

## Tic

## Helmet

The tic begins where's the manner end?  
The climate change will never get in  
Silent and strong and prepossessed  
You never need to make you own mess

Weasel to me is charming to some  
Loathsome and glib  
Habits like self-love  
Wearing slim fast you carve your niche  
Lean smug back and work your pitch

And all the way I'm gone, no  
Demon race to find  
You paint if up and know that  
Any face can lie  
Affect my greatest style, what  
Suits me best of all  
Keep my pocket filled, lean right and  
Fall