

Showbiz & A.G. "A Llama Eats A Giraffe"

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I'm nauseous, or maybe just inspired
So truthful, I begin to tire,
No less than everything.
No haiku, no paper packaged thing,
Patronized you harmonize, a thorax rattles so,
Like idealistic jargon every self-respecting hopeful
should to know.

I know the road to everything,
I know it goes right off a cliff,
Nothing, Nothing is forever

Sympathy I do indeed intake in bulk amounts,
For reasoning obscure it seems to numerous to count,
And so it goes the lesser chose to crawl through narrow
gates,
Bulimic thin the winding road now empties into lakes,
A pulse is found, and so we drown, and sing for this
duration,
From rows and rows of teeth we're spared, these artery
serrations.

Emptiness I must impress upon you in it's granger,
My stagnant heart, it comes apart, as selfishness
demands her,
To sound a note from scores I wrote,
And offer them unto thee,
For melodies now synthesized, Your love it lives within
me.

Nothing is forever.

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