

None More Black, Dinner's For Suckers

Stop.
Drop the medicine.
I don't feel normal.
I never did.
Room start spinning.
Make boredom useful and back again.
Come home to fucked to know what side's up.
Side's down.
My senses stayed for another round.
Don't feel the set up.
Don't feel the sting.
Only feel the fatigue where the body used to break.
I want more.
Wake up hardly remembering,
but softly knowing that I was king.
Short lived.
Could be imagining that things were simple,
but easily I wake up not knowing what's up or went down.
Face flush.
Amnesia sucks.
Just one more time.