time to take back the mistakes you've made
And no time for anyone to come to your aide
You lived your life on top of blades.
And your day has begun to fade.

So take one more breath,
And embrace sweet, sweet death.
If only you did not try meth.

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Holy Fire

Music is sort of an audible painting

I believe that there is a voice calling to us in the night
Telling us not to be afraid

Inside our molecular bodies
Our souls are shape shifting rainbows
Feeling a completely different aurora or mood at a dropp of a hat.

The are parts of your body not made of matter

I can simplify the point to life

The happy old man and grumpy old man

There is a reason why a man will either be grumpy or happy when he is old.

1. The happy old man always smiles because he's figured out the secret to life
That all life is moving poetry. And all life is a mirror with a spiritual wall that it is
placed upon. And he realizes that when he dies he will transcend that wall and
into the next room. Where a completely different sense of existsance lies. He will
transform into what ever. That designer chooses him to.

2. The grumpy old man never realized this secret. He only believed what he saw.
In a world of death drugs and murder. So he does not believe in god. Because he
can't find any rational proof in him in his reality of him. so he chooses to deny
him. he can't accept that this is only existence on that plane of reality. So he dies
with out spiritual inglightment.

When you die you will be placed in a white room front of a mirror

Those who have not yet realized what life is about
And are atheists

Who only draw truth from the facts and what they see.
Will only see a mirror with your reflection staring right back at you
You had no beliefs
So you have no destination
You will be forever be in this white room forever
Forever searching on how to get out.

For those that truly belief that there is some mystical afterlife.
You knew from the experiences of your life that you must belief in more than just
what you see, hear, and what is rational.
Excepting in your former life
That all the answers will come to you
You believe in something deeper than just the surface
When you are placed in this white room
You will no that when you see this mirror
That in fact it is no mirror at all
But a gateway to another life
Another plane of existence
Hopefully one that you had always dreamed of
Where sons of angels
And daughters of nature
Laugh and dance next to lake
In a field of joy.

Life deeper than appears
Search well my child.
See life as a pool
Do not simply
Stare at the surface
Dive as deep as the water lets you
And dream of transcending deeper

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How I Want People To Remember Me

I want people to remember me on thier death beds and say

I once saw a great man

but i was too blind to see it

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I Met A Man Who Told Of Whats To Come

I met a man down by the lake
I met a man his name was Jake
He showed me objects far and near
He showed me sights I now can hear
I was lost forever in his eye.
We paid our dues and said goodbye

Hang on to your judgment
Hang on to your dues
Hang on to your present
And what's important to you

Sleep well my child
Pretty dreams in your head
The greatest ideas in the world child
Come while in bed.

Hang on to them child.
As long as you can
Listen not to voices child
Because dreams make you stand

I heard the sound of victory
I heard a million marches
I saw your kingdom child
Over the golden arches.

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Idiots Are Smart And Genuies Are Dumb

The more you know about this world the more dangerous it becomes

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Love Strung

If you wanted the stars
I would give you the moon
If you wanted a week
I would give you June
If you wanted a horse
I'd give you the stable
If you wanted the truth
I wouldn't tell you a fable
If you wanted a lake
I would give you a sea
There's only one thing
That I ask that you give me
I don't want a train,
A car or a plane.
I don't want the world,
Or even the country of Spain.
I just want the thing that rattles my brain.
The thing that I want is really easy to see.
The only thing that I want is the key.
This key is to no door, lock or room full of art.
It is simply the key
The key to your heart.

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Martha My Dear

Martha my dear, I met you when the doctors told me my life was ending, but little did I know that was the day my life truly began.

You came with medicine, bedpans, sponges, ice bags and warm clothes. But the most important thing you brought was love.

Martha my dear we were like two trains passing in the night.
Our time was brief but I was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

Martha my dear every second I'm with you I feel more and more alive, even though I grow closer and closer to death.

Martha my dear I never believed at the same time
Could I feel so much pain and yet so much pleasure
And yet so much pain.
Feel so strong and yet so weak.
Feel so High and yet so low.
Feel so free like I could fly and yet I am shackled to this bed.
Feel so much grief and... yet so much love

Martha my dear we are two lovers in a doomed world.
In a sea of abyss where time is only an illusion
But it is all we have.

So Martha my dear, do not cry because even though we all may be on different trains and we passed only briefly.
Do not cry, for I will see you again, because even though every one's train leaves at different times and goes on different tracks. There is only one stop.

