24 Hours

Swans

24 hours, split three ways.
Because you bought one third, you own everything.
Shut off the possibility, and wipe out the imagination.
Now the world stands still.
I'll take it with me to my grave.
Wrap your hands around my neck.
Now choke me slowly, but I won't die.
I know one thing, and one thing only: you are what you learn to need.
I'll surround myself with things that look like me.
I'll take them with me to my grave.

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