

## Young Livers

### "All The Wretched"

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As it pours now in from a past, I can attest to the  
rapport of we recall  
In awkward exchange if at your best and what we would  
call an ideal beyond us now  
But what was the reason?  
And as we churn to writhe and wallow and twist into  
grins,  
All vacant shells of expectations grown barren and thin  
And some have known and dragged for some years  
burned in skin  
As eyes have dulled as the satisfactions are laid to  
rest.

I don't want to die in bed.  
I want to go out the way we came in,  
Kicking and screaming.  
If everybody lies and no one is listening  
Then why are we the exception?

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