October Swimmer

Fergal Matthews

The dreams of dying mothers
I awoke, my insides shuddered
The grey coats of the infantry
Victims looking for sympathy
And splash of October swimmers
The cheers of Helsinki winners
My barbed bones of futility
Leaking marrow of abilityAnd I don't need anyone
You don't need anyone
I want to be a happy boy
This means that you must employ my lies
When I want you
I don't need anyone
I want to be a happy boy
This means that you must employ my liesAnd I don't need anyone
You don't need anyone
I want to be a happy boy
This means that you must employ my lies
When I want youAnd I don't need anyone
And I don't need anyone
And I don't need anyone

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