

Rolo Tomassi

"Ex Luna Scientia"

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One mark of absent mindedness
The harshness of loathing skin and bone
Losses are lesser, nurture this burden
And disposal is a waste of it all.
An absent influence that brings relief,
Keep your secrecy it's never meant anything to me.
Unfolding insincerity, talent lies in deceit,
The craft of cheating.
Make believe misfortune to keep yourself down
Undaunted when the real disaster hits.
Disconnect, keeping distance,
At the last moment come to lose what you've found.
The faintest spark attempting to impart,
Coughed up promises churned out to embrace faith,
not one was ever
Believed.
There's no quality like arrogance, there's no defense
when falling flat is
Risking fortune.
These things are sent to test us. The practice of
misleading, every measure
Unforeseen
The strains of undue weight
First error lies elsewhere

Retreat, march on! Repairing the damage that has
been done.

Crushed, move on! Finding comfort in these lessons.

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