

Yes, I can't deny the worn-out and truthful
If it's picturesque
Though it's just a saying..
Not useful

Resolve that great chain of aging and fierce hours
So soon it becomes annoying to us

Yes between her thighs it was nothing
I don't know if she even lives but you...
And I never was in need of touch
Unless it would come through my heart's shape
Not like they who say it in today's fashion

Now you know what's going on with me
Trying to steal the light

And in the evenings a slight chill in the air
I'm still here breathing
Feeling so much better than I was last year
With a curtain of smoke
And in the evenings a slight chill in the air
The welkin not on my mind, Nor anything it covers