

The Plot To Blow Up The Eiffel Tower "Monotonous"

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Here we go again,
Another one of those days
When ambitions fade away,
Giving ray to dismay,
My emotions in disarray.
Finding therapy in word play,
But unable to locate
Applicable lyrics to describe
these Spirits that refuse to
permit my soul to emit these
loud cries, smoke in my eyes,
providing lies with alibis.
And see no stroke, young thighs,
Curiosity.
Changing the porosity of even thick skin.
Mass is drenched with sin, sacrificing kin,
Promises as thin as play to tin shards
piercing shins. Losing the breath that life
lends, my existence through a scratched lens.

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