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My Heart Should Be Taken Away

my baby
my baby
my baby
my blue

your gunna get whats coming to you

my heart is beating way to fast
and our love will surely never last

burn a hole in my head
make sure im dead
paint the floor red
heed the words on poems i've said

keep my heart in a silver box
keep it sealed with iron locks
through it in the water down by the docks
dive down deep and cover it with rocks

make sure its never found
make sure it never makes a sound
with golden chains, it must be bound
push it in the water and let it drown.

releive me of this fate
give me a clean slate

for without a heart
for which you broke
I can start
to finally soak
of the warming waters of isolation

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My Version Of Humanity

Men are Mindless drones beating there chest
At others wanting to be superior but still proving that they are not far from
Apes

Women are like vases.

They are beautiful to look at.

But they lack depth and meaning

And are hollow on the inside.

To love one another is to rip your soul in half and give 1 part to them
Hoping they will not share the feast with another.

sean alexander

No

No

By

Sean Alexander

NO

No

No

Is the only answer there is

No is 2

Yes is three

No for you

No for me

So sorry

No for now

Now for no

If you say so

What you did

Dark and deep

Hurts so bad

I can not sleep

No is where

No is there

No is on the wall

7 meters tall

Stands above it all

Simply to watch me fall

No is there written with lies

No alibis

Tonight he dies

They'll sneak inside
Blind his eyes
And shoot him twice
No is the word
That I've always heard
No takes the blame
No brings the shame
No is always the same
No ignites the flame baby

The streets are made of stone
And I feel all alone
I shiver to my bones
A flashing neon sign is seen
Light up with tainted green
I try to turn my head
But no is all it says
The rain drains the pain
Exhales the strain
So Dark and damp
Outside the lane

The man in the overcoat
Seems to have got my goat
With the words that he wrote
The word has me by the throat
Its no
No no
Still no
So low
Because I know
It always be no.

Everywhere I turn
Everything I learn
How my heart it burns
For it to be my least concern.

No is the game
No digs my grave
No I can't be saved
Into my heart it's paved

I walked many miles
In a world so hostile
Slept for a while
And in my dream
It was not what it seemed
On top of a horse, painted green
Stood a beautiful queen
With eyes of hell
Cast a magic spell
Forever I would hear
The word I forever feared
That word was no
And that's just how it goes

No is death
And I am out of breath
No is sly
Yes is a fragile lie
Now is no
No is now
Oh how I wonder how
To burn this day
And this life away

His eyes opened at the sunrise
And in for a big surprise
For in his bed
There she lay dead
Bleeding bloody red

But there no chance
To ever dance
With yes again
I guess no's my only friend

No knows
No understands
No knows my plan
No takes my hand
No leads me there

No lies behind
No creates my shrine
Of worthlessness and hate
Of which I will never escape

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Ok

Closing your mouth
To tell another lie
You think your so clever
Thought your scheme I would buy.
But I see right passed you
Don't even deny
You're not that sneaky
And you're not that sly
So if tooth for a tooth
And an eye for an eye
Its So much harder to live
Than it is to die.
Salvation lies
When the truth it should hide
For screaming wont do no good

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Once Upon A Morning

It was once a morning in June
And lighting outside was tune.
To beating coming from heart
For lately my soul has come apart

For teenage years is time for grief
Moring, sorrow, and disbelief
Question the world and where you fit in.
Not yet adults, but no longer children.

For this morning, I question, my very soul.
If it exists, and how to fill this hole.
A hole of meaning to this thing called life.
And wonder if I should end it by the knife.

Around 5'o clock
The storm started to subside.
And something beautiful hit my eyes,

Something beautiful, something strong.
A voice that told me that I belonged.
As I walked outside into the rain.
The waters washed away all my pain.
And cleansed me of all my fear.
Blown away by the sky tears.
And sun appeared.
Out of the clouds.
And took away the thunder sound.
Told me the stories of this world,
And I was so happy
I danced and twirled.
For I had realized the secret to life.

It's the little moments.
How often to we get to break from our stupid little lives.
And just break free from ourselves.
How often do we get to simply stare and the clouds.

Admire this world's true beauty.
For all we ever truly need is mother sun.
No need for money, greed and guns.

This world is so beautiful.
Believe me. It's true.
I hope my message gets to you.

