

A pained token disaster mental reactor put it to sleep
A second coming after fearing the laughter feeding the sheep
Fit so good as if it would the trees of letters follow
Raison soot the earth and would he care if all again restarted

Sustained weeping his leaves the summing of trees
The simplest thing living in solo
Living is so low

Sustained sore misdirected somehow expected wrapping round fate
Designs somewhat neglected life form erected breeding in hate
A worm somehow connected cut off dissected feeding its cells
A turn selling rejection selling infection selling itself

Alone utter desertion manifestation mutating swells
A fly landing inspection gets an erection hard for the spoiled
skin
The meat rapidly aging slowly decaying touches the sore
The mind paying attention insect dementia if ever is seen
The WELT on your soul

Within sound isolation degradation feels at home
Within truth of perception does deception ever know