

Career Soldiers

"Session"

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Face
Unlimited
Days...Daze
I
Want
To
Tell you to go
Kildare...I swear
I never killed her
I swear I never...nevermind
Time...
Seconds like the wrinkles bringing age
Turn the lights off, calendars hide too many pages
I can not tell you
How the flesh upon your face
Burns into a characticure
Which enlightens no one and mocks your soul
Oil drawing hair, I'm so scared
Of old age dementia
Old age senility
Flowered serenity
Old timer
Annihilate the articulate
Kill him for his words
Faster bastards
I'm getting tired
Of false belief, obsolete impressioned structure
Please refer to the scriptures
And tell me I'm wrong

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