

Poetry Series

Jacob Bryant
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jacob Bryant()

Before I Forget

Stapled shut, inside an outside world and I'm
Sealed in tight, bizarre but right at home
Claustrophobic, closing in and I'm
Catastrophic, not again
I'm smeared across the page, and doused in gasoline
I wear you like a stain, yet I'm the one who's obscene
Catch me up on all your sordid little insurrections,
I've got no time to lose, and I'm just caught up in all the cattle

Fray the strings
Throw the shapes
Hold your breath
Listen!

I am a world before I am a man
I was a creature before I could stand
I will remember before I forget
BEFORE I FORGET THAT!

I'm ripped across the ditch, and settled in the dirt and I'm
I wear you like a stitch, yet I'm the one who's hurt
Pay attention to your twisted little indiscretions
I've got no right to win, I'm just caught up all the battles

Locked in clutch
Pushed in place
Hold your breath
Listen!

I am a world before I am a man
I was a creature before I could stand
I will remember before I forget
BEFORE I FORGET THAT!

I am a world before I am a man
I was a creature before I could stand
I will remember before I forget
BEFORE I FORGET THAT!

My end
It justifies my means
All I ever do is delay
My every attempt to evade
The end of the road and my end
It justifies my means
All I ever do is delay
My every attempt to evade
THE END OF THE ROAD!

I am a world before I am a man
I was a creature before I could stand
I will remember before I forget
BEFORE I FORGET THAT!

Jacob Bryant

Burn The Witches

Burn the witches, burn the witches,
don't take time to sew your stitches
Burn the witches, burn the witches
Good is the thing that you favor, evil is your sour flavor
You cannot sedate all the things you hate
Burn your bridges, burn your bridges,
don't take time to sew your stitches
Burn your bridges, burn your bridges
Good is the thing that you favor, evil is your sour flavor
I don't need your hate, I decide my fate
You cannot sedate all the things you rape

Jacob Bryant

Cirlice

Give me the dust of my father
Stand on the face of the ancients
Bare all the secret flesh of time itself

Follow me
I've come so far, I'm behind again
Follow me
I wish so hard I'm there again
Follow me, follow me

All that I wanted were things I had before
All that I needed, I never needed more
All of my questions were answers to my sins
All of my endings are waiting to begin

I know the way but I falter
I can't be afraid of my patience
There's a sacred place, Razel keeps safe

Follow me
I've seen so much, I'm blind again
Follow me
I feel so bad, I'm alive again
Follow me

Jacob Bryant

Guilt

Guilt is a snake we beat with a rake
To grow in our kitchen in the pies we bake
Feed it to us to squirm in our bellies
Twisting our guts make our spines to jelly
Stay, don't want to go now
Drove the children from their chores
Handcrafted housewives into whores
Fear of the beast is calling it near
Creating what we're hating, it's only fear that is here
Stay, don't want to go now
Come into our home, hope you stay.
I know the steak is cold but it's wrapped in plastic
Come into our home, hope you stay.
I know the steak is cold but it's wrapped in plastic
I'm only as deep as the self that I dig
I'm only as sick as the stick in the pig
Thin and so white, thin and so white
Daddy tells the daughter
While mommy's sleeping at night
To wash away sin you must take off your skin
The righteous father wears the yellowest grin
Don't wanna go now
Stay, don't wanna go now, stay, don't wanna go now
Come into our home, hope you stay.
I know the steak is cold but it's wrapped in plastic

Jacob Bryant

I'M Not Going To Make It.

