The October Tradition

Southcott

And this is fleeting,
This sick, sickness I'm seeking,
With tire tread tired eyes,
A crooked smile,
You'd love, to defile.Don't let me down,
With my ear to the ground,
I can hear the earth sigh,
At the sight of your insides,
As you hide behind the lies that
you so desperately tell.Fists pummeling like cruise ships,
And motorcycle teeth,
That are humming between
our breaths, And rest,
To the beat,
Of these simple streets.

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