

Mathematics Of The Storm

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I'm nothing.
dead.
I'm dead.
I'm dead to you.
you're nothing.
your friends and children are nothing.
without a shape or form.
I am nothing but awakened dream.
I sigh as I observe
the mathematics of the storm
which is all that we are
I want my particles to dissolve into the fire
I want to kneel before you and be the broken one.
repulsive useless waste of oxygen...
just kidding, you are perfect just the way you are.