

Typing: 1974-2048

The Faint

i've been
typing for hours while he waits
alone in the bushes
there's a guy on the back lawn
he can look under mats but he won't get in
he scales the walls with almost no sound
i'm sitting dead still with the light on
i'm sending off my resignation
before he gets to all i got
i'm staring at nothing
my frozen joints all broke away
i'm sending off to find them

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