

Omicron

Vein

There's blood in the bugs you stomp
Underground they still walk
Stay away
It seems my purity falls short to your pride
I guess you can't understand when you've never lived outside
I object for the objected, self educated, walking weapons
We are all a mess of subjectivity
Don't ever put a price on me
I fantisize like child to prize
Daydreamer's disease till I die

Fuck you all

Take those liquored letters and burn them with your nerves
Fuck yourself and tell me if it hurts