

A source of knowledge
A well of pain
The wilted ruins of a muse that wouldn't take
Poorly crafted spans of time
Unrepentant in devotion to a life of grime
Fragile protection
From the fear of faith forgot
I am nil in the war for attention
Hidden and meek
A subversive plot
Is this autonomy?
Sorted, spread out, fuse lit, kaboom
With detail, destruction, the new american room
An unwilling participant, I will not abide
But someone must let me out
I'm pleading, bargaining to little avail
The glances away just like knives in the back
Cycle shatters
Exquisite alone
A spatial disorder, never close still too near
The knocking is incessant
An index randomized, such a crowded abyss
The updates repair me to broken default
A passing resemblance
To new frontiers that consume me
I am still at my core a defendant
Forbidden is defeat, fell my jealousy
I want to lie down