

My Heart And The Real World

Minutemen

And so my soul collapsed into a big guilt wad
Some big thunder law forces me to eat shit
And if I was a word could my letters number a hundred?
More likely coarse and guttural one syllable anglo saxon

I'm a victim of fact let's say I loved a girl
But the world was wrong and I was forced to march in line
But it felt like handcuffs
Machines disregard my pronouns
I am defeated
I am a cool damp clay