

Onelinedrawing, Laugh, Fall Or The Road

I pretend these lights are on for free
I clean up for rewards
I share the parts of myself that taste good
and hide the rot
I nibble on alone in times like these
I want you to bury me
to make you live to say
and every inch is one more flaming lung
My laugh, fall, or the road

Sleep is the best drug
I saw my Moon
That and wishing she was on Mars
Anything but saying she wished she was
dead
I remember wonder what was the
difference to people left around
Messes not picked up
Infections let to green

I laugh, follow the road