

Young Livers

"A Sad State In Affairs"

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Inevitable and blatant allure contained in our realm,
A degradation sees us subside.
Singled out, rest assured, for these changes assimilate
for become obscure.
Lack of integration removed from ours, as we stray
afar
Disintegration as it comes apart with no chance of
redemption

I've carpet-bombed your city a thousand times in my
mind,
I've back peddled even more,
I've laughed so hard I've pissed myself
Laughing with these wars we fight that will never be
ours.
Let's yawn with our mouths closed.
Let's be as clear as the oceans at night.
Let the snow take the effect where it muffles our
sound.
Let the fever-induced dreams be a personal attack on a
walking corpse on ice,
With no strings attached.

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