

Norma Jean, Vertebraille

Like death never content.
Starve the old and feed the new
and it's all your fault.
Was there love once or have I forgotten her?

I have been sold into slavery.
I try to drown my sorrows but the sorrow swims well.
It's all your fault.

Your fault
A lust for complete nothingness that lusts for more nothing.
Motion without meaning.
Action without function
nothing will breed nothing.