

Whitefly Aphid

Birdwu

The wasp it enters the cage assuming its reason
an old routine of any student of shame
she slips in her resin to dine on the feyThe resin turns into a seed with every intent to follow
the trend of disease, fevered in crimson shade
So as i wait for it, the kismet, the fated verbal-sadism to sink in
my doubts they shake hands with the cancer
let the game beginSlowly it takes hold
and i wither in shallow breath for i, the whitefly aphid, lost control
seemingly an anchor, knowingly the wave.

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