

A Moon lighting minor down on our epic ambitions, we are
open prey for vultures...

Lying out, lying within the rhyme scheme, the theme of a
lyrical couplet punctures a dream, and then in it seeps...
dour realities rousing me into cravings and caffeine.

Counter Attack...

We are all deluded with grandeur, our epic ambitions
dragging us through the wars to the next birthday, now
it's only a crippling comedown away. And so you'll pray
tonight for the first time in years, call some anonymous
being, confessing a longing you're feeling so filling.

Call a deeper, lower, coma...Counter attack...

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open prey for vultures...

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lyrical couplet punctures a dream, and then in it seeps...
dour realities rousing me into cravings and caffeine.

Now all of our dreams are perforated...

Keep belonging under the ether's vultures, thirty years
below a slumber lies the rhyme scheme where love is
obese...Your love is obese.