Grammar By Rami Naamna

I analyze the profoundness of a noun to realize that I too can be considered a person

that my embrace can be considered a place more frequently titled home

that the concepts of the construction of the word "thing" only attach themselves to me when the minds of a bigot is homeostatic

a similar definition can be found in the word "Apathetic"

they said I was rather shy as a child, rarely verbal and never took action

But my verbiage as a grown man consists now of the thoughts of genocides and the schools of thought of men who cried for peace and suffering and I have yet to die

and for that I am grateful, for living is an adjective I can attest to.

and give my life story as an allegory for morality

The caterpillar who wags his way through branches, passing through apples

starving for success like propositional tech

put me ahead of the people, places and things, I need to be on your mind

cuz the thought of death and forgetfulness shivers down my spine

bone marrow turned liquid nitrogen, my nerves become gelatinous

I can't face the concepts so make me an adverb if you gotta

societies done it, why can't you

I say that I'm a product of my circumstance and that it'll give me excuses

As if that's my determiner like society ain't a motherfucker that would analyze grammar and interject on your rights and freedoms

Charters, fathers, rights, schools, fools that deemed the black skin tool for slavery and abuse.

all that prejudice and hate and people gon still say "fuck a pronoun!"

try to organize that syntax

why ain't all that tax a sin? simple line until the train start going faster and

the spirals of hell that is bound to the estate and the senate leaves them rounding into puddles like rubber tires in the curb

I'm sick of existence and the eurocentrism of words

in the English language that follows my death, will not concur

let silence be my verbal expression and execution, the ringing noise of death will echo in my conflicted conscience