

Anhedonia

Pears

Deep within attentions equidistance, this hollow sphere of hopelessness expandds 'till it pops and there is only nothingness between nothingness and I, but I digress.

Perfect skin, ball of life, a blister, a blip, once removed, collected cool, often sidelined and whipped.

I'm teething at the toes of courts convened in teh arean of the argument demaned.

The blissful absence: wealth unearned, ne'er babought, bethrothed to open world hallucinauts.

Shifting shapes, sleek dissolve, still bereft of a cause, farers clad, sans-design, no respite a conditional clause.

Driven only by the voide, my darling Anhedonia.

Give me death!

This fortress once erected, named and scheduled for collapse, fading aptitudes and insticnts and all memories left to pass, grip the hands of my companions with whom I'll perish in my cell, ancient fables of immortal sounding like a dying bell.

I can still feel them.

It carries like an atom bomb, oh wistful worlds, it carries like an atom bomb.

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

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