

there is no right, there is no wrong  
in why we live, there is only wrong  
so radical, destroyed for nothing  
and i don't care, i don't care anymore  
remarkable, pulsating creature  
into whose calves the poison flows  
when it is wondrous  
it makes us whole  
to force a hammer and a nail  
into its soul  
journey to the end of the night  
am i alright, do i look alright?  
a car has killed you  
and your corpse  
has de-discouraged us  
to never never never never look up  
the scorpion in our chests  
cuts the word to scar, powerlessness