I push my fingers into my eyes
It's the only thing that slowly stops the ache
But it's made of all the things I have to take
Jesus it never ends, it works it's way inside
If the pain goes on

I have screamed until my veins collapsed
I've waited as my times elapsed
Now all I do is live with so much fate

I wished for this, I bit*hed at that
I've left behind this little fact
You cannot kill what you did not create

I've gotta say what I've gotta say
And then I swear I'll go away
But I can't promise you'll enjoy the noise

I guess I'll save the best for last
My future seems like one big past
You're left with me 'cause you left me no choice

I push my fingers into my eyes
It's the only thing that slowly stops the ache
If the pain goes on, I'm not gonna make it

Put me back together or separate the skin from bone
Leave me all the pieces
Then you can leave me alone

Tell me the reality is better than the dream
But I've found out the hard way
Nothing is what it seems

I push my fingers into my eyes
It's the only thing that slowly stops the ache
But it's made of all the things I have to take
Jesus it never ends, it works it's way inside
If the pain goes on, I'm not gonna make it

All I've got, all I've got is insane

I push my fingers into my eyes
It's the only thing that slowly stops the ache
But it's made of all the things I have to take
Jesus it never ends, it works it's way inside
If the pain goes on, I'm not gonna make it

All I've got, all I've got is insane

Jacob Bryant

My Monkey

I had a little monkey
I sent him to the country and I fed him on gingerbread
Along came a choo-choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead
At least he looks that way, but then again don't we all
(what I make is what I am, I can't be forever)
I had a little a monkey I sent him to the country and I fed him on
gingerbread
Along came a choo-choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead
Poor little monkey
'Make you...break you...make you...break you...lookout'
(what I make is what I am, I can't live forever)
We are our own wicked gods
With little g's and big dicks
Sadistic and constantly inflicting a slow demise
I had a little a monkey I sent him to the country and I fed him on
gingerbread
Along came a choo-choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead
The primate's scream of consonance is a reflection
Of his own mind's dissonance

Jacob Bryant

Nameless

Pathetic (benign)
Accept it (undermined)
Your opinion (my justification)
Happy (safe)
Servent (caged)
Malice (utter weakness)
No toleration
Invade (kill me)
Enraged (admit it)
Don't condescend (don't even disagree)
Desire(decay)
Dissapoint (delay)
You suffered then, now suffer unto me

Obsession, take another look.
Remember, every chance you took.
Decide - either live with me
Or give up - any thought you have of being free

(Don't go) i never wanted anybody more than i wanted you
(I know) the only thing i ever really loved, was hate.

Anyone(no) anything, (yes)
Anyway(fall) anybody(will) , anybody(kill me)
I want(you) i need(you) i love(you)
I won't(let anybody have you)
Obey(me) believe(me) just trust(me)
Worship(me) live for(me)
Be grateful(now) be honest(now)
Be precious(now) be mine(just love me)

Possesion(feed my only vice)
Remember(i won't tell you twice)
Decide(either live with me)
Or give up - any thought you had of being free

(don't go) i never wanted anybody more than i wanted you
(i know) the only thing i ever really loved, was hurting you.

(dont go) i never wanted anybody more than i wanted you
(i know) the only thing i ever really loved, was hate.

Stay inside the hole, let me take control.(dominate)
You were nothing more, you were something less(innocent)
Something had to give, something had to break(omnipresent)
Fingers on your skin, let my savage in.(you deserve it)

YOU DESERVE IT

(don't go) i never wanted anybody more than i wanted you(i wanted you)
(i know) the only thing i ever really loved, was hurting you.(was hurting you)
(dont go) i never wanted anybody more than i wanted you(i wanted you)
(i know) the only thing i ever really loved, was hate.

Jacob Bryant

Pseudo-Morals

(God damn your righteous hand)

I eat innocent meat
The housewife I will beat
The prolife I will kill
What you won't do I will

I bash myself to sleep
What you sow I will reap
I scar myself you see
I wish I wasn't me

I am the little stick
You stir me into shi*
I hate therefore I am
Goddamn your righteous hand

God damn (hoo, Lord...)

