

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