

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 begu-
iling in the night
I discover how full of shit I really am, devoid of a moral comp-
ass or a viable plan
Grain of salt, grain of sand, all is for nothing, nothing at al-
l
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 epi-
demic of ignorance spreads through the youth
But you'll feign indifference, undermine the truth, so you've g-
ot the vision, then pave the way, for the next new noise to tak-
e conjectures place
Take the sordid place, take it