

# Yahwe Mutabo, A Girl In Glass

It's what she meant with open ends  
The scaled cracks our numbered and counting down  
There is no contact - so shrive away  
She cannot save it from herself

Rather be somewhere else  
Rather be someone else  
Her judgement from the mirror meets  
With shut reaction  
Its conviction is cause to her decline

The quiet touch of addicted glamour  
Dates the tyrant child unsatisfied a portrait's trash  
Attempts corruption to marvel the ovations of thoughtlessness

White knuckled substance - no self-control  
Ghost faced smiles - cut ear to ear  
Strung out reprisal -dated and covered in  
Dope sick afternoon simplicity

Hedonistic escape to shroud her symptoms decrements the ordinary

She can shatter  
She can break - forever young  
The girl in the glass is one of us  
Hurt it more to make her yours  
The girl is interrupted

Immense illusion can end transmission till death will she part

Kill it and put it to rest