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there's no ending here cause there's no beginning cause there is no point to this cause this is just another pointless production's attempt to waste a minute... well, ten or so minutes...

A minute flies by so fast

mumble, mumble... crumble a single sweet and deep soft rumble

lesser made, something soft within methinks

innocence throughout a single lie-spawn

a cold voice cries foul in a purple facsimile of night

traitor, traitor, mischief-maker

no niceties for you tonight

as drawn in sand the line made no motion for commotion

to begin the begun, started at an end's mirror-image

as told by a mouth with no voice inside

what sound there be inside the insides, way down deep in squalor

there be light, a liar's light shining darkness inside light self

no motion made and no motion made and no motion squelched

done, the truth come out with a broken tongue... as gibberish

in fever, this mind's dirty eye remain lodged

seen and mean and breathing calmly inverted breaths

as I brake it down in little lies I fall justice to plight

shall nowhere be my personal stance this morn b's low

I be gone and sake the forsook night's sweet tongue with icy chill

there be no end for the start has not yet finished making a point

as the brand of useless lie with my text written without thought

as the title pointless caress it's every character

this moment loses it's enthralling combination

as this soft mumble dies away

there be soft night for my mind's crystal-eye

shall dream be plentiful I wonder heavily as I check my coat and tie

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