Inside Design

Vein

Rip out my insides: show me as I am
Kill the lights off tepid lives
Front cerebrum split by the dotted line
When I grow up my dreams will dine
In dinner scenes where the fine print dies
Doling out
Maps for your ride
Don't let out
Don't blur their eyes
Who has time to spend unconvinced that we're all gonna die?
Begs the difference
A question tells
Let me out
From the in
Break me down
Original sin: come in, come in

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