

# 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?