

E Numbers

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Another stain wiped off of the face.
Of an entire clutch of reasonable fuys.
I flip a coin, seems the luck has run out.
It's 2:40 and the clocks are wrong.

Another strain matched by the reward.
Of all the work made to show up the pros.
And on the way, stop to show some respect,
For those trying and abandoning.

I wan something I, something that I can see.
Through the prism of stigmatism.
With the white light, the shrinking of it's structure.
Feed the kids the E numbers.
Feed the kids the newcasters.

Where do your tantrums go?

She seems to know, how twisted is this...
My back is wrecked, spiked down through the spine.
Lie flat on floors, with vertebrae down.
Pitch perfect like a slamming door.

But when it comes, I'll be unprepared.
In soft clothes, rain drizzling down.
Blaming the mind or anything close.
You can't put it on forgetfulness.

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Where do our tantrums go?

Zoomed out at speeds with sharp intakes of breath.
Heads spinning up in the corners.
Closer than it even began.

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