

# Subtle, Day Dangerous

You day her out through a winter of owe  
You can stay your ground in the littles of woe.

When one releases themselves to defending their portion of spotlight,  
How will he know what must be planned around  
And what must be slaughtered outright?  
Stripped cured and worn in order to protect you,  
From its likeness or opposite fate,  
Such are the toils of skull space  
And its no-place-to-ache.

Your soooooo  
Dangerous day dangerous  
And so  
You flay R M pro quo  
(Translation: you flay ARM for what)

Have you ever felt led into the black?  
Have you ever fed entire men to a path?  
Obsession and fetish are an ending mans kind,  
And then-again mark  
The difference in you living out a Self,  
And a Self being lived in.  
This is the soft lip of NothingMuch in men,  
As over choice they bend,  
As choosing chisel character from the dark  
From the island-goner mind and its ancient arch-ape heart

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(Youre feeling fire in the teeth that you dream with  
And you couldnt fear wider if they movie screened it.)

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Dangerous day dangerous  
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