

Neck of the Contrast

Arsonists Get All The Girls

Faces of the likely imagined childhood
Carousel around her carousel to pieces, pieces
This white knuckle bound dream is
Screamed to halt so suddenly
In hunt for closure we ride, day and night
She's panting the rapture
One stroke to define everything
In feverish color she constructs her multiverse
Manic ties to lead this multiplicity in stride
An error of a lifetime she let herself go
This light will always remain the same to us, to
everything
I haven't the faintest of ideas
Of how to stop myself
You've got to recede back to the skies of life
And waterless lungs
The siren is calling you to your death
Thankfully her lover for the ocean
Keeps her in place
I've only got one last piece of work in line to,
To usher in the new era
Shew offer to redefine your color, your pride,
Your everything
Its already to late for those men they'll forever be
fucked
She's the kind of blade you didn't know existed
You've already bled out to her before you even met
This monopoly is held and she's in league with nature
The unfolding of her spectrum has thoughts for us.