Despair

black midi

Ignored as a crimson left on your toothbrush
I will wait
Abhorred by your kin in the name of a father
I will blame

Valentine
Curse your ways

When will we begin to incessantly fold
Inexorably?
When will our scalps run out of colour reserves
Or any at all?
We must strike while the proverbial
Iron is hot
Though man can't by force revoke his destined course
He can curse at the madness of

Valentine, the condemner and sadist of old
Cursing all to a lifetime of miserable clutching at miserable s
traw

Valentine
Curse your ways

I need an explanation
A reason for my curse
The magnets have their North Pole
And I only this thirst

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