

# Boris, Nothing Special

It sits here, the dark anxiety  
It sits here, now it's waiting  
Somewhat flippant, somewhat damp, it's mid-day  
Quite right, you can blame the night when you see it  
Just like me  
It sits somewhere, it's sits somewhere far  
The darkness now sits  
This is the end  
you know  
It sits, the anxious darkness  
It touches and it turns red  
Somewhat flippant usual day, and this is the end.