

Folly, False Evidence Appearing Real

Woe?

Blame it on the rain.

Whoa!

Blame it on the name game.

Size-up, suit up self-esteem.

Tie-down, dress-down fight in the dog-days.

Wolf nights?

Introspection and longing are a feverish solitaire.

In fact, it's a lot like masturbation.

When you win, you beat yourself.

See-saw, hear / say.

Say-saw, heresy.

Stimulus, responsive.

Stimuli responded.

Let's pick a definition!

Undue sense of ones own arrogance or a family of lions?

Yeah, I'm afraid.

I don't want to die.

Not now.

Not ever.

It's a harsh reality, right?

It's the most offensive truth.

Those songs you'll hear when you're deaf.

What will they sound like when there's no sound at all?

Footsteps you see in the dark.

Footsteps you see?

Cat and mouse is a game of subterfuge.

The mind scratches itself to pieces.

Spat-up.

Chew it down or leave the entrails to dry in the sun.

In summation, fright is nothing more than a collection of preemptive suicides.

Do what you do to be alive.

It's a massacre outside that hole, wandering three-blind mrs. butcher.

Suspense!

"it's that cat, doc, he scares me to death,"

Confesses the mouse to the shrink.