

What Are Years When You're The Cosmos?



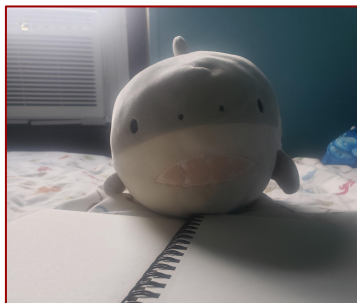
Samson Saintvil

Violating the laws of time and space, I made this cover in 5 minutes. What do you want?

[illegible]

I CAN'T SPEAK . . .

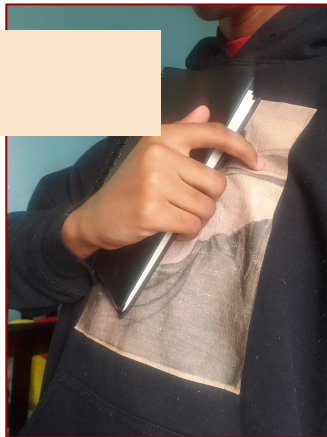
And I can't listen



What can I say to the
Kid that made you,
Complaining like
You were made to.
You hate every god I pray to

So don't lie to me

I know I'm
not as cool as
I'd like to be



Everyone is a curse, or
something worse



BUT WHY DO
YOU FEEL SO
DOWN, AGAIN?

I KNOW I'M NOT A VERY GOOD FRIEND

But why do you feel so down? Sure, that's not something I'd stick around for. Why do you feel so down? Oh God, I know you think I'm safe and sound; I'm not. Why do you feel so down?

I've gone weak and I'm sick of speaking

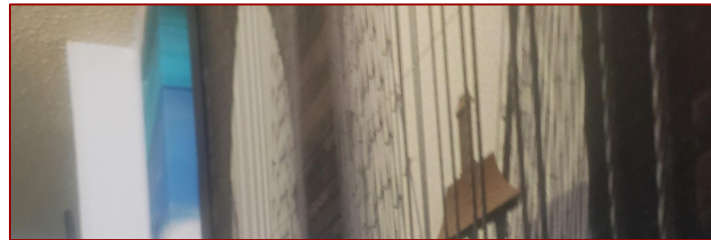
So hear me out, you're the cure, or something more

I think
you're
older and
wiser so I'll
never like
myself

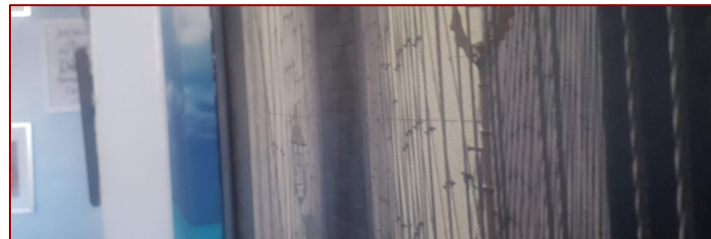


I think
you're
older and
wiser so I
won't let
you tell

I think it
over and
over and
hope
you're
thinking
too



I think it over and over and hope I'm over you



So don't lie to me



I'm beautiful

I know, cause it's the season



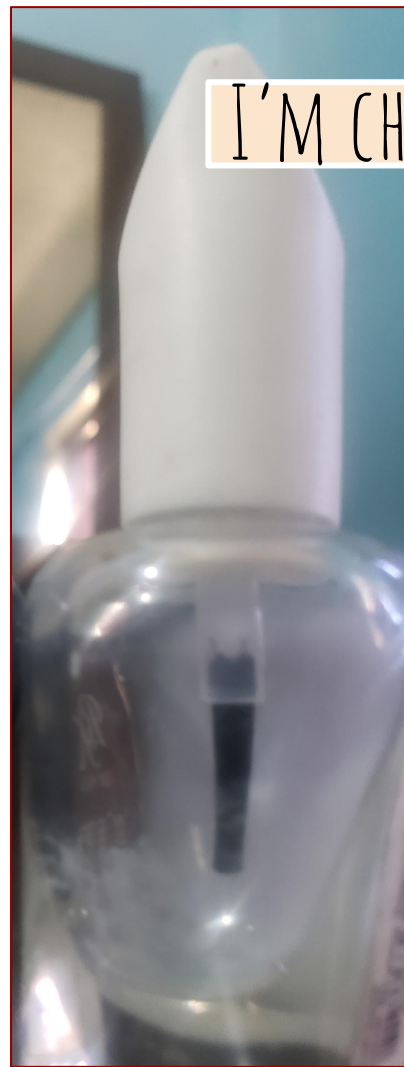
But what am I to do with all this beauty?

