

Keith Caputo, Just Be

Touch me rosy gay
Harmonious drifting soul
Hindrance is getting old
Seasoning everything in front of me

Lust may be a mistake
Sever me in little parts
Oh the guilt it breaks my heart
Numbskull you are hemorrhaging

Ups and downs infecting me
Broken down and flickering
Rendering a secret friend
Schizophrenia is settling in

Extra sensory ways, waves
Devious and torn apart
Crackling twist right from the start
Weightless bliss is tickling

Just be or not to be
I'm just being