

Wastrel

Omnium Gatherum

Yes i can't deny the worn out and truthful, if it's picturesque - though
it's just a saying, not useful - resolve that great chain of aging and
fierce hours - so soon it becomes annoying to us - yes between her thighs it
was nothing - i don't know if she even lives, but you: - and i never was in
need of touch unless it would come through my heart's shape - not like they
who say it in today's fashion - now you know what's going on with me -
trying to steal the light - and in the evenings a slight chill in the air -
i'm still here breathing, feeling so much better than i was last year - with
a curtain of smoke - and in the evenings a slight chill in the air - the
welkin not on my mind, nor anything it covers

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