



COMMON A.I.F.X.

**SWEET
SWEET
TYRANT
TYRANT!**

**COMMON ALEX
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TYRANT

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Common Alex
SWEET TYRANT
Edition C' (Online Version)
2023

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These are the worst days.

I carry guilt with me on basements, I ghost intersections, buses, empty buildings, love hotels, and screens. I receive signals transmitted from nameless bodies that swirl unanswered in the air, like smoke before the harsh golden street lights and neon signs, and I tear up from the cold as I count out loud the time passing and getting lost. So many wasted hours. so many days going out like candles one behind the other we every breath we take.

But we're not here to mourn the wasted time away. There are enough things to worry about already.

Nobody cares, I tell you. I feel it. You could livestreams slicing your veins in front of the busiest street close to you, but the car horns of the beasts would still remind you that tomorrow is Tuesday. They don't know you. They can't recognize you in traffic. They don't see what you keep, just like them, in your chest. People are islands detached from the continent of reality, and the habits they nurtured are far too firm to break.

That's why my hands are running through what's left of something familiar. Some kind of monument of a world sinking in real time. Small movements, small caresses, like bandages on the wounds left on us by this plane of existence. Like second hand affection on bodies made of cold marble, drowned in the concrete waves. We hug each other naked till the morning trynna float the night away. And tomorrow? We'll see what happens when tomorrow comes. There are no guarantees anymore, other than none of us seem to know how to swim.

I know I'm not making sense yet, but now is not the time for explanations. Just keep in mind that we're able now, I swear, to become the worst that we used to hide from the world. Matching our day and age for once, without anxiety eating us from the inside. So laugh as hard as you can before the loop, and dance around it as if no one's watching.

Or as a guy used to say:

"I create a universe for myself and, like some fantastic tyrannical God, people it with beings who will never live for anyone else".

It's me, Sweet Tyrant.

ΔΙΠΛΩΜΑΤΙΣΤΕΣ



trying not to think about my future
got my neck marked with thick dashes
as a souvenir
i carry my own weight wherever
rookie's stress
with flair like seasoned vets

the only fear is time
i seesaw from sleep to tremors
so the dust won't sit upon me
everything on autopilot
days get full and emptied out
like clinking glasses

i faint inside these walls like echoes
said the circumstances wouldn't break me
till they broke me
what's the point in writing lyrics
if they don't rip seams off heads
as we keep on getting buried by the algorithm





when did hell crawl up here
running out of streets to walk your thoughts off
clipping off the map
trees no longer growing taller
so you cannot hang yourself

my keys my phone my kevlar
rooftop snipers peeking
people bite their own
trynna wake up
no one's sleeping anymore

when did hell crawl up here
how don't people rock the britney buzzcut
sirens screaming from their heads
how to fit a life on weekends
cheap ass noodles and playing tetris with the days left

they grew up
iron out their backbones bending over
still does not sit well around the shoulders
dress each morning to the nines
just in case they leave in coffins by the afternoon

WHAT'S YOUR NAME



you're walking like you're dancing
you still carve me like a spoon
you are lemonade and honey
heaven's hidden in your arms
and you know it
i will love you like i won't leave
i just need some space
on a narrow mattress
folding myself into place to fit your handles
bret hart
with my heart in my back pocket
never was too good with first impressions
still don't know what i should call you
just to write it with my tongue
what's your name madam

GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION



94

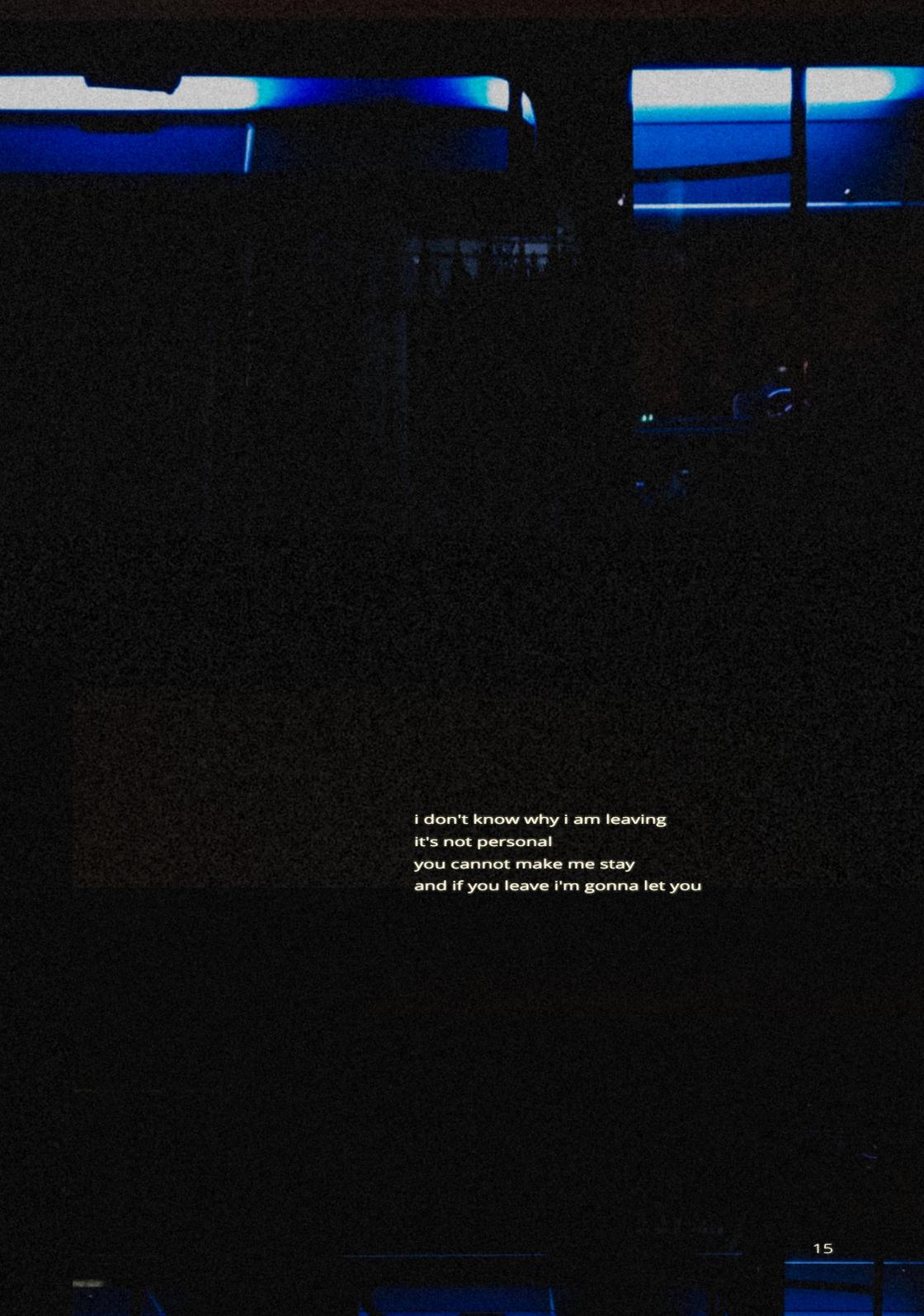




no good first impressions
no more hugs and handshakes
barbed wire wrapped around my arms
twist my body like i'm dancing
so random ones stop passing through me
muffled sobs and sunken eyes
guilt kicking my guts on tempo
like a ticking clock duct taped to a bomb
i don't trust y'all
it's not personal
i wish 🍂
i would love to
but i'm not here anymore to justify my existence
it would be enough to have some understanding
when i say that i'm tired
but no use
it's been late too
got some work to do
empty people blow themselves up down the street -
i keep running after them to hug them tight

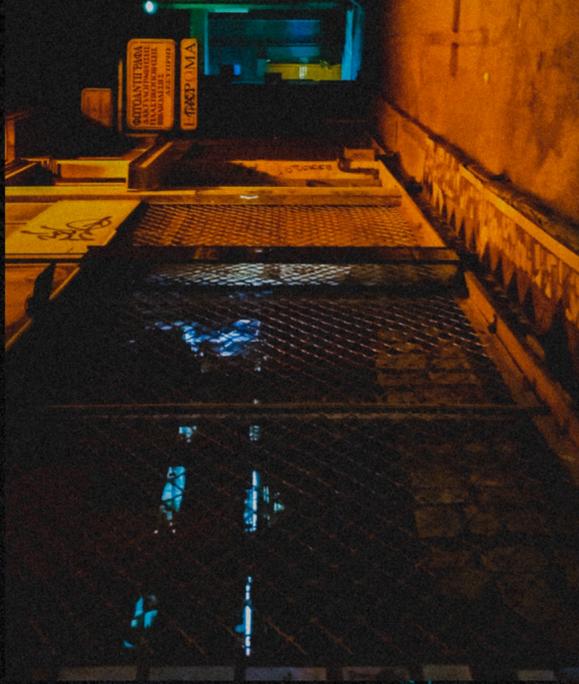
IT'S NOT PERSONAL

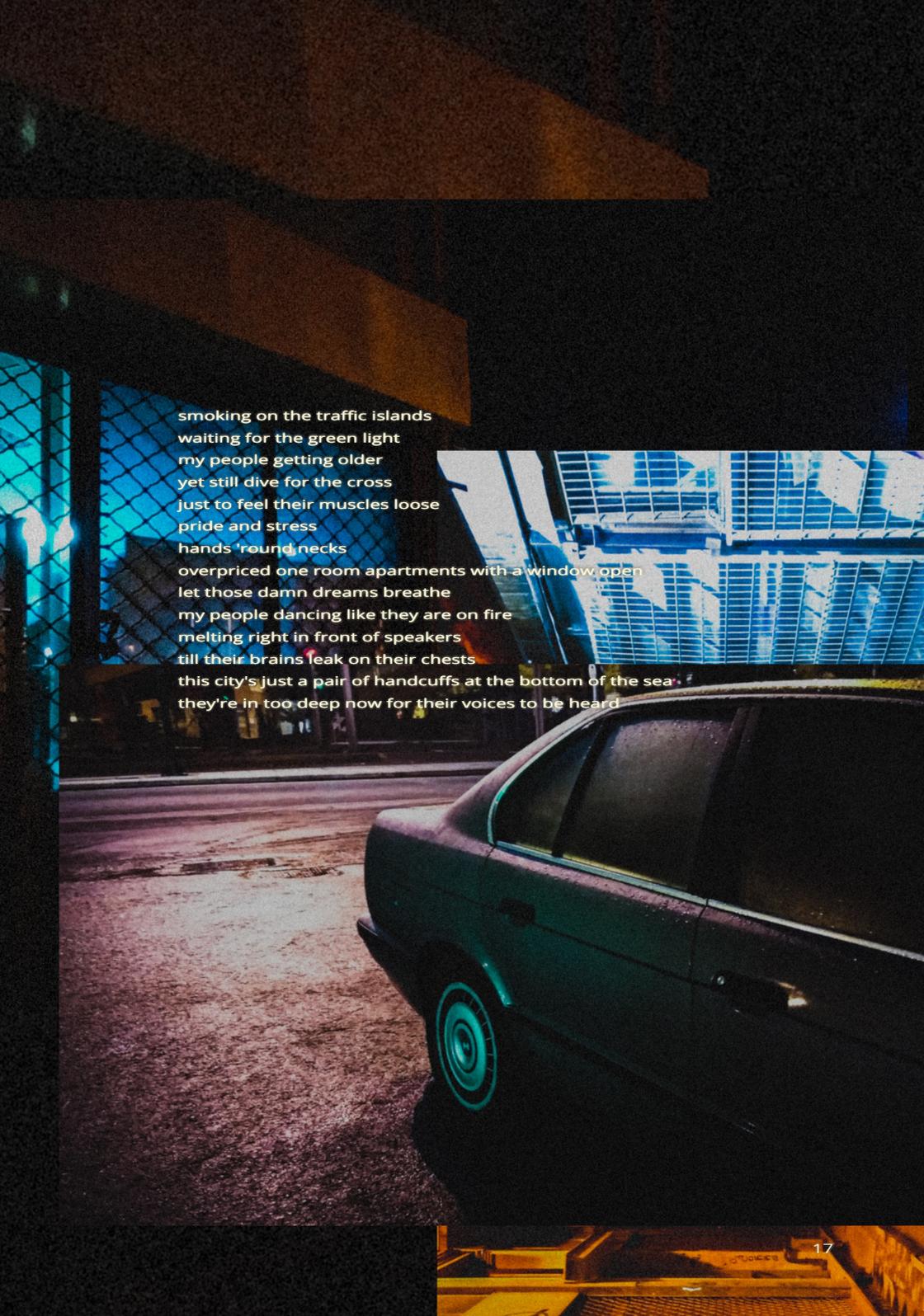
**A3 ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ-ΓΛΥΦΑΔΑ
ΜΕΣΩ Α.ΒΟΥΛΙΑΓΜΕΝΗ**