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Only A Dream

He came across a corner
He tried and couldn't reach
Listening to her
He dropped and took his seat

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

Dodging some yellow lights
He ran from all the noise
Awakening at midnight
Finding his house destroyed

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

A marriage was in ruins
After one single fight
Bad thoughts a' brewing
As a spark lit up the night

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

Burning of the lamp
The fire burned too high
Alcohol was damp
As smoke fills up the sky

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

20 men are lying dead
Some lay on the floor
Fire evenly red
An act, to a settled score

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

I have nothing now
No place for me to stay
2 pints of whisky down
And ill be on my way

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

Thinking about the time I spent
And what she meant to me
A letter long sent
Now will you leave me be

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

Looking for a quiet space
A place to call my home
in no rush or race
Till then I think ill roam

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

The highway grows dark now
As the headlight guides my way
My chopper screaming loud
As the night takes from the day

If she left on Friday
And he cried himself to sleep
Ill pack my bags on Tuesday
And say it only was a dream

Now as I leave this fairytale
A lesson you should learn
Mess around with woman fire
You are likely to be burned

If she scorched it down on Friday
While he's stuck inside a dream
Can never keep a soul at bay
When your world's a night mare
And it's always so obscene

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Perchance A Dream

A swing and A swish
A wing on a fish
To dream and to wish
For king and a dish

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Raped

And now the moon is dead
Silly dreams inside the child's head.
Cut myself and let it bleed.
The ceiling is painted red, red, red.

The evil thoughts can not escape
Innocence in the corner has been raped
Sits by the violet drapes
Cries and cowers while he shakes.

But all are watching
And time is near
Whispered so softly
In your ear.

A man came to the door
Half past ten
With lips sealed shut
Asked where I've been

But I did not know him.
I could not recall
He said he loved me.
And burned down my walls.

It's hard to run
When your legs won't work
And hard to scream
When your lips won't jerk

I was left all alone
He left me a drone
Left a body cell
In a private hell

And now I am useless
Bent over and back
Face down in the curtain
I've already cracked.

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Smile

Smile

For sadness is weakness

Show an inch

And they will rip off a mile

Smile

Let them know

You are not scared

You are prepared

For whatever they may throw

No matter how vile

Smile

For if you do

They will respect you

Be afraid

Sneak your way in

And they will be your child

So smile

do not cry

Or sigh

No matter how many times you die

You can't kill them if you're hostile

But you can kill them with a

smile

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The Birdcage

If you loved me, it'd be my cage.
I'd hide away from evil's gaze.
If you love me, no bad thoughts could get in.
I could only destroy myself from within.
If you loved me, I would sing all day.
Knowing all problems have gone away.
If you loved me, there would be no need to gaze.
Outside of the window's haze.
Or be apart of life's rat race.
Because I would forever be in your sweet heavenly embrace.
But you don't love me, because you said no.
So you broke my wings and let me go.

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The Days

The days grow old with time
The days are only in my mind
The days are growing very old
The days have become so dark and cold.
The days are moments that are so numb.
I don't know what my days have become.
Once with happiness, like fire they used to burn.
Now there's sorrow around every turn.
Looks like these days are here to stay
Now happiness has gone away

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The Drunk

I am a drunk
The bar is my home
My money is gone
And I sit all alone
Im damp and im wet
The saddest version of a man
That you've ever met.
My clothes reek of whisky
My breath stinks of beer
If you had a thousand empty bottles
I'd fill them back up with tears.
If time was a bottle,
Then a few more drops for me
As deaf as a guttersnipe
And I can hardly see
I fall in the gutter
As soon as closing time.
With all the muddy water
And disease ridden grime.
I will dance for nickels
And roll over for dimes
It's something im used to
That I've done a thousand times
Don't ask if im ok.
I don't want your pity
Just hand me a dollar
So my life will look pretty
I'll sit by the door
If I cant get brew
Sing give me more
Because it's all I know how to do.

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The Elder Of The Tribe

a ritual from the elder of the tribe
waiting for the rains to subside
so we can light the fire and dance once more
go into the deepest fathoms of our souls and explore
open the door
to a new reality
where heaven is a myth
and violence is only a dream
it may seem
that the howling of wolves
would stop the silence
but you know
the chief elder
will speak
and we will forever be in complete sync with this universe

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The End

This is the end
End my friend

And though we die
And try
To live in the sky
Think
Did it all go by?
In the blink of the eye

Where did we go?
What did we see?
Always with you
And
Always with me

I'll keep you in mind.
Until the next time
When we reach sublime
And then try to find
Our version of things
And the ties that bind.

Good or bad
Wasn't it sad?
Did it make you glad?
All the time that we had

The words that we spoke
The songs that we wrote
The music we played
Down to every last note

So I will see you again
My very best friend
Till our paths together bend
But right now
This is the end.

