

Comedy of Errors

Hellions

There's a filth on me that I cannot clean, and there's a shame in me that is seldom seen, I'm the thick, stale breath of self abhorrence, masticated for a day and ensconced between, plaque-ridden, rotten, yellow teeth, my eye lids weigh me down and I'm succumb to sleep

If I'd permit myself the time, but procrastination is most beguiling in the night

I discover how full of shit I really am, devoid of a moral compass or a viable plan

Grain of salt, grain of sand, all is for nothing, nothing at all

I can't trust myself to suffer the fall

The smoke stains my skin

Permeates through my pores, solidify my ire into cancerous dire

It sits right in my stomach

It claws at my throat

I'm retching by the hour

I'm all alone

My lovers repugnance was hard earned

And my friends slander is well deserved, with my war gait, worn knees give way to the cynicism, all melts away in the flame

And all else melts away in the cynic flame, I'm burning, an epidemic of ignorance spreads through the youth

But you'll feign indifference, undermine the truth, so you've got the vision, then pave the way, for the next new noise to take conjectures place

Take the sordid place, take it