

**To Home  
In a Cloud  
Maryland  
As It Is Seen (Censored)  
Mouse  
Forever  
O, Isn't It Wonderful?  
A Low-Hung Head  
Time Passes**

***To home I was an outside, just an influence***

Was right when I sought the market  
For once, I was a little sad

Who knows that it's clouded in madness—  
With the world that made this kid?  
Maybe not, maybe forgiveness  
Confused and burdened by a dad

I'm not used to being relaxed  
Or having so much free time on my hands  
I can't fit into a neat little language, oh no—  
Couldn't you just take me home?

All these lives I thought I was someone else  
Never once was I myself  
Come to me, give me a chance to do something with my life  
I promise that I'll make it right this time

***Give me a sign, I need some relief***

I have no idea why I'm feeling down  
I'm slowly dying, and all my friends do is aggravate  
Still no one can see what's in my head

To question what's real is an impossible  
For we must realize irrationality can control  
Harmony is only an old soul  
To home, I headed late that day

I'm a creature, deep inside  
Wearing what I gave myself in a past life  
I know that I've been away for a long time  
But I still love you, and I've really tried

All these lives I thought I was someone else  
Never once was I myself  
Come to me, give me a chance to do something with my life  
I promise that I'll make it right this time

***I have been as ass again***

A silent wall in a sulking land  
 You put on me an established way—  
 A dream or place in someone's state  
 With a walk, I can't see the breaks

Within a wind or twist ahead  
 A naked way on older paths  
 Do I have rights, can I feel a pinch?  
 Has she something warm that I can move in?  
 With this friend, I can see within a cloud

What does this mean to me?  
 How many times can I fall down  
 And forget where I started out?

Someday they'll see a thought, a way, a lone aloft  
 Which path fits my mind?  
 Who has read the art on the radio's time?

For a while, contracting a disease  
 Inside a hiding point under the sea  
 On a tombstone, I read out loud,  
 "Is anybody watching me?"

***Maybe not my dear, maybe you have friends***

But I wouldn't know what happens at your end  
 I do feel this thing that you call love

Connecting takes some time, persistence is the key  
 There is no relation between a rock and the sea  
 I envy what happiness you must know within a cloud

Why do I get up?  
 How many times must we interact  
 Until we can consider ourselves as facts?

Whatever you may feel, I've always felt inside  
 But just as you throw it out, I find it best to hide

For a while, contracting a disease  
 But I'm secure throughout history  
 A bit of paper that says it's my relief  
 Still I can't see who's following me

In a cloud, in a cloud—

***Who's there to watch the house when I'm gone?***

Who's there to beckon me with sleep?  
I'm here abiding by the hour  
Until we next meet

I'm here to mollify my voice  
I swear that I've come undone  
I swear to what required visions  
Yes, rid of sun

I am not content with my heart

***I need to compensate the seconds***

I need the minutes to agree  
I will the hour over, instant  
I love you, we'll see

I want you, I want you, I want you  
I know you want me

I am not content with my heart—

***Sss... with a sibling, deep inside***

Lust, absent loving, all nullified  
 Window to watchers, house of thirst  
 And the writer's mind only makes it worse

That's what we've written  
 That's what we've seen  
 A planted division from audience to screen

That's what we've ought to  
 That's what we need  
 A loving devotion to what's obscene  
 If you think it for me, then I stay clean

***Faraway, faraway***

Ffff... me on the carpet and then ...s on my face  
 Still no one knows of what I am or what I mean  
 I'm a little hung-over from these friendly things  
 That breathe in my secrets to keep fresh the taste  
 That, if I were decent, I'd happily forsake  
 But as I am drooling, my head bids, "*Partake—*"

I'm excited for this new thing!  
 Don't you think it'll be great?

***How could I leave the house?***

All the others have gone out  
 No puppeteer, my limbs won't bend  
 I need that friend

Out, out—

***Why should I leave the house?***

Never bothered to go out  
 My puppeteer, my nimble friend  
 Do walls end?

