

Anthony Rettke, Mother

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Miscellaneous

Mother

Dear mother, of all my soul, for all that matters will never be.
I've entered morbid can't save my day, as it fades to jade.
All that you made sure to sell on sale.
Though the owner of all is the plea I'll take.
As the mess I make is sure to brake.

Surreal feel this, be all been all.
Never knowing, been there too. (repeat)

Never understand what I see.
Never understand what to be.
As the voices bleed, just leave me be.

Superman sudden Sun Dance sudden.
Fly the news to the world.
being what we control, is never knowing.
Is never to known.

Maybe I'm just dead and gone.
My mind just still going.
As the mode I code that's to damn willing