

Wisp Of Tow

Minsk

Life ends as leaves fall. Occam's razor strikes again.
Can I dance if I have no soul?
If I go under will you find me cold?
And if I travel to distant lands, would you walk beside me and
hold my hand?
Blessed realization.
Blessed consternation.
Suffering from aberration.
Sores ignored panic restored.
Consuming the fruits of our labors.
We are the aberration