

## **Fresh Air Of Hiroshima "Plastic Breath"**

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My words are not clear, I know, at all  
But language becomes foolish when all you do is crawl.  
Fear is coming  
And it would blind us all.

My brain feeds itself on misery  
And all our lies are smothering me.  
Awe is coming  
And wants our bodies to enfold.

God! It's coming again!  
And it's cracking my head.  
I'm sorry, I can't concentrate!  
I cannot even feel my own face.  
To breathe is getting harder  
As the walls are closing me in.  
I'm afraid that every eye's on me.

God! It's coming again!  
And it's cracking my head.  
Awe is crawling on me!  
And it's eroding my brain.

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