

If you would like a coalition with my in in my eyes,  
mark me down -say it- this institution demands these words.  
Knife your worth.  
We said, "Your vitality is like a throat and in this cold it st  
ains,  
survives a haste. In the ascension taste sun in your mouth."  
Burn burn burning the callow of will.  
Herd into this pen the escape of, the escape of what you infer  
to be true,  
won't you slice open your wrists and crawl through your veins?  
You remain forever what you are.  
You put on full-bottomed wigs with a million locks.  
You can wear these high stilts instead of socks.  
But you remain forever what you are.  
Float or drown in these blades of canvas, perceive a fluid of m  
anipulating skin,  
the skin turned from flesh, turned its face from the sun, reven  
ge of a knife.  
Knife your worth.  
When you thought you heard the sun it was the fire in my eyes  
and when you thought you heard the dove it was my whistle in di  
sguise.  
And when you let it go with little might,  
you found that down here there is no day or night.  
The wisest man will make you feel like you are a man among mank  
ind.  
The devil has died.  
And you have been born.  
Knife your worth.