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The Machinery Of War

Bullets ring out upon the hour
Like a bell on a watchtower
To cleanse there bodies, a napalm shower.
If one man will try to raise his power,
Then another man will end, with a mushroom flower.

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This Will Happen After 2009

I believe that now is the time for change.
That the next decade will be one of great change in this world
and it could go both ways
by the end of the next decade
not as a country but as a civilization
Will we either stand united
or fall apart.

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Though The Battle Was Won

Though the battle was won
The pain has only begun
A mothers lost son
At the hands of a gun

Crying tears of despair
That vanish in air
And nobody cares
About pain

Tell me
What's to gain?
Through war
And suffering
What a shame

A mother that cried
Because her son died
But everything is washed in
The rain

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To Veronica

I know that things can get hard
Trying to run away
I don't want to put you behind bars
I just want to give you a place to stay
I know that you are trying
To start a better day
But I've been slowly dying
Since you've gone away
Im sitting in the darkest blue
Still waiting for the dawn
The jugglers' going out tonight
He's got his slippers on

Oh my sweet veronica
This is neither the time nor the place
But its now or never
Or No note whatsoever
I'll be Gone without a trace

Fire around the auditorium
A blaze covers the stairs
There something in your eyes
Im stuck inside your stare
No way out and no way in
The lovely and insane
Your words are sweetest cure
To take away the pain
Though these walls are coming down
My knees don't seem to bend
For im Lost inside a moment
I pray will never end.

Oh my sweet veronica
This is neither the time nor the place
But its now or never
Or No note whatsoever

I'll be Gone without a trace

Do not ask the reason
Do not ask the rhyme
Some things better left unsaid
Some things are to sublime.
There is no need to say the words
It's not told by your lips
The story is told through silence
A feeling has been eclipsed.
The truth is all lie.
Lies are just the truth.
Nothing makes sense.
When your life is wasted youth.

Oh my sweet veronica
This is neither the time nor the place
But its now or never
Or No note whatsoever
I'll be Gone without a trace

sean alexander

Underflow

Come with the me
Outside on the open plain
I don't care what they think
I want to feel alive.
Roll with me on the grass
And laugh like small mad children
In a young and innocent world
When time began
And there was only beauty
Come with me to the tunnel
Under the bridge
Play in the darkness
And let it truly embrace you
As a true son or daughter
For it will not judge you
Light a camp fire
And burn soft pudgy marshmallows
And let them burn your pain to a crisp
Feast with me in the town hall
Do not care what the false god's and money men think
They can not drink what we drink
Drink deep
Drink the juices of hope and the barley of love
Come with me down to a bare sky
Where we can paint our own clouds
Abandon of all rules
No chains of conformity on our minds anymore
Gone are worries
Gone is sadness
Gone is hatred
Embrace this madness
Sit with me on the teacups
Of broken horse cart
Let it carry us to our next destination
Let it be our chariot of fire
Harness all of the energy around you
Or you can choose to live as they do
Mindless puppets in a corporate world
Run by imaginary worthless paper

And liars and thief's that run their lives
That lives in bigger homes
But come with me and be free
Of all things of this life and embrace the next world now
Come with me to the rushing waterfalls of spiritual enlightenment
And bask in the showers of the rainbow
Except the truth young gallant
That one is all and one is all
And nothing truly exists
Only a feeling of a void that you try to fill
Accept the truth
And I promise you
That hole will be filled
With untold riches only mentioned
By the invisible ink.

sean alexander

Viva

Sun scorches hells highway
Little men dance around the road kill
The road goes on forever
My eyes start water and swill
Desert fire
Burning tires
Lying liars
No man shall live here
No man shall die
No man shall kill here
No man shall ask why
No one speaks because of the spoken
The locks around there lips will not open
The curse of the desert burns the people of the valley
There is no escape behind the bar's ally
Where the bums live
Where the scum thrives
This evil city shall not see the sky
The horrendous lights shall blind their eyes
Never see the sun
Can only run
A city doomed to die
No man shall ask why
The evil eventually will be banned
As this desert takes back its land

sean alexander

Women Come And Go

the only woman that ever loved me
was 's girl

sean alexander

You Are Beautiful

you are beautiful
Attractive and magnetic
you are beautiful
and don't ever forget it.

you are beautiful
and grow more every day
you are beautiful
in every single way

from your legs to your hips
from your eyes to your lips

you are beautiful
and I thought that someone should say

sean alexander