

Tip Of The Day

Destrage

I'm absent because I am too present, staying by
You don't know because you kiss the wrong eye

I can't tell I am involved or swept away
In a daze made of sticky surface
A fat oasis hosting victims with mouthfuls of executers smell
Dancing naked at the sound of your door bell

Drops of baseness if carried out one after the other
Tip of the day
Allows you to erogate uncontaminated love
Tip of the day

You get used to it only when you don't fall ill
You get the munchies for time and appetite outside meals
The long present boredom and in the short one you were not in