

I have a one way ticket to return me on my feet I wait nails to come with open palms I have wounded soul keeping together with net of string I have permission to love blindly to move into fornication I have my faith in hunger even in middle of obese crowd I celebrated the freedom of chains of slaves I have sown fields with piles of stones I animated the road under the sledge runners I shroud, hidden from the world I harbinger plague while feasting scraps I shake elderly hands last I'm dying of snow intercourse thats tormenting me I have a one way ticket to return me on my feet