

Vagrancy brushed off his bloom in the first sap of his spring
He lost the vigour of his youth and the fair red of his cheeks,
he cannot see, just let me breath or cease to be, I'm so fucki
ng sick of living in between, life like a bone was emptied of i
ts marrow inside, and my slender had been calibrated by young a
nd fertile minds

Study the greats, learn the world, tell the truth and confide -
I lied

Lost in those mundanes

In that every-day minutia

I just gave myself to heartache

To the ubiquitous confusion

Infamita, my anathema, I tore out that fucking catheter, I'll p
lunge figures between stitches

No kitschy backhand pitches

I know one must make himself ugly

To expose the ugliness he sees

Torn, I know my innermost torture is yours

But I've learned, now I've grown, a fool dressed in silk, is a
fool just the same

But is a fool yesterday, no less a fool today?

We can change

Dear friends, we're one and the same, vagrancy brushed off his
bloom, in the firsed sap of spring, hear the Indian summer sing