

Classic Case "Modus Operandi"

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The first stroke of genius was the start of fixing up -
A premature masterpiece seen only in the mind's eye.
Judging between us who's the fairest of them all?
Distorted and compromised, facing the walls.

It's been so long since I could say that I have a place
that I call home.
Suddenly the seasons change. My final destination is
unknown.
No method can apply to me.
No system can decide the ending without me.

And there goes another, watch them as they come and
go -

Self-centered and making sure that they always fall in.
When will I recover? Good poison is not the cure
although, love is its synonym.
Ready to go?

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that I call home.
Suddenly the seasons change. My final destination is
unknown.

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No system can decide the ending without me.

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