

## A Tornado; An Owl

Action Action

Take what you've got, take comfort, in that everything you know  
, or seen will soon be a non existent dot.  
Who'll save the world that claims there is no saving? An illusi  
on or delusion of grandeur. Half of what I  
say is bliss, the other half is meaningless. Comfortable lines.  
Waiting for the clock to heal us. Lost and  
found, but neer touched. Another beating heart is lost: Interes  
ting lies. Waiting for the clock to heal us.  
Alone in our rooms, miserable, a tornado or an owl, come back a  
nd isolate the balance. Nothing is  
real; your heart on your sleeve, just another lie, transcend th  
e pride, oh the chemicals. Take your time,  
nothingness is something and something is nothing.