

A Cork Stops The Whining

Glass Casket

Your face is loosely sculpted fragmented, pigment and drive
You're dying to spill your guts to me, but I'm not that kind of
guy.

Oh no here it comes again, the dam has burst leaving me beneath
I hope we all learn to swim, because the dam has burst again.

There I am crushed beneath the lee-way

A cork stops the whining but my ears won't stop vibrating,

Someone please swing her by her ponytail

To stop her episodal crying.