

# DEATH FANTASY

Kilo Kish

I have a death fantasy  
Death of my aesthetics  
This false - a fiction  
Carved in my way

Death of my image  
Of my intellect  
My all is okay

Death of my prettying  
My cozying  
My craft and my grace  
Cannot keep rushing that gate

The death fantasy  
Rejected spaces  
In your frameworks  
They will not go to me

To fit inside  
Your empty visions  
Livid bird in a cage

Death of my hustle  
My trajectory  
My style and my lane  
That flagrant look on your face

So I have the death fantasy  
Ha la la lujah I'm free

A, a charming death fantasy  
Ha la la lujah I'm free  
Now keep your hands off of me

What's to be said of your stage?  
Have changed the title  
But have yet to write  
A single new page

The privilege is cheap  
If you can't be free  
So I said  
Seems like  
This only repeats  
I have a death fantasy