Pseudo-morals work real well
On the talk shows for the weak
selective judgement, good-guy badges
Don't mean a fu*k to me

I throw a little fit
I slit my teenage wrist
most I can learn
Is records that you burn

Get your gunn

Pseudo-morals work real well
on the talk shows for the weak
selective judgement, good-guy badges
don't mean a fu*k to me

I am the VHS
Record me with your fist
Want me to save the world

I'm just a little girl

Pseudo-morals work real well
On the talk shows for the weak
selective judgement, good-guy badges
Don't mean a fu*k to me

Jacob Bryant

The Blister Exists

Bones in the water and dust in my lungs
Absorbing archaic like a sponge
The ultimate way is the way you control
But can you stay if you detach your soul
Bury the present and squeeze out the past
The ones you endear to never last
Chemical burns and the animalistic
I'm just another hardline pseudo-statistic
Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this
Can you feel this?
Blood on the paper and skin on my teeth
Trying to commit to whats beneath
To find the time is to lose the momentum
You learn the lessons and immediately forget them
Automatic and out of my reach
Consult all the waste to find the key
Minimal life and the polysyllabic
I'm just another blank page - push the button, pull the rage
Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this
Can you feel this?
I am all, but what am I?
Another number that isn't equal to any of you
I control, but I comply
Pick me apart, then pick up the pieces
I'm uneven
I am the damaged one
All my life and the damage done
Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this
Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this
I am all, but what am I?
Another number that isn't equal to any of you
I control, but I comply
Pick me apart, then pick up the pieces
I'm uneven

Jacob Bryant

The Family Trip

There's no earthly way of knowing
Which direction we are going
There's no knowing where we're going
Or which way the wind is blowing
Is it raining? Is it snowing?
Is a hurricane a-blowing?
Not a speck of light is showing
So the danger must be growing
Oh, the fires of hell are glowing
Is the grisly reaper mowing?
Yes! The danger must be growing (Faster! Faster!)
For the rowers keep on rowing (Faster! Faster!)
And they're certainly not showing (Faster! Faster!)
Any signs that they are slowing (Faster! Faster!)
Stop the boat.

Jacob Bryant

The Virus Of Life

I can see you but you can't see me
I could touch you and you wouldn't even feel me
Wait a second and you'll settle down
I'm just waiting, 'til you really let your guard down
You're relaxed, you're sublime, you're amazing
You don't even know the danger you're facing
If I'm quiet, I'll slide up behind you
And if you hear me I'll enjoy trying to find you

I've been with you all day
I'm trying to stay calm
I'm impatient and it's really hard to breathe
I'm going to empty you and fill you in with me

Just keep the violence down
Not yet - don't make a sound
Oh God I'm feeling it
It's reaching fever pitch
My skin is caving in
My heart is driving out
No mercy, no remorse
Let nature take its course

Watching - Bring me to my knees
waiting - I am your disease
Lover - set my symptom free
Covered - you won't feel a thing
You can't feel a thing

I'm sweating through my veins
I'm trying to hold on
It's unbearable, it's almost worse for me
I'm gonna tear you apart and make you see
MAKE YOU SEE!

Watching - Bring me to my knees
waiting - I am your disease
Lover - set my symptom free

Covered - you won't feel a thing

This is the virus
THE VIRUS OF LIFE
This is inside us
The crisis, the knife

It's almost time to play
It's time to be afraid
I can't control the pain
I can't control in vain
Oh God I'm ready now
You're almost ready now
I'm gonna love you now
I'm gonna break you down
I see you in the dark
I see you all the way
I see you in the light
I see you plain as day
I wanna touch your face
I wanna touch your soul
I wanna wear your face
I wanna burn your soul

Watching - Bring me to my knees
waiting - I am your disease
Lover - set my symptom free
Covered - You can't love me

This is the virus, the virus of life
This is inside us, THE CRISIS, THE KNIFE

Jacob Bryant

Vermillion (Naturally Occuring)

She seems dressed in all the rings
Of past fatalities
So fragile yet so devious
She continues to see it
Climatic hands that press
Her temples and my chest
Enter the night that she came home
Forever

Oh... (She's the only one that makes me sad)

She is everything and more
The solemn hypnotic
My Dahlia bathed in possession
She is home to me

I get nervous, perverse, when I see her it's worse
But the stress is astounding
It's now or never she's coming home
Forever

Oh (She's the only one that makes me sad)

Hard to say what caught my attention
Fixed and crazy, Aphid attraction
Carve my name in my face, to recognize
Such a pheromone cult to terrorize

I won't let this build up inside of me

I'm a slave, and I am a master
No restraints and, unchecked collectors
I exist through my need, to self oblige
She is something in me, that I despise

I won't let this build up inside of me

SHE ISN'T REAL!
I CAN'T MAKE HER REAL!

