The Bud Dwyer Effect

Ion Dissonance

it takes guts and a gun, just like in bud dwyer's lil' surprise.
a defect, no one'll ever see it coming.
I'm indulging myself in a strategic advance, orchestrated by the enemy.
it dwells deep, yet grows strong, within...
(Am I working against myself? well am I?)
everything dreadful happening, imagine how I should feel,
when realizing that it was planned,
from a beginning that I don't even recall,
you might call this a tragedy,
seems more to me like simple standard habits.
wishing to be finally saved,
waiting for something/someone that would order me to follow
a certain purpose with both convictions and deviations.
if you'd only knew how... I'm tired of your paintings.
your bold landscapes sucks and have ceased to amaze me long ago.
be a pal and let me add a fantasy of mine, abstraction.
of scarlet and red pure... so pure.
are there any written rules related to simplicity (of actions, of thoughts...)
I guess not.
so how come your judging?
you won't the day that it will end,
drenched in vital fluids (.357)
as you are forced to witness the spontaneity of the events.
and I won't be a bother no more?

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