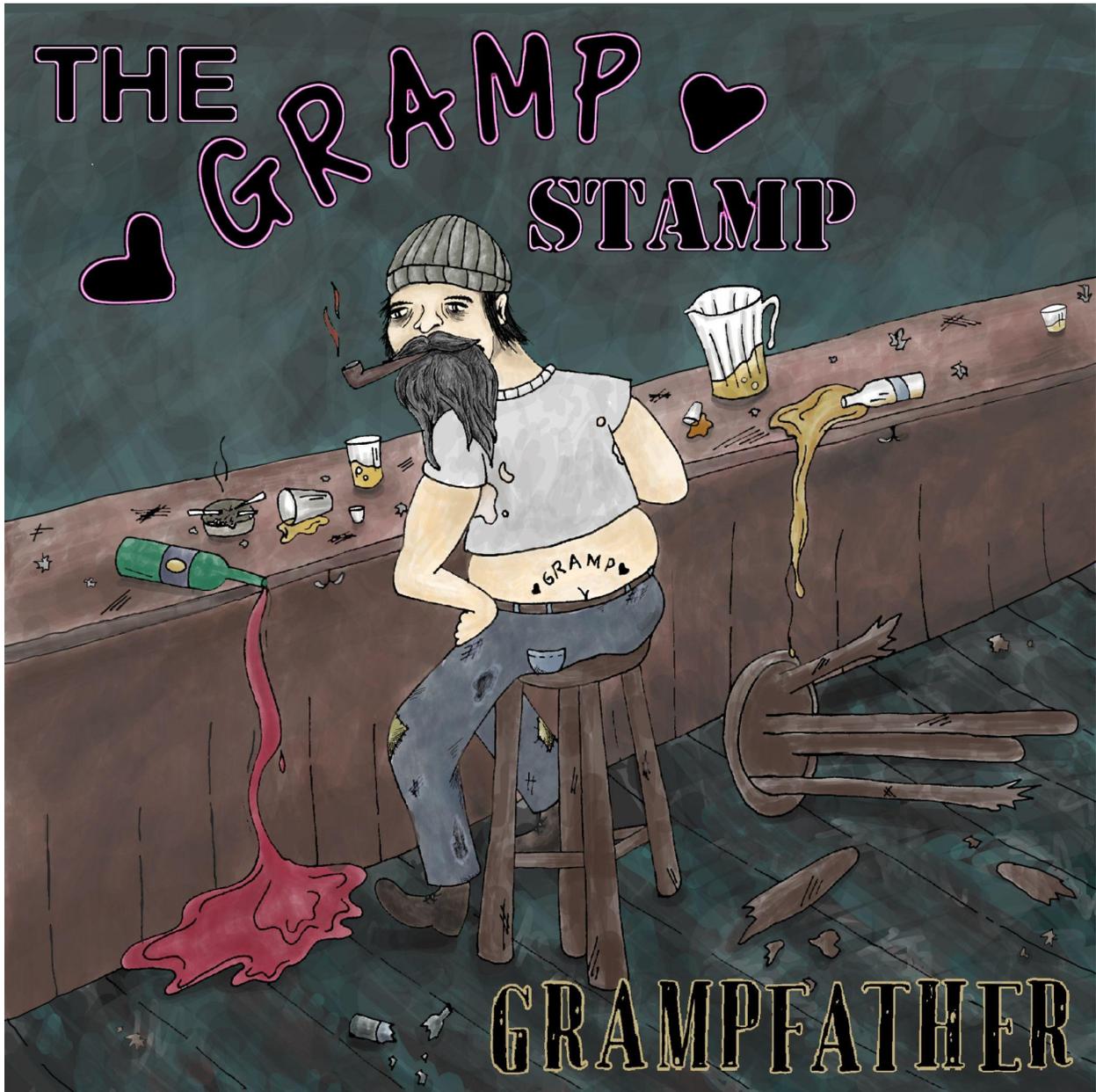


# The Gramp Stamp

Grampfather



All lyrics written by James Kwapisz.