She isn't real (She isn't real)
I can't make her real (can't make her real)

Jacob Bryant

Vermillion Pt.2

She seemed dressed in all of me, stretched across my shame.
All the torment and the pain
Leaked through and covered me
I'd do anything to have her to myself
Just to have her for myself
Now I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do when she makes me sad

She is everything to me
The unrequited dream
A song that no one sings
The unattainable, She's a myth that I have to believe in
All I need to make it real is one more reason
I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do when she makes me sad.

But I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me

A catch in my throat, choke
Torn into pieces
I won't, no!
I don't wanna be this...

But I won't let this build up inside of me

She isn't real
I can't make her real

Jacob Bryant

We Can Be Like They Are.

All our times have come
Here but now they're gone
Seasons don't fear the reaper
Nor do the wind, the sun or the rain..we can be like they are
Come on baby...don't fear the reaper
Baby take my hand...don't fear the reaper
We'll be able to fly...don't fear the reaper
Baby I'm your man...

Valentine is done
Here but now they're gone
Romeo and Juliet
Are together in eternity...Romeo and Juliet
40,000 men and women everyday...Like Romeo and Juliet
40,000 men and women everyday...Redefine happiness
Another 40,000 coming everyday...We can be like they are
Come on baby...don't fear the reaper
Baby take my hand...don't fear the reaper
We'll be able to fly...don't fear the reaper
Baby I'm your man...

Love of two is one
Here but now they're gone
Came the last night of sadness
And it was clear she couldn't go on
Then the door was open and the wind appeared
The candles blew then disappeared
The curtains flew then he appeared...saying don't be afraid
Come on baby...and she had no fear
And she ran to him...then they started to fly
They looked backward and said goodbye...she had become like they are
She had taken his hand...she had become like they are
Come on baby...don't fear the reaper

Jacob Bryant

Wrong

I'll never be the same, breaking decency
Don't be a tree trunk, don't fall on my living roots
I've been humming too many words
Got a weak self esteem
That's been stomped away from every single dream
But it's something else, that brothers face
Keep it all inside, until we feel we can unleash
I think that you made it up
I think that your mind is gone
I think you shouldn't glorify - Now your wrong!

You and me are here alone
Face flat along the edge of the glass
But I'm not here to preach, I'm just sick of (- definitely NOT 'thugs')
My parents made me strong to lick up that glass
So why should I try, act like I'm real pissed off
With all that shit that needs to stay back in the shell
Your punk as* made it up
And your fu**ing mind was gone
Should've never glorified - Now your wrong!

Shut up you don't know me, shut up you don't know me
Squeal like a pig when you pig fu**in', pig fu**in'
Ape! ! !

Well I'll tell you about my smoke stack
What's coming back jack we'll turn back
Curse for in their words, Tell them that you fucking heard
I mean, they know that's what's coming
I thinking 'bout something naughty, and won't tell anybody
So thinking of me by now but you go grab it
I'd like to think, for who I am and shit, I belong where they be
'Cause we can not get back those lives
We exist to cease - understand
God hates black shades and all the players
Mr. P.I.G. could I fu**in' see
Sure already done crushed all of my brothers dignity
And to the jury, carry no turners

My skin is colored
Does that mean I'm burnt?
'Cause your punk ass made it up,
Your fu**in' mind was gone
Should've never glorified - Wrong!

Jacob Bryant