

Falkenbach

"So Called Dangerous"

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The selfish smiling fool and the sullen frowning fool
shall both be thought wise Think. Like mountain
climbing Or skiing in the alps Think of it. I don't. It was a
big fat february Wet, the ugly pavement cracked Pause,
unsafe. I thought: Insect posse will be crushed. It was a
bit of code selfish. There was not much going on In the
minds of the weak. They were unprepared to be
torched By lighter kleptomaniacs, So-called
dangerous. There is mad And there is bad And there is
sad And there is bad and sad. Dangerous. And the meek
shall inherit the mirth. They were big, panoramic Same
again, sir? How can you have the same again?
Dangerous.

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