BIOLOGY

I am an organism

I'M CHEMICAL

That's all,
That is all

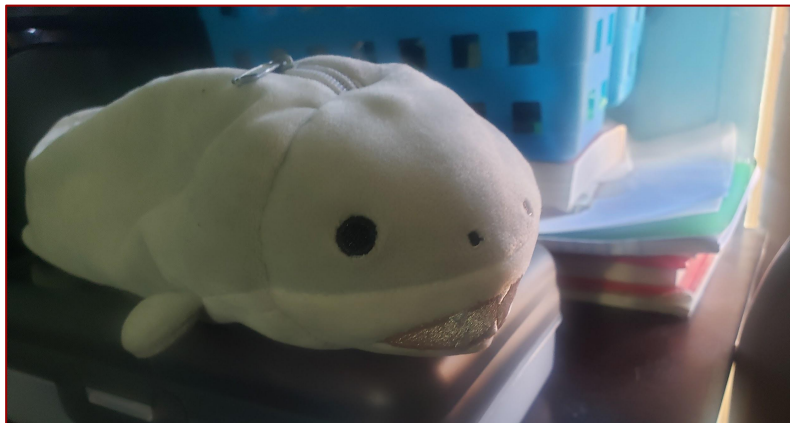


SCARAMOUCHE PLAYABLE WHEN??

I'm liquid smooth

Come touch me, too

And feel my skin is plump and full of life
I'm in my prime



I'm liquid smooth, come touch me, too

I'm at my highest peak, I'm ripe

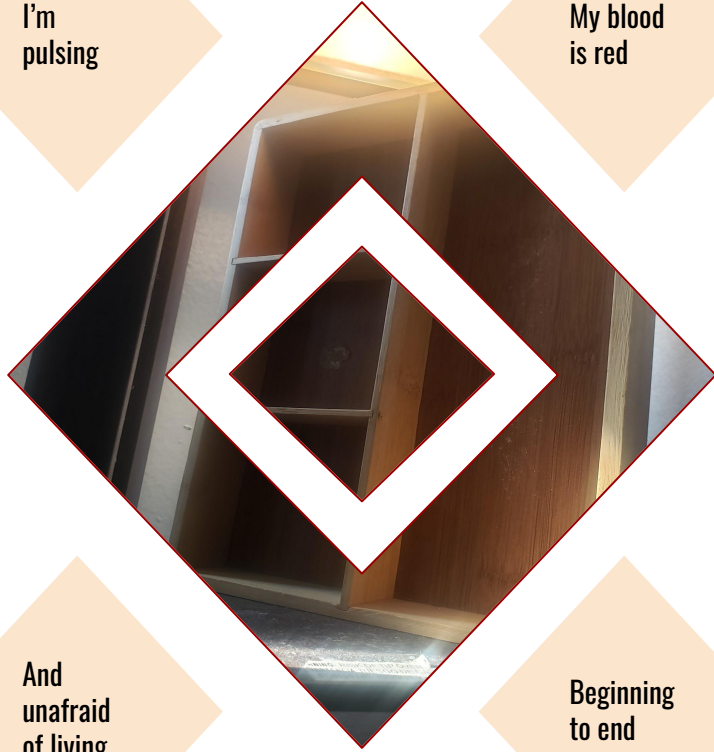
About to fall, capture me

Or at least take my picture

崩れてゆく前に

I'm
pulsing

My blood
is red



And
unafraid
of living

Beginning
to end

How I feel this
river rushing
through my
veins. With
nowhere else to
go, it circles
'round

