# The Sense

## Streams of Blood

This is not a model
fit for any mold.
The twisted old and bitter tongues
are reckless just as they are cold.
Dwelling on the dying
is wet fingers to the flame.
And I cannot say that I believe
in everything that you propose to me.I'd rather learn from children.
I'd rather see their world.
In all it's natural splendor,
and all it's harsh distress unknown.
Not what's old and jaded,
forgotten or ignored.
Or in the way of anything,
there to keep the flame from burning.I read the writing on the wall, and all
I see is "Who has lost the sense?"
I read the writing on the wall, and all
I see is "Got to get it, to give."All that I care to know is what you're wondering.
All that I care to see is what you're seeing.
I want to know what you know,
not the little things you'll learn to gaurd you
(All the little things we'll teach you).I read the writing on the wall, and all
I see is, "Who has lost the sense?"
I read the writing on the wall, and all
I see is, "Got to get it, to give."

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