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