

To Vanish

Stray from the Path

We all heard it:
Your Collision with the sofa bed
that set off one hundred thousand car alarms.
There's nothing left.
There's nothing left of me.
You're withering away.
You're getting lost in your systematic extraction.

What once was clear, has now disappeared.
And you'll keep playing,
And I'll keep thinking:
'Hour by hour, hours spent.'
'Hour by hour, hours spent.'
'Hour by hour, hours spent.'

It's the type of thing cannot be kissed and made better.