A Passive Disaster

KEN mode

A day when southern Manitoba could not be more sublime
"God's good blessings to you my friend" it's a freshness unparalleled
With budding leaves, a gentle breeze, rays of sun bleaching my soft hair
The first insects of the season, zipping, zipping --(I've recently been sent here to tell you that your story is not a good story at all
The all-natural fuckeasy, well, I'd rather be a whore, than a slave)-- about in the usual exuberance that they might convey if they had human emotions
Bird calls ring through the air, a symphony of ambiance I sit, lounging in patio furniture
Plaid shorts, a short tee, absorbing all that is before me
This is an illusion of despair
This is an illusion of despair
This is an illusion of despair
This is an illusion of despair, despair, despair
Oh shitThese illusions pay no mind to the shaking in my nerves
These illusions pay no mind to the shake, to the shaking
These illusions pay no mind to the shaking in my nerves
These illusions pay no mind to the shake, to the shake, to the shaking
This is an illusion of despair
This is an illusion of despair
This is an illusion of despair
This is an illusion of despair, despair
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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