

Vermont

Rivet

Staring up at stars
From the back seat of a stationwagon
 Carving the night
 Trees keep marching by
 Light poles blur into a stream
 Blazing laser beamsAll...
 These...
Stars....My thoughts are trivial pursuits
My heart's a bomb that's been defused
What now?There's no more use for me
 I'm wasting energy
 Muscles are weaklings
 Thoughts just defeat me
 Numbness is effortless
I could get used to thisDriving through Vermont
 Overwhelmed by the insignificance
 My conscience was my crutch
 For a heightened existence
 This other wordlinessThese...
 Schoolboy...
Lies....I've been deprived reality
Brought up by holy ghosts and saints
What now?I'm the delinquent here
 I'm the contagious one
 This heart is hopeless
 I feel the numbness
 All Hail The Atheist
 I could get used to this
 I could get used to this
 I could get used to this
 I could get used to this

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