

worn out gone ocean calmly lowers bodies offering
whims condition as night falls
spills disease mental sores
mine exploding you fucking liar

lines form short mans views

cassandra's curse prophets eyes
sees the truth they perceive as lies

this controls my mind
after supper o much fatter
how to reconcile this matter

lies disfigured one on top no distinction soaking sing
a screaming phrased in ill contempt
not worth it

this controls my mind

so whose resolve cant stop them now
raving mad so very small
kisses dust storm wave good-bye
have no need to scrape so high