

Maybe the Earth Is Flat

On Broken Wings

it's quiet when we're mutes.

the acts of an optimist,

but some of us may

never see the world.

i hope the next time you

slit yours wrists

it's not for show.

none of us are neccessaryas soon as we're born

we begin to age,

i can feel me dying.

reminisce of now,

until there's nothing

left to do but die.

who amongst us would choose

today for but one thing alone?

the world turns,

but we don't feel it.

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