Born Alone

Morning Parade

I have heard the war and worry of the gospel
Ferried fast across the void
I have married broken spoke charging smoke wheels
Spit and swallowed opioid
I am the driver at the wheel of the horror
Marching circles at the gate
Mine eyes have seen
The fury so flattered by fate

Tonight I'd rather count the warm fuse internally
Subtract the silence of myself
I would rather choose the middle mind of mystery
Reverse a riddle for my health
I'll unwind strange rinds overpowering
Toss the chimneys in the sea
I believe I've seen
The finger divine extremity

Please come closer to the feather smooth lens fly
Sadness is my luxury
Will you weather, join the cold, come before I die
More aware of it than me
The valves are blowing stone
The kids are unabashed
Loneliness postponed
Mine eyes deceiving glory
I was born to die alone
Alone

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