

# The Golden Ghost

Rolo Tomassi

I never fail to let myself fall  
I know who'll stay, I know what will fade.  
Independence isn't something to prove,  
Movements so irresponsible and spineless

Feeding from brittle bodies, laced with diluted excuses.  
Leaving a trail of infatuation, allured by unsteadiness  
and a sense of protection, ignoring but not forgetting this infestation.