

A pained token disaster mental reactor put it to sleep  
A second coming after fearing the laughter feeding the sheep  
Fit so good as if it would the trees of letters follow  
Raison soot the earth and would he care if all again restarted

Sustained weeping his leaves the summing of trees  
The simplest thing living in solo  
Living is so low

Sustained sore misdirected somehow expected wrapping round fate  
Designs somewhat neglected life form erected breeding in hate  
A worm somehow connected cut off dissected feeding its cells  
A turn selling rejection selling infection selling itself

Alone utter desertion manifestation mutating swells  
A fly landing inspection gets an erection hard for the spoiled  
skin  
The meat rapidly aging slowly decaying touches the sore  
The mind paying attention insect dementia if ever is seen  
The WELT on your soul

Within sound isolation degradation feels at home  
Within truth of perception does deception ever know