

Theo Kogan

"4 into 50"

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we are born perfect and pure know to ask for what we
need sleep when we're tired cry when we're hungry
scream when we're wet sigh when we're cold now we're
growre good what was without blemish, will now poison
us

if I pick it up it will fall to the ground try not to lose but
I'll never be found can't say a thing cuz my foot's
always in it try to be well, make myself sick

in the dark, double parked reeking of gasses don't get
too close or you'll turn into dust tears rust my cheeks
as they burn off the lashes hands are too weak to pick
up the pieces of my shattered walls

if I pick it up it it'll smash to the ground try not to lose
but I'll never be found can't say a word cuz my foot's
always in it try to be well, make myself sick

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