

# Negative Format, Senseless

I can't make sense of this  
It's my reflex to exist  
Programmed to change tomorrow  
Not bound by destinations

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It's my reflex to exist  
Modeled to break the cipher  
Complicated by decisions

Violence washes over me  
Lacerating silent needs  
Darkness bleeds contention  
The result of this affliction  
Deflection of certainty  
Feeds my fear of clarity  
Flaws inherent to my selection  
Self deceit remains my diction  
Severing this conflict  
Lies in truth of action

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