

## Beer Bong "Nothing"

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Time goes by depression,  
Choosing wise length breaths,  
I just walk one meter down  
A sort of quick-earth-ground.  
Looking backward and forward  
For those things I have forgiven myself  
Between long steps, crossin' on this lane.  
It's a lucky chance finding good words backwards:  
My body is blank, full of nothing,  
Non-sense is my own fault.  
Hallucination trails coming up next.  
I mean this is just wasting time.  
Let me remain again.  
So, I used to play with insane toys  
Hoping my body doesn't grind.  
But I only wonder if my silent calls  
I only wonder if you tear along now.  
But you stay locked up with hope in tomorrow,  
You have a key to save your own life  
From big damage lighting in your eyes.

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