

## **Car Bomb "Rid"**

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Oracle deliver us to the shining circle.  
Plug into the sick respirator.  
Unplug your ailing sense of wanting back into the  
wound.  
Healing when you scratch the scab; Perfect.

Lap up all the empty hearts tired of pretending.  
Seal hibernating skin by forcing an ending.

Conclusions never satisfy successive.  
Cuts that petrify the surface left of.

Pacify, waiting with completeness.  
Just hope that your peace is relative.  
The time it takes to rid yourself of all thought.

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