

Young Livers

"A Shortness Of Breath"

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Innate submission, supplied for attraction, as lines are
to form.

Only to bury and dilute this all.

And as it thickens by the moment until the crest in lust,
control until arrest.

Into remission, some heart of this passion,

Left here to linger teeming in masses and hoards of
white washed notes

Searing perception, disregard for discretion.

We are the fodder, disposed, in our youth we are
getting old.

Derived from us, in it we all drown.

Without warning it will wake you from your deepest of
sleep,

Where you'll be awakened from these decade long
nightmares face to face

With the main objectives that were once ulterior
motives.

There's an absence of breathing room whilst waking up
screaming through

The shortness of breath.

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