

# Astronautalis, The Case Of William Smith

William holds his palm out proud  
Upon the Bible, lays it down  
And solemnly swears against it  
That every word is true

Searching through the faceless crowd  
In the hallowed auditorium  
He sees that everyone is turned against him  
And his endless pursuit

The saga that he spells out  
Has mothers grabbing children  
Grown men twisting mustaches  
As priests smooth out their suits

But William hammers right along  
And ignores the banging gavel of  
The judges plea for order  
In the chaos of the room

Outside my cell  
There is an oak that grows  
Through the fence line  
And towards the sun

They built a barrier of barbs  
Flush but against its bark  
And still its burls unfurl  
And the branches strong

The silver thorns that hem in my hole  
Snare me here through sun and snow  
While barbs may scar  
They cannot stop the mighty Oak

Burgeoning upward and out  
This figure made out  
The persistence that'd been made  
Stopped by its daggered escape route

Once it finally stands tall  
The limbs will make the fence fall  
The slowest getaway car  
And the guard ever saw

The warden scratches his bald patches  
Raises his arms in the air  
And wonders how this happened  
Despite his decades to prepare

In this I found the fate-  
You'd see my sentence a mistake  
Discharge me from this place  
And reinstate me in your grace

The truth will set you free one day  
My father promised me  
But I'd never thought  
The truth would come this way, quite honestly

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If you'd a told me back then  
That the words from my pen  
Would end up bein' a pain of mine  
I'd never change a damn thing

I'm so shocking to your ears  
That the treaties you revere  
Would suffer such assessment  
At the status of confrere

But I am more than well aware  
Of how you all were unprepared  
To stare into the sun  
As it means to pick up on its flares

Converted in question  
And career upon the line  
I suffer your reckless sanctions  
With a clarity of mind

The charges that you lay  
Against my character are faith full  
And burden you with shame  
When you face the gruesome paradise

And he knows as well as I  
That the heralds can carol fight songs  
The refrain rings familiar  
But the words just seem a tad wrong

God is just a breath away  
He lives a kiss from your lips  
With a message \_\_\_\_\_  
Drifts from mountains chiseled tips

So this is it  
My sufferage sings its swan song  
Suspicion sets me sovereign  
From restriction of your sad bonds

You edit me from existence  
For continuity  
Where it will be always in your footsteps  
To document your lunacy

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