

Eliza Doolittle

"Voices Of The Ether"

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My soul so worn.
You miss the entity of all I perform.
My mind so torn.
You miss the entity of all I perform.
My skin so scorned.
You miss the entity of all I perform.
Soul worn.
You miss the entity of all I perform.
Mind torn.
You miss the entity of all I perform.
Skin scorned.

You miss the entity of all I perform, Fuck that norm, I
Spit on that behavior.

Savor you savior in suits made by tailors.
Folklore of unwound road
Where lies your rose?
Dead long side muse.
Face painted hues
Brushwork tickled my eyes...
I laugh as you lie as do I under sky.
Assume role of the unassuming
His walk so amusing
The stagger is looming.
My truth gets jangled in 'd' minor tuning.

Freestyle.

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