

Hypoglycaemia

Cancer

Take a pew
The kettle is roaring and so are you
You sir, the man with the twisted face
You're welcome to stay a while

The clocks are frozen over now
My eyes are more open
Then life before

The sweat it pours
Seeping through the cracks in the wooden floor
Into the hell below
Don't even mention the war
My blood work declines

Time to go to sleep
Time to numb the carving