

In Stone

Antimatter

[Moss]What a big man you are
Could fight a war with just your face
Take it on the chin and leave me open-jawed.What big words you've got,
Reciting lines you've heard on film,
Could write a script with just your lust for respect.Rip off this face, it can't persist,
Like shadows in the rain, undefined lines,
A symphony muted and greying.
You're not real, and neither are your goals.

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