

## Less "It's Over"

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I brushed my teeth  
After morning meal  
I used colorless language  
To describe how i feel today  
I recall a  
Glimpse of the sun  
High above me  
Through the wire glass  
I recall a  
Time when i would run  
Before they took  
My reason away  
Let me lie  
Use my device  
Of disguise  
Let me lie still

I look at the wall  
And practice my face of innocence  
A knife from a nail  
To measure my strength against  
Again  
I recall the  
Sharp smell of gasoline  
Burning brightly  
Enlightening me  
Now i'm stuck here  
And i flip through magazines  
In the waiting room  
Of my memory

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