

Monumentum, No Redemption

I CANT FOCUS
USELESS MOMENTS
THAT WOULD FILL MY TIME
OF APPARENTLY INTENSE COLOUR

BREAKING GLASSES
HIDE the BOREDOM
OF AN AWFUL LIFE
OF CONSTANTLY REPEATING
NUMBERS, LETTERS AND CHANCES...

YOU ARE MISSING
YOUR NONSENSE HABITS
WHICH DRY OF MEANING
THE GENIOUS THEORIES.
YOU FINALLY REALIZE
HOW WELL-HIDDEN WAS
THIS LONG FLAT LINE

WITHOUT THE LEAST ENTHUSIASM
AND OVER THE SIMPLE MEMORY
OF THE NICE BEGINNINGS
THAT NEVER LET YOU THINK
ABOUT THE ABRUPT ENDS