

Legi?O Urbana

"Feedback Song For A Dying Friend"

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Soothe the young man's sweating forehead
Touch the naked stem held hidden there
Safe in such dark hayssed wired nest
Then his light brown eyes are quick
Once touch is what he thought was grip
Tis not his hands those there but mine
And safe, my hands seek to gain
All knowledge of my master's manly rain
The scented taste that stills my tongue
Is wrong that is set but not undone
His fiery eyes can slash savage skin
And force all seriousness away
He wades in close waters
Deep sleep alters his senses
I must obey my only rival
* He will command our twin revival:
The same
Insane
Sustain
Again (the two of us so close to our own hearts)
I silenced and wrote
This is awe
Of the coincidence

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