

Action Action, Tornado; An Owl

Take what you've got, take comfort, in that everything you know, or seen will soon be a non existence. Who'll save the world that claims there is no saving? An illusion or delusion of grandeur. Half of what we say is bliss, the other half is meaningless. Comfortable lines. Waiting for the clock to heal us. Lost and found, but never touched. Another beating heart is lost: Interesting lies. Waiting for the clock to heal

Alone in our rooms, miserable, a tornado or an owl, come back and isolate the balance. Nothing is real; your heart on your sleeve, just another lie, transcend the pride, oh the chemicals. Take your time, nothingness is something and something is nothing.