

Carelessly passing through pieces of future  
Stored in abundance  
Such a waste

I have had visions of bodies split open  
Exposing the thread of their secretive nature

Increasing demands of the ones that surround me  
Noted for strength and kindness of heart  
Have weakened me further beyond recognition  
Mind as mist body crumbles to touch

Carelessly passing through pieces of future  
Stored in abundance  
What a waste

I have opened myself to this notion  
Absorbing the filth of all that fall in my way

Carelessly passing through maze this dementia  
Has built around a thousand thoughts  
Of the one who seduced to reveal my intentions  
The one who has weakened me broken me down