Son's Thoughts

Omnium Gatherum

For the one my window hides in its view... - to enlighten me if my love's real, or that faith - what's more bitter than the late spring - i forgot to live, seated in one of their fucking trains - yes i forgot to live seated in one of those - and when the world is left i don't need an inscription to remind for these things - if it's washing away, well, you know what - praying on one's knees - before - bring salvation for every soul - i forgot to live, seated in one of their fucking trains - yes i forgot to live seated in one of those - when in search of clarity, the way is lost in itself - gone into its own walker - and every shadow has its bearer of shadow - every shadow has its bearer of shadow - (a son with the thought of not standing his demise - still afraid of getting a lethal dis ease) - and the clauses they were, they were all without reins - though didn't want to lose, didn't want to lose my heart - somewhere in the mists of my blurred daily consciousness - the thought of not standing a dis ease

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