

Daan, Angels

We had no trouble
with the face of any plot
when I'd been out stealing.
In a closet I was caught.
I said never,
but was the first to direct you.
Cause your own suicide
was legal as fractures.
I'm on a train
without a traction.
I'm lost on a road
that owns a fraction.
I'm raising my stake.
While my time,
I'm spending on rubber dolls
and outlaws.
But I tracked you,
to collect you,
protect you
from mercy from morals.
And I never would neglect you
for my angers,
my laughs that ain't rolling.
But your own genocide
was mentally directed by

forces.
Sweet forces that deranged you,
or be cocked
or outknocked by amazing
stain drops.
But it's been so wrong,
it's been so long.
Yes I've been a fool
to be tempted to treat you
for beating the record.
The simonized Packard,
the girl on the roam
that ain't never getting picked up,
smashed up,
stuck inside a resto rumble.
I got a phone,
but I never get a dial tone.

Angels
could have crooked you,
could have booked you,
to go tripping in Timbuktu.
But would you,
would you prefer to
refer to your nephew.
White outlined curfew.

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Forces,

no forces could retain you,
or be blocked,
or be knocked in outrageous
pit stops.
But I've been so wrong.
Yes I've been so long.
Yes I've been so wrong
to be there to protect you.
I'm not the wrecker,
the window,
or the mekka.
The man on the roam
that ain't never getting backed up,
smashed up.
Steering like a renegade rambler.
I got a phone,
but I never get a dial tone.

But instead I'm caling to be wrapped up
and mapped up.
I'm a stone,
a breeze,
a number one.
Yeah I'm a song,
an open door.
While all my patients are rude,
while I'm inspecting the rodeo
and not adore you or bore you.
But I'm about to warn you.
I got a lesson for you,
love is the rapture,
an honesty failure.
Love is a record that I wont play for you.

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