Solow

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A pained token disaster Mental reactor put it to sleep A second coming after fearing The laughter feeding the sheep Fit so good as if it would The trees of letters follow Raisin soot the earth and would he care If all again restartedSustained weeping His leaves the summing of trees The simplest thing living in solo Living is so low Sustained, sore, misdirected Somehow expected wrapping round fate Designs somewhat neglected Life form erected, breeding in hate A worm somehow connected Cut off, dissected, feeding its cells A turn selling rejection Selling infection selling itselfSustained weeping His leaves the summing of trees The simplest thing living in solo Living is so low Alone, utter desertion Manifestation mutating swells A fly landing inspection Gets an erection, hard for the spoiled skin The meat rapidly aging Slowly decaying, touches the sore The mind paying attention Insect dementia if ever is seen The welt on your soulWithin sound isolation Degradation feels at home Within truth of perception Does deception ever know

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