

Frankenbok, Pycost

We are completely opposites.
You're out for siege beyond your vision.
I lost the thing that hurts me most.
If not to be I mourn conflicted.
Rub it off with dismissal, your sympathy is
piffal. I'm shining from your downfall. We are completely opposites.
We count the breeds and what we're missing.
I liquidate me mighty missal.
I'm saving it from awful places.

We are all bored.

Clog the day...
Pride is plague...
We don't want to out grow ourselves as long as
we are occupied and provided for...

We aren't with feet the optimist...
Without our greed there is no mission.