

I've been swallowed by the plaything
Born through my brainful ashtray,
It stinks, pure on this laughable side.

The will to skin,
This gaping flourish encumbers.
Last, poor unforeseeable shape.

Now it's hard to end this incoherent, twisted dialogue.
A conspirator.

I can't image another mask to surround this pigsty.
Listen,
Are there ways to limit my disappearing?

Tomorrow's decline will necessary fit together
Completeness through isolation.
My plans were different.
This is the answer to implore a patient essence.