



# ROLLO TomAsi

*Work slow crush foes*

**ADVANCED AUTOMATION** One kid says no. Four kids say go. Twist arms break bones. Work slow crush foes. You say and you say you want now. Complain and you blame about how. Solve your mystery. You don't know how to stay alive. No you can't have it's not yours.

Hell as your hands and wealth as your mold. You're bored as a trend so burn friends to ghosts. You say you're sorry but you don't mean it. You say you're sorry... hardly. With all that you have a victim is gold. I'm not your friend. Soon you will know. Cos I want to **WATCH YOU FAIL**. I want to see your failure in all. Cos you want it you get it you spend it. So don't blame me. Believe it You bleed it 'til there's no me at all. So blame yourselves.

I fell in love with a sort of misery. I see how far down, how far will drown me? This sort of love it sets to kill me. While in doubt I set fire to me instead. She's calling your name, blames you for everything. It's almost a game that tries to play me. With all the downs which one will drown me? This sort of love with this misery. You're so lost against your **HORROR DAY**, today. This ends here the romance that you blame for pain. With all this love for what evades me. Still I hold what out weighs me. A sound in time for someone to save me. While in doubt I set fire to me instead. She's calling your name, blames you for everything.

Bend your silver spoon. Back the other way, not in front of me. Fake your suicide. Call your friends from jail. Your **FAMILY PLOT** is for sale. Will leave home. So said the runaway. To where? You're so set in where you go. Run the other way, finding any other way.

You're the **DIRTY APE** in real life. The real crime. It's on your resume in real lives, with real lies. The comedy. The tragedy. You've found the ones to rape. Red light's on, you're on the take. Safe as you know is wrong. On election day, the real time we die. You fan the flames with miracles that light your way. From a chariot as rifles blaze you steal your faith.

I am not convinced you are not a part of this. And they're not convinced you are not a part of this. Get up, get out, your feet you know are weighted. I know things return. Come on, break down, the mold you hold over things... to come. Sorry is the son but not the only one. Hollow makes a man who knows things return. And I'll stay a disconnect, it's my last my **WORKING CLASS PROMISE**.

You sit at your throne and they applaud you. It gave me something to talk about. More over the one more reason I gave you to tear it down. Cos you know you knew it all along. **SO CRUEL** as you watched me hang. I shut down hard as a witness. Maybe that was fun for you. I wasn't the one you needed and I didn't have a clue. For years I lived with this guilt of something I did and how. When I finally could see it, it gave me something to laugh about now.

work slow



Well pardon me, what part of me won't squeeze to fit all your sad scars. Your arms recharge when your patience is gone. True to form when you're in between days in your mind. Your one last chance to go **ON**, a daylight raid on your mind.

Your ego preceeds you. So just what do you want from me? As my time barely minds. I'm on my way out from your thumb. Now just who will comfort me? When our sex is our love. You see it and need it so pin it on me. The hardest part for me let it soak. It all returns to me. **LET IT SOAK** in. So I'm supposed to wait for ever? I'm here to wait around. One fix is all I ever needed until you're running out.

**REMORHAZ** Out. I never got out. I never learned how. I need it. It doesn't hurt you just to know I was right. I need it. So it must kill you just to know you were wrong. Sore wounds heal themselves. If you really want to know why look at what you hold close. If you really need to know why. Out. I never got out. I need it.

With no shame, you dig graves for **MY LIMBS**. I learned your moves right away as bridges burn. Knives plot out your victories on my back. The war you kept from me was only with me. The only clues for me were words he... used me. With less skill than surgery he'll make his cuts. In my blood he'll write his name and leaves town.

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**NO THANK YOU!** May or May Not

**IN LOVING MEMORY** of Christopher Saathoff

crush foes

ROLLO TOMASI



Matt Fast, Neil Sandler, Pete Croke, Chris Insidioso

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