

# Fool

## Still Life

I am made of dirt and string and old forgotten things. I came in and I'll go out upside down. Try to keep my head high, eyes to the sky. Never to forget the blood spilled on the ground. I swear I'll remember. Everything seems prettier than ever now. I'm going down. Jaded eyes see the sky. Tired legs carry on. Jaded eyes see this sky open up on me don't care if I live or if I die. I swear I'll remember. Everything seems prettier than ever now. I aint going down. No more light. No more lies. But still this taste of mockery, it lies down whats in front of me. I'm kicking, still swinging. I'm headed nowhere because nowhere is my

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