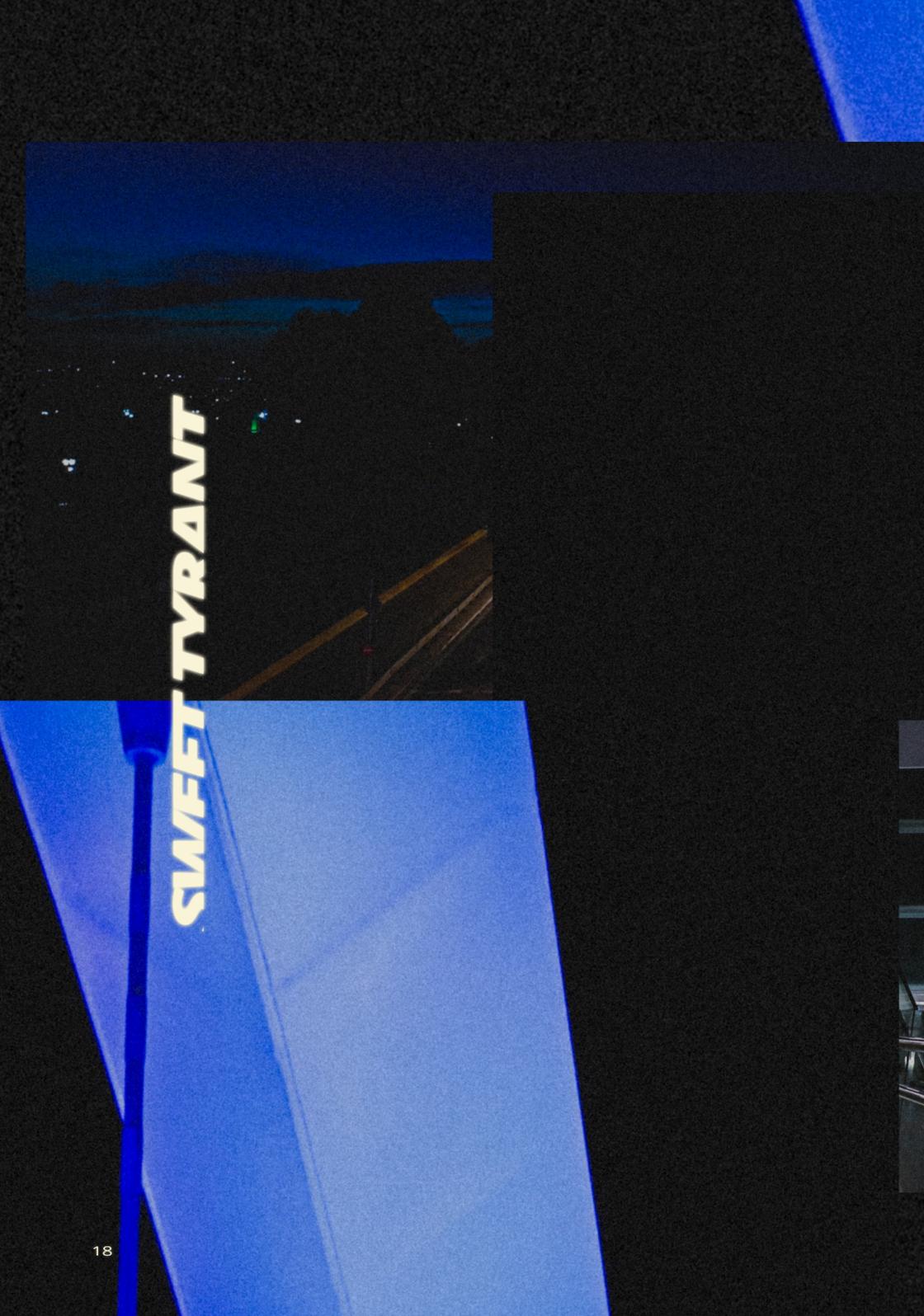
I don't know why i am leaving
it's not personal
you cannot make me stay
and if you leave i'm gonna let you

