

Deathwhite

Omnium Gatherum

Free enough to see what's going on in there - a man has naught if not himself, not an island - just the son of a gun - i'm sure you knew i ate it up to spit it out - in blinded mute ground, gasping for words - buried - yes you saw the lust for vengeance - i've had my fill, the share of losing - i've had my fill, the share of losing - the years in these worlds, more than i could feel - anywhere - to get it crystallized at last - i've had my fill, the share of losing - i've had my fill, the share of losing - and when they all speak at the same time they make me wonder what on earth in hell it was - and was it wise to seek release in and through ex stasis - did i face it all, standing - with the 'love, laugh, cry' - to say the things i truly feel - i've had my fill, the share of losing

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