

Light Hearted In An Ergonomic Resin

Lunarsea

Resin wraps the face,
so i conserve and conform myself,
defecated singly all the stupid toils,
digested every leaks
an irrevocable choice, resin wets the auricles

Dead is my ear to the chants of temptations
Death is an icon to become a man

Cos I'm fixing your life,
covering up all

Mental contortions free, every note of carefree
Is strolling as blackest rats
Mimeographed scrolls exude rules

Deaf is my heart
From the sirens call
No earing suave sounds
Ergonomic resin

Nature chops off itself to save me
An equivalence, living through
a deprivation

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From the sirens call
No earing suave sounds
Light Hearted

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