

Please Do

Quasi

You never cried, you never froze
And yet how well your garden grows
You reap the fruits another sows:
I guess that works out well for you.
Suffering has served you well -
It's common but it somehow sells
So sing your little songs of hell and sell.
Hollow hopes and empty dreams
And blind pursuit of worthless schemes
That's all there is to life, it seems,
unless you prove me wrong - please do!