

["Time wasted is existence; used is life." - E. Young]

I can't abandon the flesh,  
it's more stern than life has made it.  
I have a will to move,  
but it is lost inside its groove.

Walls assume their meaning,  
I want to destroy them all.  
If not today, than maybe tomorrow.  
I will make them vanish or fall.

Seek warmth and find fire.  
I am silent as I endure.  
I saved some drops of sunlight,  
acid for the obscure.

I fear the outward motion,  
not in itself, but in its result.  
I exist within myself alone,  
in closer communion with insult.

I want to destroy them all.

Need is not always want,  
nor is it the other way around.  
Depth lies where it is sought,  
not in the height where it is found.

I want to destroy them all.