

M.X.

DEFECT



I LIVE IN A PRISON
OF MY DESIGN

THE FAULT FOR THIS CHOICE IS
DARE I SAY MINE

I FEEL HINTS OF FRESH AIR
AT MY NECKLINE

BUT WAYS OF ESCAPING
I SEE NO SIGN

I WISH FOR A CLUE THAT
STARS MAY ALIGN

BUT ONE SIMPLE FACT TO
WHICH I RESIGN

I LIVE IN A PRISON
OF MY OWN MIND

DEFECT



M.X.