

Samiam, Early Morning

Pale face get up.
Hollow eyes get up.
Youe got a secret for me,
youe out running your age.
It in your hand: neat pack of euphoria.
It devastating and youe pleased.
Disease. Hairline endurance, biting intelligence.
How do you stumble like you do?
I wish I understood myself, as well as you do.
Got to get up.
All day youe got to stay up,
when will you get off?