

## Mads Langer

### "Poem With No Rhyme"

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She is so fucked up  
And it freaks me out  
She is so messed up  
Always finds something to worry about, yeah  
She cries on cue  
Ain't that a sad thing to do?

She is so fucked up  
She's a constant source of pain  
Now I decide to fuck her further up  
And flush my past down the drain, yeah  
I am on the edge from too much thinking  
I'm on the verge of dying of too much drinking

I'm a poem with no rhyme  
I'm a victim of a crime  
I'm a writer with no pen  
Desperately searching for ways to write again

Could someone please unlock my heart?  
'Cause I'm caught in a tragic spell  
She's my favorite work of art  
My own personal hell  
She cries on cue  
Ain't that a sad thing to do?

I'm a poem with no rhyme  
I'm a victim of a crime  
I'm a writer with no pen  
Desperately searching for ways to write again

So she's seeing another man  
I'm not lost, I just don't know who the hell I am  
I am on the edge from too much thinking  
I'm on the verge of dying of too much drinking...

I'm a poem with no rhyme  
I'm a victim of a crime  
I'm a writer with no pen  
Desperately searching for ways to write again

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