

Tracks-Mark

I could cry
I could die

All over again
It's all over;
Again

I just lost five
Hours of my life
(On this backwards trip through
these backward back-water daze)

And, now I have returned
To where this madness all began
In a torture of weeds
My mind lost me
Before I could ever lose my mind

And this surrounding racket of idiocy
confounds me
To the bone of hellish mindlessness

There are no broad meadows here
There cannot be peace
In this closed, dense shit-thicket of
ratbags
When stupidity begets stupidity
Fucking generation senseless

Swear on your life, worth every cent
Where did your sensitivity go?
The addled FITH degree
Just has no pedigree
Anymore

And, for ever more . . .

May your faith be sealed in shit
The awful, fearful excrement whom
walk
As if they were human
Caked duly in the devil's mean

I summed up your whole life
In a glance

How brief
Is your ruin?
Inescapably brief and
Unbearably eternal

These little lives
You try to make big
With your threats playing for keeps

As you make the Gods cringe
These lowly wonders of creation
How high you made me feel

Night of Knights
Tracking the next kill
Of better judgement.

Finding the quiet carriage
There is only one
And, it is at the end.

It is – the end.
(Of tracks.)

K. Lee Bon., copyright, all rights reserved (worldwide): *When it's all so wrong and all I want is my baby, who can't make it right but can make me right, the one I love like my own private angel, If only heaven knew the real [deal] divinity are not in Gods but among us, the ones that got away;*
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