

# 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 fantasize 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