

Pasteurized i

i was bred by the prodigies
On their word, for sure
A womb covered in dark green
No silver but ivory on my spoon

The dreamers, the doers, the poets
Within their rights, i'm told

i was raised with the revolutionaries
On their terms, of course
The quiet naysayers
The do naught but talk all nighters

The thinkers, the renaissance men, the women in the back room
Mark their words, i'm told
They are dangerous

i was molded for the foreshadows
In their way, i mean
A room of prediction devices, silver and silicone
Pretty pretty but hot to the touch
I am dangerous

The curtainers, the puppeteers, the honchos
Do as they say, i'm told

Wrapped in shadow and shame,
Soft whale bone and sharp frills
Lipstick and lies lies lies
you are dangerous