How far from the window do you cross?  
 And is it hot?  
 How far until the world stops?

***I'll step outside the house***

My movements walk about  
 The sun shocks me, the roads winding  
 And I'll travel

Here, now is a sound  
 A cold tweet-tweet  
 O, how sweet  
 So far from home  
 Am I alone?

***Why did I leave the house?***

I have wandered too far out  
 Who might erase me  
 Who might send me off—  
 Am I in trouble?

I have no ideas  
 I'm not even here—

I can't wait to be dead

***She says:***

It's reasonable to wait here,  
 Don't delegate me against my fears  
 I'm just a lucky one  
 There's the others, maybe hundreds, maybe thousands  
 I don't know  
 What were we talking about?  
 No, not me—  
 For you I'm crazy, to make me happy earnestly

No words of mine can shorten the time

***She says:***

It's reasonable to wait here,  
 Don't concentrate, you'll push forth tears  
 We're not the only ones  
 There's a distance that follows love  
 Please, stay here—  
 The words feel near  
 Your love is clear  
 And I can wait

Remember, remember—  
 Forever, forever—

***Remember, remember***

Please don't forget me  
 Please don't forget me.

***Novels chronicle burdens, plot holes, and***

Timelines distort direct transport, but  
 Countdowns, number lines, move back in time  
 Quarries come alive and get well, revive, then  
 Fathers, mothers, older now, resign, as  
 Brothers, distant, stay their lives.

These fragments, heartaches, astound my eyes  
 I reason, I reason, I lyricize the light

Those mentors passed on far too slow  
 The safety netting will cut my throat  
 Who can reason with an asshole?  
 Just pass on, keep on, move on; go

***I am childish as never before***

Alluding to conflicts that I restore  
 I word it, cryptic, with a chord  
 The method I use to stay secure

O, reason, reason, show them light  
 The audience has waited so polite  
 Exclaim the name of our piece tonight!

O, isn't it wonderful?



***We are heading out before the storm***

And she is giving out her vitals like a whore  
 This girl is so sure that she's willing to pull it out  
 But her body likes to keep itself warm

I can't assume anything about you, but if I sat still and paid attention  
 I might learn something new  
 These pretty colors and your soft sweet voice produce such a sense of something  
 I can't withstand my cries

But now I don't know why and I don't know how to make myself take form  
 Or write lines to keep myself in shape  
 These standard walls are attracting dust and there is no time to fix them  
 And these laws could never exist

I'll play my part

***I can't wait, can't shake off this dreaded feel***

Trapped by the reason of a rational man in an irrational world  
*riverrun* on the killer's side, he's hatching a plan, he's marking a map  
 But I'll never be scared for my life

I don't know why they tried to teach you  
 It's a sorry face, a sorry face  
 And I don't know why they lied so often  
 You have stains running down you cheeks  
 To your pretty smile, to your hungry mouth  
 Whose tongue is often told to please

Please make sense of distant days that travel on and on and on and on  
 We finally found peace inside, no longer caught but petrified  
 Who knew we talk so fast and fuck so much, but not outlast  
 We can't be left alone

I'll play my part

**I'm on stolen ground, I'm on stolen ground  
 I'm on stolen ground—**

***This is my submission, as they say***

So who says I'm all in my low-hung head?  
 How would they know?

***Heathen or saint, bridging and crossing***

Even as I sleep, torment and lock my dreams  
 I heed and follow, they speak forward and backward—

***O, the mousy girl, she screams violence, violence***

Yet I never knew her, my eyes lied; unseen  
 O, the days are forth and back as I have remained  
 Yet I must die truly, I'll beg someday  
 O, godless creatures spitting reason, pouting powerless  
 Yet I am a monster; I need, I rape

And, could you foster any torture, any laughter  
 Then I will commend you, exalt your name

Who, among us, can persist beyond us?  
 Beyond the mild complaint—  
 And who, beyond us, can send back a message?  
 That corpses and lovers are same—

***I beg the witness to come home***

Time passes, I grow old

God dances—  
 God dances—