

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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