

## Control Machete

### "Farewell Note To The City"

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Disenchanted the romantic  
This is the real, this is the shame  
These limbs search feverishly for the gift of gravity  
Coarse twine tears clean  
And I have thought about this very instance for all time  
Decades longer than you or I  
Crimson comforting, scorching this flesh  
giving its caring for me  
And I have thought about these moments for all time  
dangling from a silver lining  
these lungs welcome the crimson tide of misfortune  
Hell to pay  
This is my farewell to this city

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