

## The 69 Eyes

### "Phthisis"

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The future sticks out its tongue  
In the eyes of the gentle past  
It fears its own demise  
But knows it cannot last

This momentary throne  
Precariously formed from its ashes  
It takes the time we thought  
Was ours below to be reborn

Throw us away like a stack of old paper  
Learn not from our scrawls  
Close your ears to our rantings  
And come against us

Flex your hooked claws and sniff  
Like a dog at the stench of our decaying minds  
Distrust the deceitful math of our perishing eyes  
Run away from the phthisicky past

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