

BeerBong, Nothing

BeerBong

Miscellaneous

Nothing

Time goes by depression,
Choosing wise length breaths,
I Just walk one meter down
A sort of quick-earth-ground.
Looking backward and forward
For those things I have forgiven myself
Between long steps, crossin' on this lane.
It's a lucky chance finding good words backwards:
My body is blank, full of nothing,
Non-sense is my own fault.
Hallucination trails coming up next.
I mean this is just wasting time.
Let me remain again.
So, I used to play with insane toys
Hoping my body doesn't grind.
But I only wonder if my silent calls
I only wonder