

Oh shit its coming, pours standing on the breeze.
Knees knock, a nervous knot, the fall brings about the sleeze.

Why choose now to wash away my thin veneer.
A sollow dome, a boring drone of which I am the engineer.

The streets are getting damp with heavens descended
matter.

Don't look inside, my addled mind, try to sneak away before
the scatter.

The sky rends itself with lights crackled gold.
Im not alone, a girl named Joan is something to behold.

Its coming down around me, house with our parasols.
A blue winged thing, a jaunty spring that wails melodic calls.

Stop the stupid noises, the persistent quack and clap.
Bind his wrists with a crack and twist this is my chosen trap.

Hail the water king, in ever splendid views.

Damn it all, this is my fault, I should have watched the news.

My kingdom has come to me, but where is my special cup.
And there she goes, my truth exposed, my life is so fucked
up.

My fair maiden where do you go, do I not appease the?

There is no hope, I'll get a rope and find a nice tall tree.

