Absentimental: Street Clam

Norma Jean

The contract of black halos. Go, run your mouth,
your open mouth. Run your open mouth. Close your open mouth."Long live the falling love."
Sun blacks out, sky blacks out.
Don't plan on standing under the falling sky.
It's so pointless to fall. Blease believe what you see,
and what you hear, and not what you love.
Your names are indications
in red blood and
I'm choking on my tongue.

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