

## Carentin "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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