

having fits. Everybody had a bel to ring in a tune and it was generally fucked up, I even fucked up not on purpose once. I'm glad I wasn't in that girl's shoes, she really had a job.

Ain't no death wish  
But it sure sounds  
Like one

We all saw insanity  
and embraced it for  
a moment shivering  
in it's power watching  
feathered world bend  
flopping on our backs  
So you climbed  
a peak and peaked  
out right to sightless  
limits of sunset  
monuments dancing  
on the hill about the  
funeral of you mind  
And realizing formally  
it is indeed your  
living finger that  
pushed the sunset that  
day, and who pushed  
the sun up so slowly  
after you were sure you  
died in the black blink?  
Questioning the earth  
about why it