

Hangin Out

Operation Ivy

The Bricks a
construct
the place in which I self destruct
my eyes
they see
the zombies limp abreast to me
structures ascend
channelling wind
we beg for change in the valley within
waste away
hanging out
coffee acid cigarets and matches
stairway
cafe
were adrift for another day
how far we surpass the nameless mass
in endeavors so meaningless I look for some kind of meaning
all my actions seem so self-defeating
waste away
hanging out
two friends
some pens
sixty five cents
real life brings it to an end
how far we surpass the mass
in endeavors so meaningless.