## Para Ti

You, you don't even know what you do  
to me--but, baby, I want to try and make you see.  
I don't know what you've been told  
but, baby, lovers like us, we ain't meant to be alone.  
Don't listen to what your friend said  
no, not what your stupid friend said.  
She don't know any flame grown old,  
she only knows the flicker and the flash  
only what's beeping on the dash  
but, baby, I've got that kind of love that lasts  
that stuff you thought was just a thing of the past  
but oh, no no.

Oh, fire, don't die soon.  
I just want to bask in this bliss honeymoon.  
Let us maintain. Yes, let us refrain  
from any unnecessary drama  
let us not strain.  
And I'm feeling like you feel the same.

Cool like the breeze and warm like the hearth.  
Had to have lost to know what it's worth.  
So enter the onslaught of corny clichés,  
but if it's true then it's true--why shouldn't we  
do what we do.  
Well I'm in love with you  
and I don't care who  
tries to sway us with their blues.

If they're self-righteous, they can't see  
no, they're comfortable in their misery.  
If they were happy, their beady, blinking,  
pity-seeking eyes would not realize.  
So frightened, so numb,  
never realizing what they've become.  
So jaded, mistaking age for wisdom.  
Well I've seen some young prodigy babies  
and I've seen thick-skulled old men and ladies--  
it makes no difference as long as what they say is true.  
And it's true when I say, I'm in love with...  
you.

I know, I know, you don't have to say it--  
I know: "What's a story without a conflict show?"  
But I don't need an elaborate conceit  
to tell you how I feel because you know what I mean.  
Well the conflict is that we'd think that we'd even need  
a conflict at all.

Well I can finally read the letters  
written clearly in your smile.  
Well I can see much better  
with these lenses over my eyes.  
O you're my prescription  
because you dissolved my conviction  
that what I saw before you  
was anything important.  
Now I know, now that those shadows are gone,  
that you're the fucking sun  
and the day has just begun.

I'm so elated.  
I don't believe in much but this feels fated.  
From the depths of my apathy  
you saved me.  
Feels like I can finally breathe with this new life  
you gave me.

Oh, my little love,  
you're my light of day.  
I thought I'd never find you,  
thought I'd lost my way.  
Well you're the prettiest plum  
I ever saw.  
How do you do it fill me with constant  
awe.

Oh, my little love,  
you treat me so sweet.  
All my past loves  
cannot compete.  
You are my best,  
you are my peak.  
Better than the rest  
it's 'cause you  
set my heart free.

## Good Mo(u)rning

It's so nice  
when the air is just right  
when you can see  
your breath mist freeze.

I know you don't like it  
you say you might just  
stay inside  
layered up this whole time  
until it all melts away.

Well I don't mean to be  
a devil's advocate you see  
but what would give shape to your days  
without the cold?  
And I know  
that my heart is warmer  
having been through these storms.

And I can't complain  
'cause living these days  
is nice and easy  
just you and me  
we're sitting real serene  
just drinking good bean juice  
and fine wine from the discount aisle  
squirreled away in our nook  
devouring the last of our books.

But there are times  
when my mind becomes idle  
and there arises  
something inside me  
that reminds me  
of how feels to be  
alive/a lie--  
when you feel dead inside  
you can't hear  
anything else  
but your own  
youthful, illusory self--  
no you can't drown it out  
the voice that cries  
the muse that tries  
to quell your doubt  
reminding you  
what brought you to  
this path in the first place:  
to take all the seemingly  
meaningless things we face  
every monotonous day-to-day  
and replace the emptiness  
with the meanings that we create.

