

Guillotine

Birds in Row

Holy great guillotine, I gave you a part of me. Not my head, not my chin. Holy great guillotine you ate almost all my dreams. I'm condemned to lose something I cherish. And to let it all go in a mutual contentment, watching the floor getting closer to my face. And there has been to trial, something to get what happens to me. Nothing but silence. And to silence sign my end. Death to the guillotine. We lose and share emptiness of all passions and cares. In the end am I just allowed to breathe? Among no head bodies, other no head bodies. On our necks a better people would sail and they would have fun for sure, and we would endure it without wanting to know more. My end will be where it's supposed to be. I know.