# caring is creepy

## Polytechnic

I think i'll go home and mull this over
Before i cram it down my throat
At long last it's crashed, its colossal mass
Has broken up into bits in my moat.Lift the mattress off the floor
Walk the cramps off
Go meander in the cold
Hail to your dark skin
Hiding the fact you're dead again
Undeneath the power lines seeking shade
Far above our heads are the icy heights that contain all reasonIt's a luscious mix of words and tricks
That let us bet when you know we should fold
On rocks i dreamt of where we'd stepped
And of the whole mess of roads we're now on.Hold your glass up, hold it in
Never betray the way you've always known it is.
One day i'll be wondering how
I got so old just wondering how
I never got cold wearing nothing in the snow.This is way beyond my remote concern
Of being condescendingAll these squawking birds won't quit.
Building nothing, laying bricks.

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