PRIDE AND STRESS

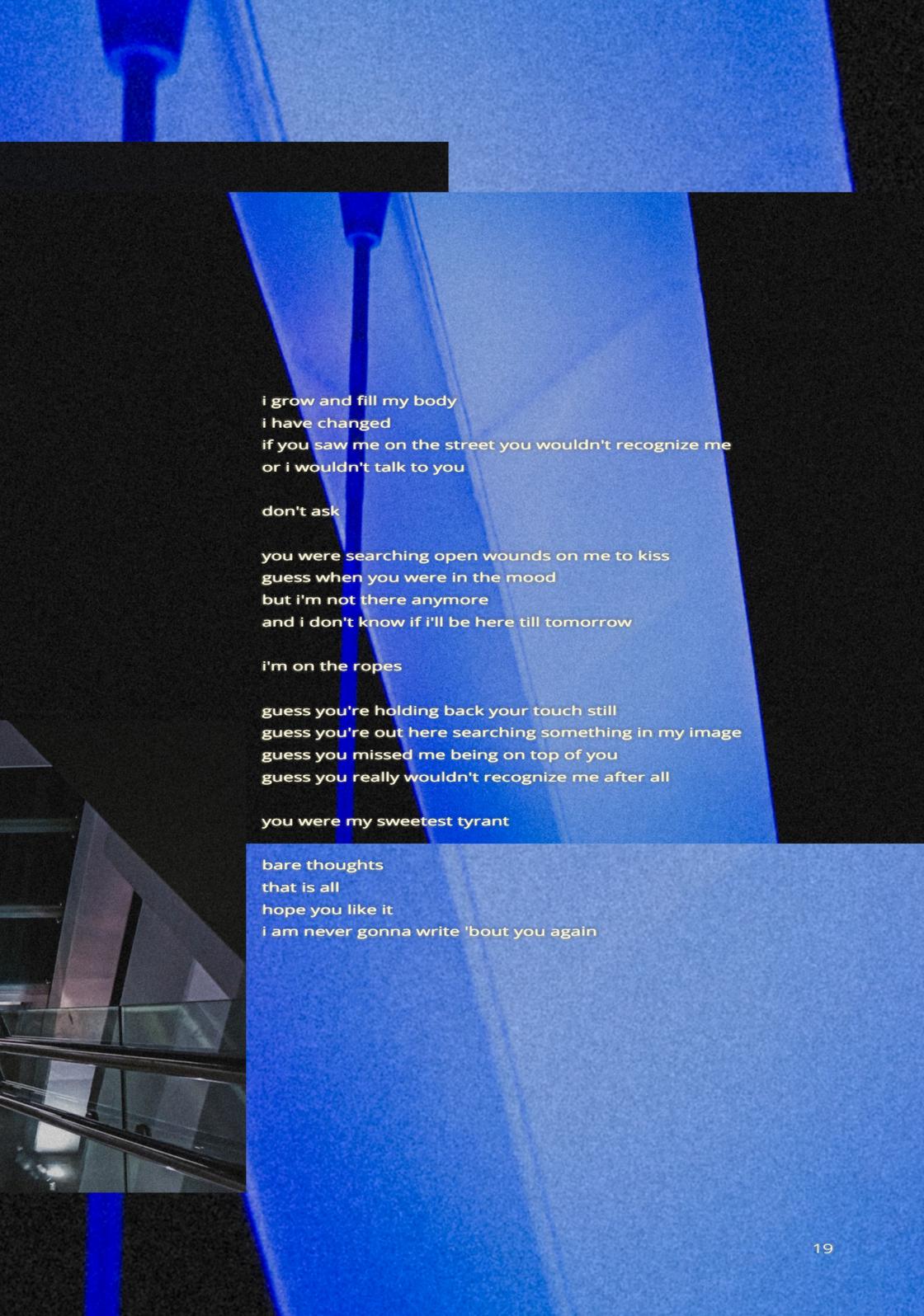




smoking on the traffic islands
waiting for the green light
my people getting older
yet still dive for the cross
just to feel their muscles loose
pride and stress
hands 'round necks
overpriced one room apartments with a window open
let those damn dreams breathe
my people dancing like they are on fire
melting right in front of speakers
till their brains leak on their chests
this city's just a pair of handcuffs at the bottom of the sea
they're in too deep now for their voices to be heard

The image is a composite. The top portion shows a dark night landscape with a city skyline and lights visible in the distance. The bottom portion shows a blue flag with the text 'SWIFT TYRANT' printed on it. The text is oriented vertically, reading from bottom to top.

SWIFT TYRANT



i grow and fill my body
i have changed
if you saw me on the street you wouldn't recognize me
or i wouldn't talk to you

don't ask

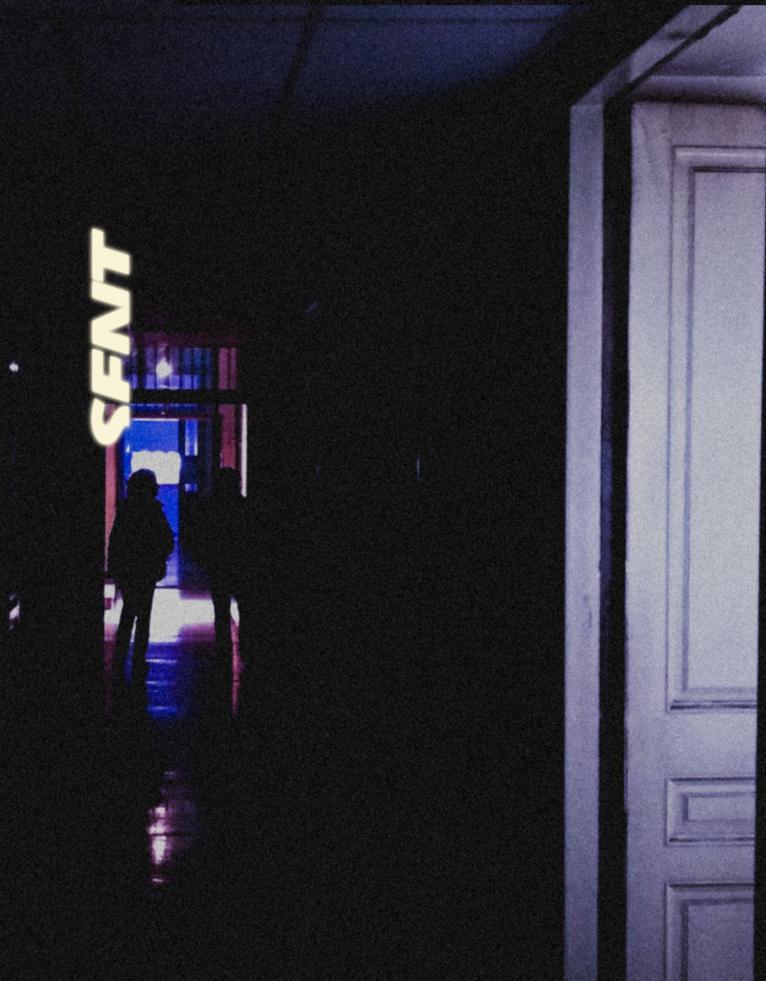
you were searching open wounds on me to kiss
guess when you were in the mood
but i'm not there anymore
and i don't know if i'll be here till tomorrow

i'm on the ropes

guess you're holding back your touch still
guess you're out here searching something in my image
guess you missed me being on top of you
guess you really wouldn't recognize me after all

you were my sweetest tyrant

bare thoughts
that is all
hope you like it
i am never gonna write 'bout you again



