

The Golden Core

Motorpsycho

These are sungod days,
Like subtle layers of yawning
Before this hungry mouth
Slowmotion days are dawning
Why don't it all just burn away?

There is a time for everything

When even you can be a king

... or, a queen of no fixed stature
A prince amongst the castaways
On this sungod day, too boring to pay heed to