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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