

On Broken Wings, Maybe The Earth Is Flat

it's quiet when we're mutes.
the acts of an optimist,
but some of us may
never see the world.
i hope the next time you
slit yours wrists
it's not for show.
none of us are necessary

as soon as we're born
we begin to age,
i can feel me dying.
reminisce of now,
until there's nothing
left to do but die.
who amongst us would choose
today for but one thing alone?
the world turns,
but we don't feel it.