

PARANOIA-IN-THE-LINE

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Spark of the mind that burns ablaze
Waste away your soul to endless toiling
Count and make a listing of fears and poisons
Until there is no more numbers, and your limbs fall off
Dream until expiring
Live on your skull-lining, until maggots eat away your brain
Until your soul dries up, and there is nothing left
Be a machine that makes to be
Fear and drive to scape fear is the only felt
A life so barren it seems like a dark-joke
Must be a test, may be in jest
I have an urgent need of justification
This life I came to call machine-life
Of showing off that it is wright
Of passing this paranoic-blood to some little ones
I can teach these children the flaming words
So they can be also machines that burn
Living there always a chance
Mayhaps they will make
Something with beauty, if things go well
They will live drowning, so I will treat them well
Teach them the way of the machine that burns
How to live ablaze just to make
to make to live one more day