

There's no heart in no faint solution
There's no last, just a pulse that aain now fades away
Bereavements? no third nor fifth repetition
(the odds and evens of a present pain)

Beneath a cortex to please the pleasant
it's this step down I built...
ruled in selfrules
it's your lifetime's point
the stage in a blissful pain,
just a stage...

Recall your cyphred bluntness,
for which you were meant to please.
Dragged out by a miliard thoughts,
it took your time to turn to me.
All in all, all's to be lost,
To travel down within the coil.
Frailty, misconception,
a lost strifle in a season's end.

It took your time to turn to me...