

# Pneumonia

White noise on a silver screen  
Easy to forget she's a human being  
Written spiritual theory  
Freak out the psychologist in therapy  
Wouldn't it help to know  
Life is worse in a purgatory  
You'd take your days as a blessing

You've been begging for a break  
Write a novel in fragmented pieces  
All you could manage was to read  
In between coughing up a lung  
Imagination wouldn't bleed  
But you've been having fun

Lungs fill with air then deflate pain  
Yellow slime behind the surface reigns  
Never know how sick you are  
Until it's in the clearing, afar  
Less visions of crashing the car  
Wonder how long it would have lasted  
If you never dethroned the acid