

## White Wizzard

### "Skin"

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Have no eyes, I must see, you walk out, a violent burst  
of some kind kind kind kind, mindstate a dirty little  
drunk and cluttered.

Shinning a problem of pictorial illusion, dump the trunk  
and tear the little freak out out out.

An unparalleled account of collapse appearing like  
Yourself liberation appearing like myself mutilation.

Hold still now, nobody turns, said yeah! Thier back on  
me.

Silence is deafening desperate waking up.

Motive spasm my back aches.

Termination detentation, da-la-sco.. now this room  
don't seem so small sitting here in a cage of some kind  
kind kind kind miracle and some hallucination,  
dropped excitement from my last words shut the door  
and turn the T.V. on on now that I've done all that I can.

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