

Maybe the Earth Is Flat

On Broken Wings

it's quiet when we're mutes.
the acts of an optimist,
but some of us may
never see the world.
i hope the next time you
slit yours wrists
it's not for show.
none of us are neccessaryas soon as we're born
we begin to age,
i can feel me dying.
reminisce of now,
until there's nothing
left to do but die.
who amongst us would choose
today for but one thing alone?
the world turns,
but we don't feel it.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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