It doesn't matter much to me.  
You can call it "pie in the sky"  
but I still think it tastes sweet.  
I don't know, maybe I've lost it  
maybe I've gone and sold my soul  
without knowing the cost of it.  
But I don't know, maybe I've still got it  
it's just lurking in the depths  
just waiting for an offer.  
I know I've grown lazy  
but I won't let these comforts tame me.

It's too damn easy  
yeah, it's too damn easy  
to play the victim--  
there's nothing noble  
in giving up.  
I'm done with the illusion  
because I decided I would  
make the decision to override it.  
I feel fine, I'm not wasting  
half my life inside.  
Okay, it's cold,  
so put on your coat  
open up the door  
let in sunshine.  
See how the rays  
spread about the room  
illuming the dust  
that we've accrued.

We'll never know  
just what we've got  
if we just sit around and rot.

I know I grow  
from my pain.  
If you don't engage  
you don't get a say.  
Because there's substance  
than there's clutter--  
don't mix one with the other.  
I don't mean to offend  
I just want to bend  
the agenda or just end the  
stale convention.  
I don't care for the words  
or what they purport to mean  
'cause the marrow of the matter  
is in the silence underneath.  
And there's no need  
to try and fool me  
because I can clearly see  
straight through the vernier  
of such fickle convictions.  
'Cause it's so damn easy  
to tell the difference  
between truths  
and convenient fictions.

I know I've grown lazy  
but I won't let these comforts tame me.

## Roach Motel

We were just some dirtbag kids  
getting high on the sly.  
We lived in a tent  
in the thick of the woods  
where no one could find.

We lived in our own world  
we made our own worlds  
in our heads.  
When I see it in my dreams  
I can see that fire again.

I met you down by the pond  
where the swans and ducks  
and muck all mingled.  
We covered our tracks  
as we trekked through the trail  
and we kept our spot  
good and hidden.

Whenever we'd feel like  
we'd had just enough of it all  
we'd meet by the trees  
the ones that made your sister sneeze  
and soon enough we were free  
just you and me, you and me, we--  
while the other kids were loitering  
down by the mall  
you and me, king and queen of the woods,  
had it all.

We never had much  
but we conserved what we had.  
We'd make it last a week  
that last pinch in the bag.

We've lost the woods  
and we've grown old  
blunted by the rigmarole--  
but I'll never forget  
the soul, and that sweet, rank smell  
of our dirty roach motel.

We lived in our own world  
we made our own worlds  
in our heads.  
When I see it in my dreams  
I can see that fire again.  
We lived in our own world  
we made our own worlds  
in our heads.  
When I see it in my dreams  
I can see that fire again.

## 2% Juice

You're a bad liar—  
I can see what you feel  
through your eyeballs—  
don't ya know  
they're the windows to the soul?  
so they say say say. . .  
Don't ya know what's disclosed  
by the twitching of your lips  
or the crinkling of your nose  
even though it might seem like  
nothing at all?  
Nothing at all.

You think you're sly  
but you and I  
both know what the deal is—  
don't assume that only you  
know what it is you're feeling—  
it's all about the room,  
I feel it too—  
seems like everyone's aware  
that everyone's aware  
besides you.

You can save it—  
your tinted language,  
keep it simple:  
if what you're saying  
is meaningful then say it  
in a way that's accessible  
to the common being  
so they don't need a degree  
to see what you're saying—  
you better believe  
that such elite phrasing  
is not conversation  
but just pretentious masturbation.

All's been done  
under the sun.  
How can we break free  
from the monotony?

How do we express  
amidst all the excess?  
What do we mean?  
How do we proceed?  
You've got to take the combinations  
that make the amalgamation  
that makes you who you are  
and what you do is what you are  
and what you produce is your art  
but it's all determined  
by your intention from the start.

