

Pulley, Crawl

self destruct, i want you to grow.
time and time again
just like a faucet dripping on what,
soaking into yesteryear.
every time you work you say it's a dream.
a thought you can't complete,
never ending, haunting.
why don't they stop?
don't walk through the door.
you crawl on the floors.
why can't you see?
why do you have so much time?