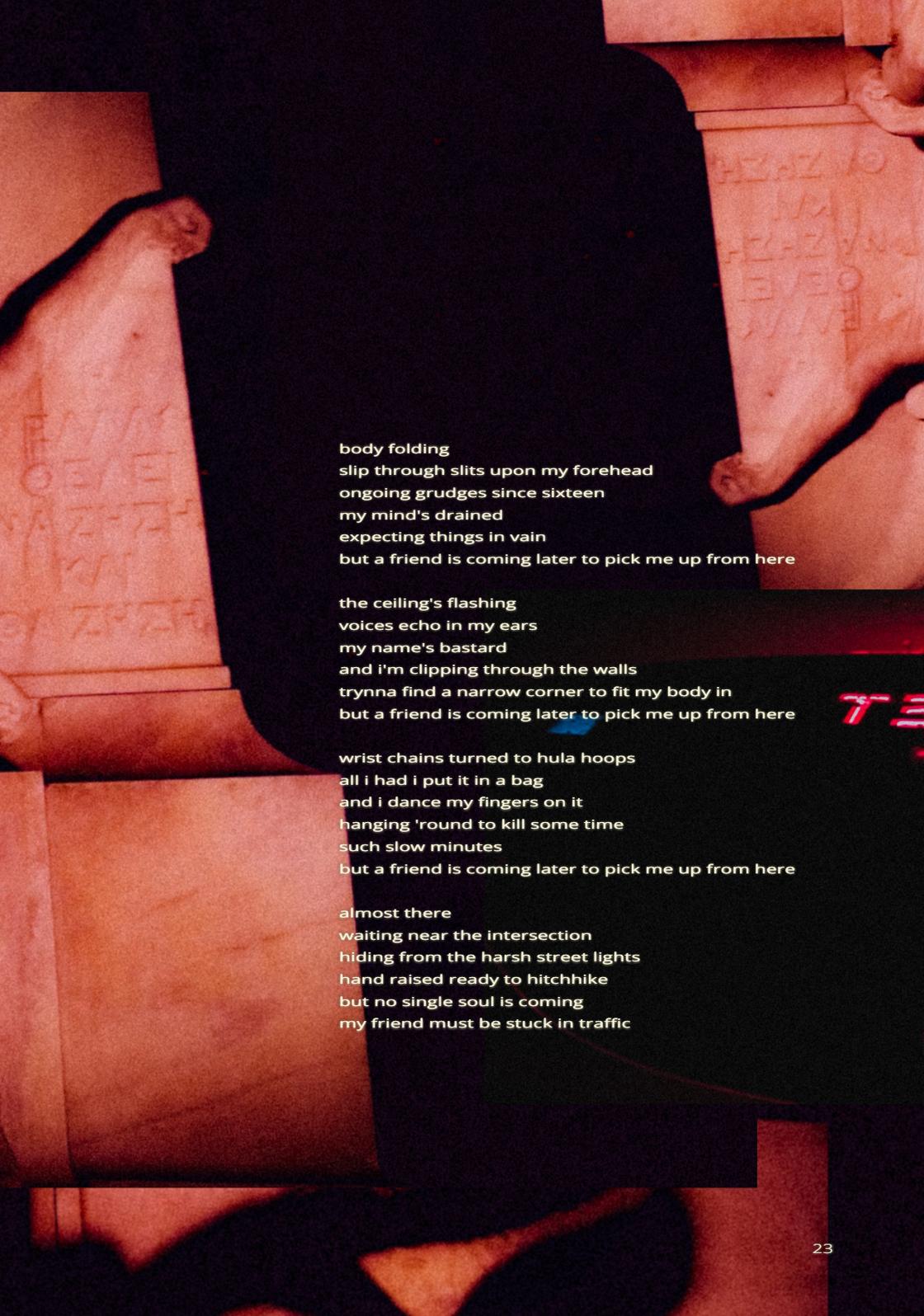


don't get angry
if i stop answering one day

i am fine
i am safe
i'm not here

THE RASTARD





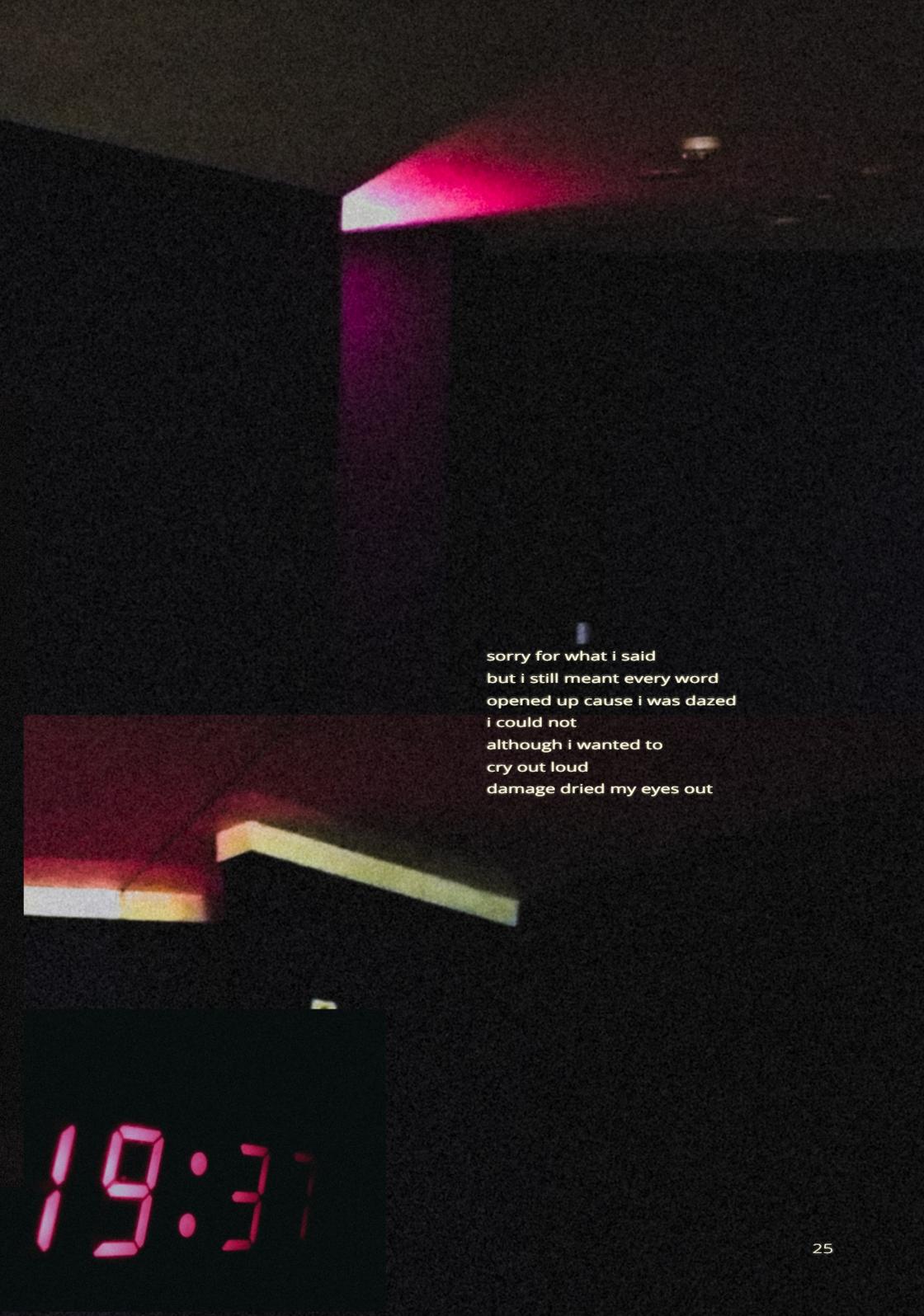
body folding
slip through slits upon my forehead
ongoing grudges since sixteen
my mind's drained
expecting things in vain
but a friend is coming later to pick me up from here

the ceiling's flashing
voices echo in my ears
my name's bastard
and i'm clipping through the walls
trynna find a narrow corner to fit my body in
but a friend is coming later to pick me up from here

wrist chains turned to hula hoops
all i had i put it in a bag
and i dance my fingers on it
hanging 'round to kill some time
such slow minutes
but a friend is coming later to pick me up from here

almost there
waiting near the intersection
hiding from the harsh street lights
hand raised ready to hitchhike
but no single soul is coming
my friend must be stuck in traffic

