# Blight

## The Millennium

We sat on the couch a playin'
Touch the tongue and bump the table
But I was scorned after little ado
Tossed right out into the blueI set into a downward spiral
Caught an illness that was literally viral
I heard some words of wisdom the other day
And they went in one ear and out the other oneI awoke from this beatific binge
With prismatic eyes, now lite is tinged
With all the vapors that the vile humans brew
Shining through the.. blight of you
Shining through the.. blight of you
Shining through the.. blight of you

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