

Nothing Rips Through Me

Pity Sex

Today.

Today.

I imagined your face.

Flecked with rose.

The first of spring.

Freckled nose. "

Pathos of things." I'm okay.

Nothing rips through me, like you and the Lemonheads.

Worn computer screen, cybernetic atrophy.

Staring back at me, someone I can't reach.

Forever.

Digital ring, doesn't fit me.

Not big enough.

I've got big needs.

My own Vermont, lovely in spring.

I'll never know. "

Pathos of things." I'm okay.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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