My Glass House

Swingin' Utters

While I sit alone in this room I've got crates full of sorrow
Even more filled with shadows That i fish out and ridicule when i'm felling lonely.I'm lacking sense, but bound in a very specific direction It's phonomenal and unprecedented It's a chip of the old block and a step up the new ladder.Mr. Scribe, I write to you pen and penchant aimed to pour over a fool left with no more rhymes I'm poeticlly franchised.I'm in charge for the day in terminal wanderlust I've excited my worst thoughts exorcised what was lost am i a bad seed sprouting up or am i not?

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