So what do you want?  
Do you want to discuss or just flaunt?  
Put those flashy tricks on the shelf—  
you're like everyone else who  
felt the urge to

be original, driven by some self-endowed principle—  
well, maybe you've got something after all  
but I wouldn't feel comfortable  
calling what I pass along  
mine, for I must've gotten it from someone  
who got it from someone  
and so on into  
time immemorial—  
I'm calling for a funeral

of the ego—it's like a cyst on the mind;  
instead, I see my contemporaries  
as catalysts for new designs.  
No, nothing exists in a vacuum  
so I'm content with the potential truth  
that, of all the imported ingredients,  
I possess at least 2% juice—

and all the rest are not my competitors  
but my friends who I'm indebted to.  
You've got enough on your own plate—  
I don't mean to help you self-deprecate;  
I just want to help to eradicate  
fruitless templates that only complicate  
the primal instinct that first inspired you to create—  
that simple desire just to have minds relate,  
and hopefully we'll leave this place  
a little brighter than when we came--  
the sentiment's nothing new,  
but it's all about attitude.  
I don't care for the What as much as the How.  
It's too easy to just turn things down  
and harshly criticize  
but it's hard to realize

that what I see  
as beautiful might seem  
awful in your eyes  
and that your sunset's  
my sunrise.

Hey, why's it so hard to say  
anything that's cliché.  
No, don't leave a trace  
or else your image  
will be defaced.

No, your muse is not yours  
but something you picked up  
from the lot, of course.  
I wouldn't blame you  
if you wanted to debate it  
but I find it kind of liberating to  
remove the source from the self--  
and if it's true  
that it comes from somewhere else--  
than who's  
to say it's fake if you feel it?  
So let it pass through  
so I can steal it.

## Vultures Eating Vultures

He was old and mean  
blood dripping from his beak—  
whenever I remember him  
I can hear him speak.  
He says, “Let go. Lie down.  
You won’t hear a sound  
next time I come around.”

He dug his talons deep  
into the deceased  
rendering its tendons  
undoing his own kind’s seams.  
Then the whole pack  
dug in their masks  
to their brother or their mother  
or whoever was fixed for the feast.

“Lie down. Let go.”  
Whenever I see him  
I swear I see someone I know.

When I die, would you mind  
picking up the scraps  
off my spine and back?  
I’ll have had a body to live through  
and now it’s my gift to you  
and I’ll course through your heart  
a pulse that knows not time.

There is no time—  
when your tomb is the womb  
and the womb is your food;  
you're imbued through and through  
with a lust to renew  
with a thirst to consume  
the waste of the wasted  
and erase death from the face  
of the pavement.

I'm just a bloody mess—  
take this burden off my chest:  
skin and veins, nerves and tissues;  
come undone these fibrous sinews  
lay to rest these incessant issues  
save me from such common misuse.

You've got it right—  
there'll be no decay tonight:  
the old are dead and the young are fed,  
ancestors reunite.

When I die, would you mind  
picking up the scraps  
off my spineless back?  
I'll have had a body to live through  
and now it's my gift to you.

“Let go. Lie down.”  
Someday we'll meet again  
but I won't know how.

I remember the first time  
I saw you rummaging around in my yard—  
you were all huddled round the freshly discarded  
carcass of a soul just departed  
and flown off to who knows where—  
you don't care, just as long as there's somewhere  
to drag it off to and clear it out  
and feed those awful, greedy mouths. . .  
but in a dream I saw the scene in reverse:  
it was obscene how serene you all conversed  
like surgeons hovering above your patient  
like masked craftsmen so diligent  
gently piecing each rib to each knob  
beaks, like tweezers, ease in to do the job  
finishing the frame of the ship  
feeding her meat as if she were your chick  
and tucking her in with a nice, warm pelt.  
It was the sweetest thing I've ever seen,  
thought my heart would melt.

You hoist the mast  
now that death is past  
and nudge your fledgling  
on to set sail  
You watch your daughter rise  
as you hiss your goodbyes  
and cry your mo(u)rning wails  
as you prepare for her retreat  
for summer is coming  
and the sun is setting in the east.

—END—