

The Classic Crime, Blindfolded

I transcend time
with my words
I'll build a house for you and I
we will live there together
alone and surrealize
do we just exist?
and does love persist?
the questions of purpose
and loving of destiny
our conquest for bliss is
as much hit or miss
as it is skimming
the fat off our beliefs

I walk around blindfolded
Talk
I'm not listening
I read through a thousand books
But
I forgot everything

If grace knows my name
Then I am to blame
Constantly spreading
My fear and my shame
The story exists
It's an option that ticks
But still my tongue
Cannot be trusted
It's so poetic
Like a black widow's kiss
Trembling as my muscles give...

I walk around blindfolded
Talk
I'm not listening
I read through a thousand books
But
Forgot everything

I found out the proof itself
Was
Not foolproof
And I leave my mind daily
But
You never see me move