

Decaying as I am
Need not some promised land
I know that I am failing
Acceptance was their plan

No silence in the sea
Nothing tranquil awaits me
Useless and used up
Too much using to do

I have chosen everything
This is what makes it so bad
No matter what the action
Situation was created by me

My life is different
These gray streets will only get me down
They will never fool me
Integrate me as their clown

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Stumbling through patches
Flowered mortality
My daze it is special
You my goddess to be