

Curl Up And Die, I'm Trying To Fly To The Moon

I want to settle down. I'm tired of myself.
And the building up for breaking down.
It's a still-life overflow. I'm stuck below zero.

A flood of feeling in made-up meaning.
A rush until there is no remainder.

But I won't stop kissing clocks until I find love.
And I'll scream until we are no longer empty.

And you'll be a heart beat away.
A black hole forming.
That will dissolve and disintegrate
Into nothing.