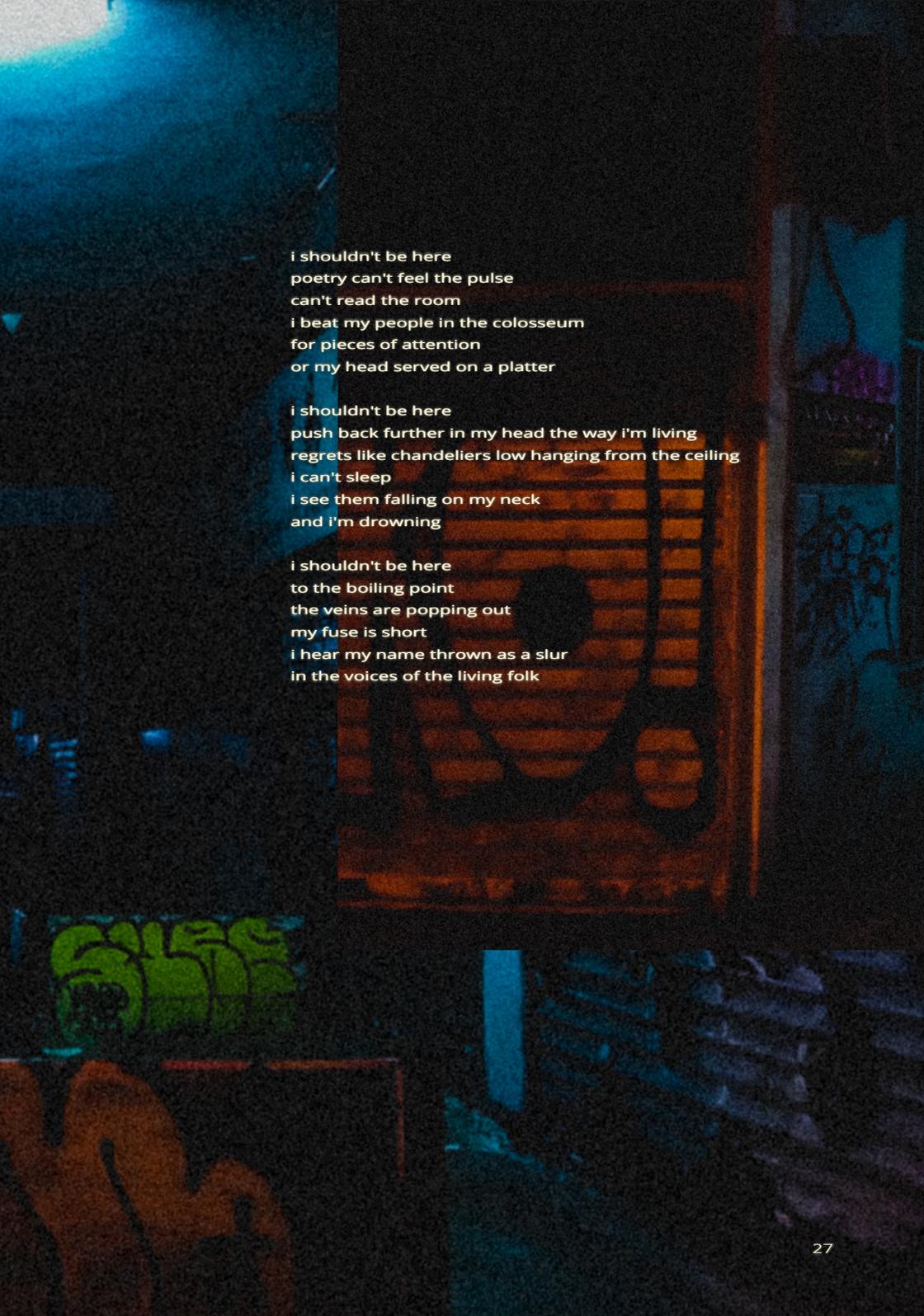
SORRY FOR WHAT I SAID

A dark, atmospheric photograph of an interior space. The ceiling features a glowing pink light fixture that casts a soft, ethereal glow. In the foreground, a digital clock displays the time 19:37 in bright pink LED digits. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

sorry for what i said
but i still meant every word
opened up cause i was dazed
i could not
although i wanted to
cry out loud
damage dried my eyes out

