Subtle, Sick Soft Perfection

Seems it's become man's cross death lasting duty To dispose completely of the bright behind beauty.

And this word is somehow then killed, And put back as it's fake Like it was only kept outside apes in the first place.

Overworked words like beauty' are an undeserved sort of safety scissors for their purpose.

Were it only meant to be adapted to Hollywood dull,
Leaving a red white & Dilution and Early blind eye lain null

Where beauty once saw only passage through the human skull.

(With red white and...Six million ways to d-d-...Chose one.)

Will you soon become one of the many most-empty sons Hung to kill none and done Or will you beget a twice life yet Since effects are always wearing off The no-concern eclipse they so anticipate, As its perfect fight dream dissipates Across work weeks crashing And empty's open asking.

There is a sick, soft god Humane perfection, To someone's hard-to-find birdhead collection