

# Swingin' Utters, My Glass House

While I sit alone in this room I've got crates full of sorrow  
Even more filled with shadows That i fish out and ridicule when i'm felling lonely.

I'm lacking sense, but bound in a very specific direction It's phenomenal and unprecedented It's a c

Mr. Scribe, I write to you pen and penchant aimed to pour over a fool left with no more rhymes I'm p

I'm in charge for the day in terminal wanderlust I've excited my worst thoughts exorcised what was

I'm sure what sad is But listless i'm not my lists are never ending and my emotions aren't store-bou