

We Still Believe...

Folly

We still believe in you old friend.
Indifferent helping hands.
Venom's injected by rejects.
"a lie makes it way half-way around the world before the truth can get its pants on."
These lies you speak of are nudists, your honor.
My pants were never on fire.
I'm of changed folk, I've learned every lesson.
Have patience, patient.
Irresistably chronic, fanatically fixated.
An addict of tightropes expanding from here to sooner or later.
Strung out on every blind uncertainty, self-expectations.
To exist is but another quick fix away from dissension.
Expect nothing else from me ever again.
I've made my bed, it's where I'll lie.
Write it down on the walls.
Forge the ivory, plot the whites, entertainer.
Genius perched matching keys.
Prospect, observantly.

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