

Cadillac Blindsight "At Wits End"

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your photogenic face, must have missed the train. i'd
advise checking the baggage claim. those new eyes
disturb me, they lost that youthful glow hearing spoken
evils from your throat. days used to be so innocent,
decisions came easy now indecisive common sense
makes your life crazy. faster paced and complicated
space, strung along for weeks. three years ago you
held control. a turn for the worst. wanna make a bet?
the friends that you make, just want to drop you and
then break you. that might be the case. i'm at my wit's
end. thank you for the stab. thanks for the stab in the
back, my dear friend. your starry, starry eyes slipped
into a decline it's not hard to grab that noose and climb
one damn check it didn't cash, two too many mishaps,
if you slip and fall your neck might snap.

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