MISSOURI

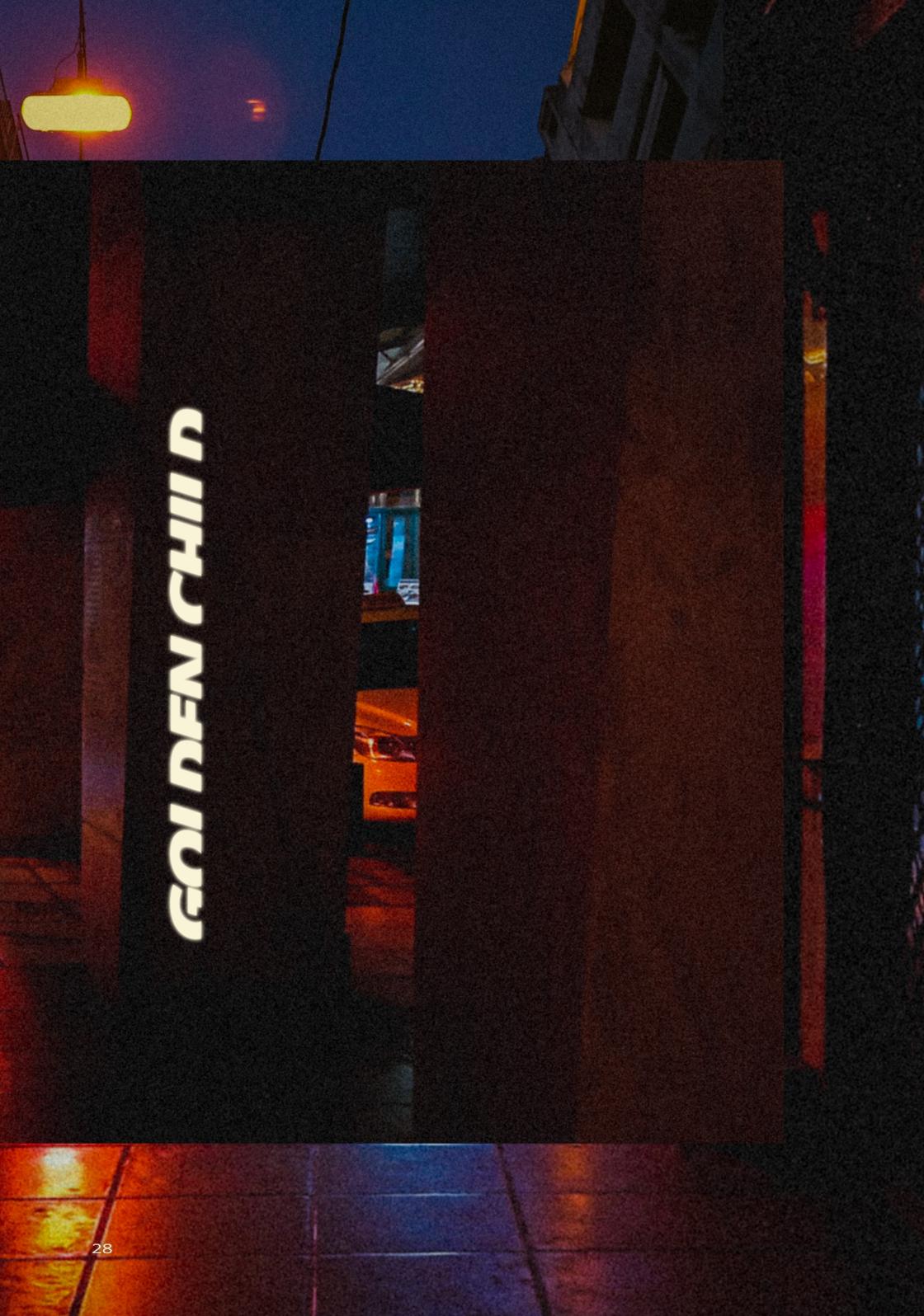




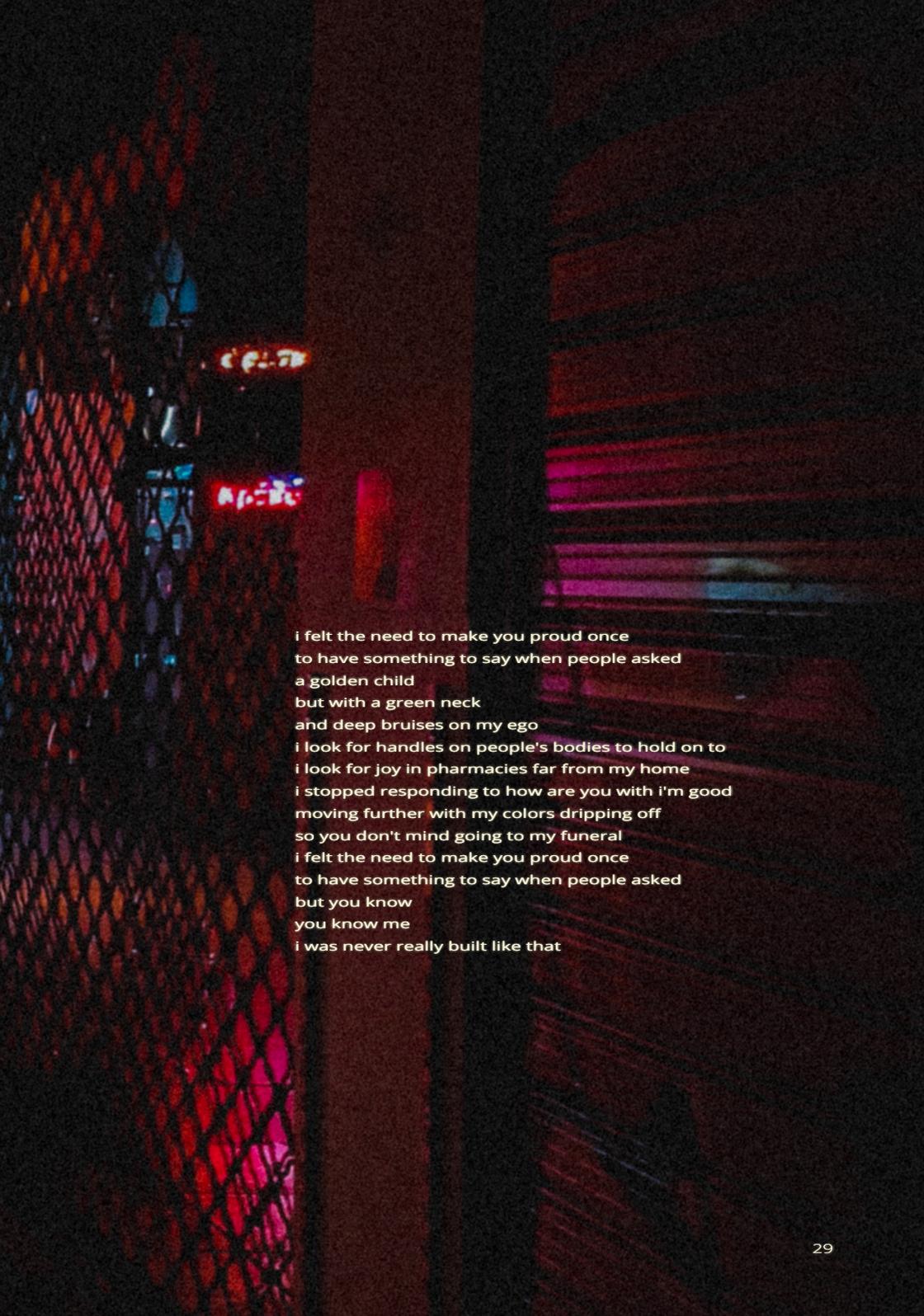
i shouldn't be here
poetry can't feel the pulse
can't read the room
i beat my people in the colosseum
for pieces of attention
or my head served on a platter

i shouldn't be here
push back further in my head the way i'm living
regrets like chandeliers low hanging from the ceiling
i can't sleep
i see them falling on my neck
and i'm drowning

i shouldn't be here
to the boiling point
the veins are popping out
my fuse is short
i hear my name thrown as a slur
in the voices of the living folk



