

Love Song

Santa Hates You

After all these years
Of thinking out the forms of what you feared
You lived all aspects through them, entirely!
It's done, dearest child of mine.
It's just you and me, speaking by being.
Nothing's left for your anger to destroy
Except yourself
So, what do you want to do now?
Is there something?
Something you would like to say?
Wait! This time I'll give you light first.
Word!