

Fuse fuse

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Hurry onto e lose
do does then mewl
Comeuppance came
though no damage was done to me
Seems to have costed those treasured
They're rid of we

Oooo signless witless friendless haze

Lost in black fog
of ink torched in quantities as big as lakes
Can't count a finger Don't have your feet
Adrift as the aimless dead
Praying like the beach starved greenhorn
Quaking in the wet

These forms taken in a frightful state
Fear though can be comfortable
For when you stay upon thy bed
Instead of going out on e worldly plod
Home happily with food or drank
Entertainment whatever satiates
Who needs a chase really
Sitting down is as easy as hate