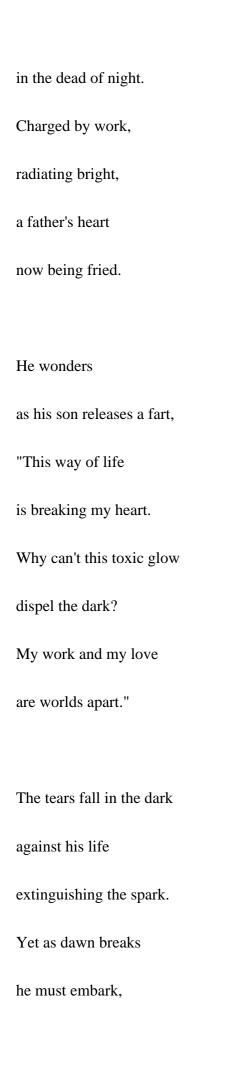
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Radioactive Fart
A dad tries
to hide his pain
with silent lies.
The weight within him
never dies as his heart
slowly fries.
Before the sun
he leaves his bed,
his hungry son
needs to be fed.
When he returns,
with steps like lead,
he holds his son
intertwined like thread.
They buzz and fuzz
with eerie light,

toxic green



"Where is Engels	
and where is Marx?"	
An explosion	
at the factory,	
an overloaded battery.	
In the mirror there's a scream.	
And there's never enough morphine.	

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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