

Now On To Other News

The Lonely Forest

Turn the fan to level three,
place yourself parallel,
cool off and clench your fists.
Stare out the fogged up window,
it's rather dark outside,
but you can't see the stars.

Oh Last night,
a young man took his life,
with a gun
he bought from a pawn shop.
Fell thirty stories,
died in mid-flight.
Now onto other news -
What does it matter to you?
It won't affect you anyways -
Now onto other news.

His heart accelerates like a rusted gear, every rotation is one
step closer
pistol in hand.
He emerges into crisp cold air
right over left up filthy stairs to liberation.

Oh Last night,
a young man took his life,
with a gun
he bought from a pawn shop.
Fell thirty stories,
died in mid-flight.
Now onto other news.
What does it matter to you?
It won't affect you anyways.
Now onto other news.
Now go, go about your day,
walk it off.
Push it in the corner behind routine.
Go, go about your day,
walk it off.