

Provenance

"Crash Course"

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Racing rain-drenched roads of dimness, the incessant
Light-pulse
Invades your privacy, heading nowhere special
An indecisive gaze at nothing as your mind's drawn
blank
And outside features start to fade
Sad to see you end this way, chasing your self-hatred
Streetlights flashing by in thousands, the city traffic's
Round the bend
Seems your number has come up, it's closing stages
now
Look, here comes the end

As the pulses intensity, a shimmer on the pallor of your
Face
You see the crash and press down hard, somehow to
ease
The impact
You know you should have hit the brakes, what a
fucking
Waste
The way the world just smashed right into your face
So many things you should have done, the spans you
could
Have run
I'm sad to see you end this way
Sad to see you end this way, facing your self-hatred

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