GOLDEN CHILI D



i felt the need to make you proud once
to have something to say when people asked
a golden child
but with a green neck
and deep bruises on my ego
i look for handles on people's bodies to hold on to
i look for joy in pharmacies far from my home
i stopped responding to how are you with i'm good
moving further with my colors dripping off
so you don't mind going to my funeral
i felt the need to make you proud once
to have something to say when people asked
but you know
you know me
i was never really built like that

1/2



they hug you then they're tearing you to pieces
you don't know if you love them
or their attention
you were little
and you're not what you once were
you stayed closed for way too long
and you don't know what is left out there for you
but i promise you
you're much more than a half
the sea inside you reminds me of mine
same waves
same shape
yet the salt is still upon you
you are tongue tied
and no voice comes out
i know i know i know
they stamped the pride out of your eyes
but one day we'll leave together
until then though
i'll look after you within the frozen time
and if they dare to lay hands on you again
i swear
i'll fuck them up

PAIN & PI FACIURE

1. PAIN & PI FACIURE

2. PAIN & PI FACIURE

3. PAIN & PI FACIURE

4. PAIN & PI FACIURE

5. PAIN & PI FACIURE

6. PAIN & PI FACIURE

7. PAIN & PI FACIURE

8. PAIN & PI FACIURE

9. PAIN & PI FACIURE

10. PAIN & PI FACIURE

11. PAIN & PI FACIURE

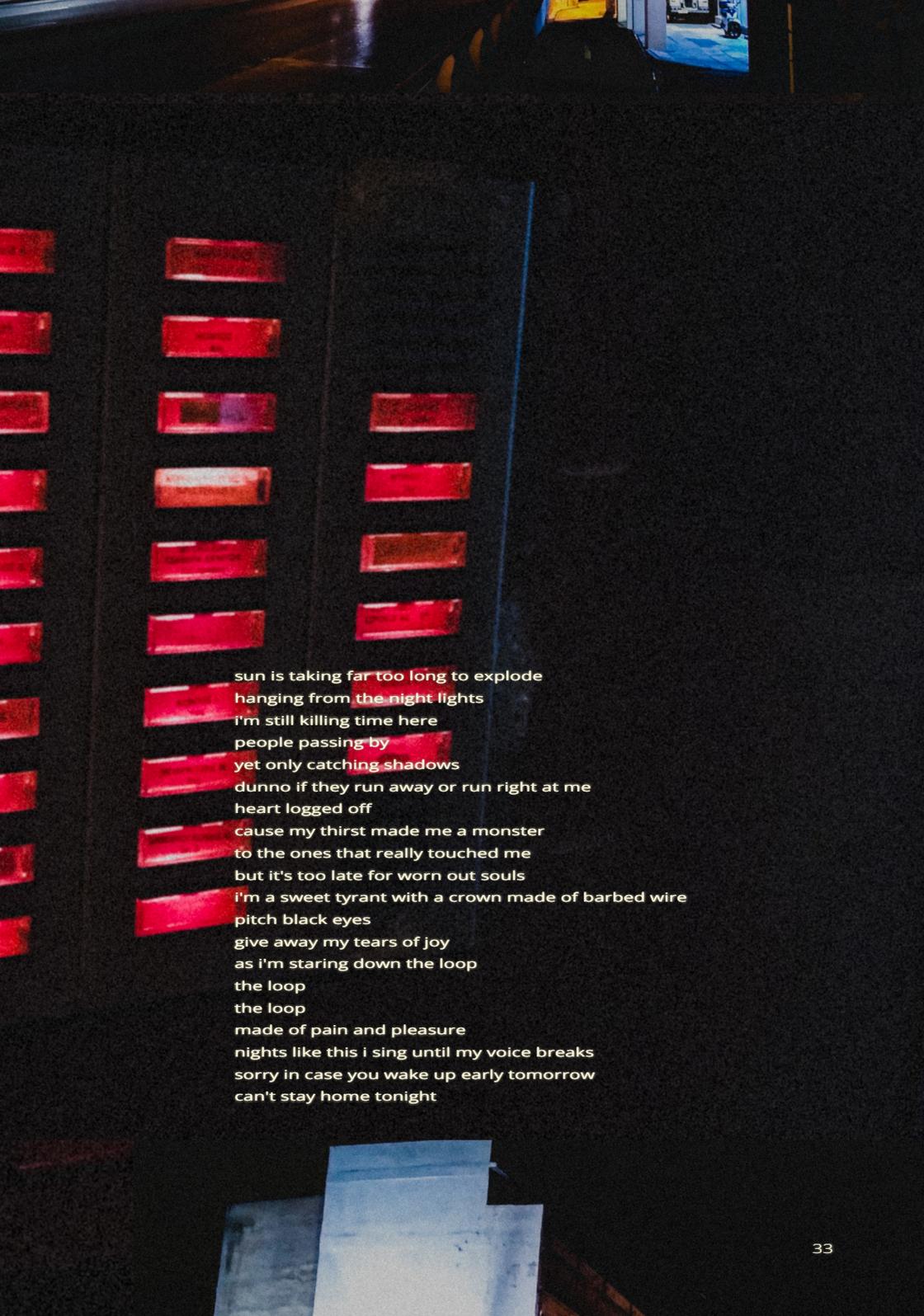
12. PAIN & PI FACIURE

13. PAIN & PI FACIURE

14. PAIN & PI FACIURE

15. PAIN & PI FACIURE

16. PAIN & PI FACIURE



sun is taking far too long to explode
hanging from the night lights
i'm still killing time here
people passing by
yet only catching shadows
dunno if they run away or run right at me
heart logged off
cause my thirst made me a monster
to the ones that really touched me
but it's too late for worn out souls
i'm a sweet tyrant with a crown made of barbed wire
pitch black eyes
give away my tears of joy
as i'm staring down the loop
the loop
the loop
made of pain and pleasure
nights like this i sing until my voice breaks
sorry in case you wake up early tomorrow
can't stay home tonight

