

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.