

I don't wanna lose control but
I can't cramp my space to grow
Comforts dull but gets us through
I got so much left to undo

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Chaos dissolves
Distills what's true
I have so much more left to do
It never end
Like light I bend
I call 4 winds
Sight beyond men
I walk through doors
My names on no list
Change is not for sure a slow shift
Glacial ties the tides are rising
Got too high? dive in
I lied when?
I really came in on a cyclone
Disciple
Scribed the scroll with my eyes closed
Knives thrown
Black congo
Blowing smoke slapping congas
There I go
There I go

Flexibility
Reciprocity
What I need
But you're not all I need
That's impossible

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Said okay just to save face but she never forgave
It's only so many ways you can say grace
In truth, she rather cry at ya gave
All black regalia, we back not speaking
Back behind bouganvillia, you can't peek in
Marginalia busy with symbols and equations
The story too simple to calculate it
Payment post-dated
The pavement gave way to a thicket of thorns
Where the body lay naked as the day I was born
Rocked my teeth in a necklace
Gulped blood from a horn, Ruby Woo
Facing Mecca, hair disheveled and torn

She left what was left in a ditch
She dream of the sex
She finished on top and howled in the crook of my neck
She dragged the bones home and
Built a bed
She drank Rosé out the skull but
Held it gentle as my living head

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