

# 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 ability And 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 lies And 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 And I don't need anyone  
And I don't need anyone  
And I don't need anyone

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