I'm liquid
smooth, come
touch me, too.
And feel my
skin is plump
and full of life,
I'm in my prime



I'm liquid smooth
Come touch me too
I'm at my highest peak, I'm ripe
About to fall

Capture me



Pitch black

Pale blue

There was a stained glass,
Variation of the truth

handed

And I felt empty



So I patched up every leak that I could
Until the blame grew too heavy

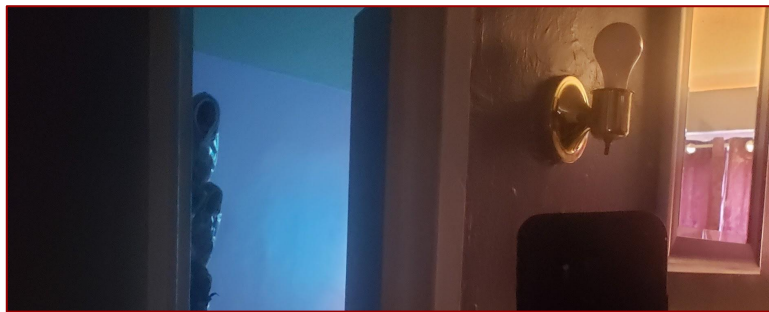


Stitch by stitch I tear apart
If brokenness is a work of art
I must be a poster child prodigy

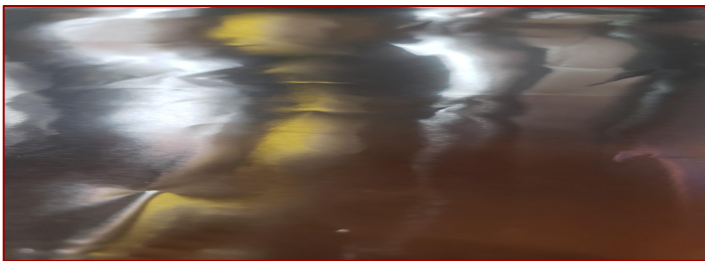
Thread by thread I come apart,
If brokenness is a form of art,
Surely this must be my masterpiece

I'm only honest when it rains

If I time it right, the thunder
breaks when I open my mouth



I wanna tell you but I don't know how



Being in this space has made me feel

A bit more small and I'm not quite sure where I'm going next

I'll try to use a map but
 With directions I tend to be bad so,
 I'll use GPS and pray for the best
 I've got so many years to
 Flesh this out and be what I wanna be
 But it's confusing to say
 the least

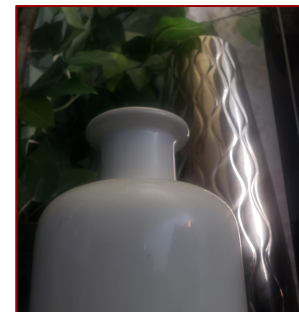


And oh, I just want you to know.
 I feel so braindead next to you
 It's not like you intended to hurt me or make me feel that way

No perception of
Time
 Or s p a c e
 Or distance
 Or **weight**

And I think I'm going
 iNsAne

Due to graduate and
 remain a beast





AND I'M NOT TRYING TO COMPLAIN

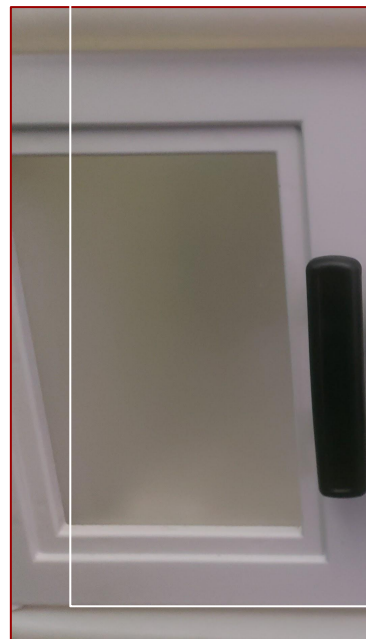
and
this

to try

But it just sucks

explain why I feel like

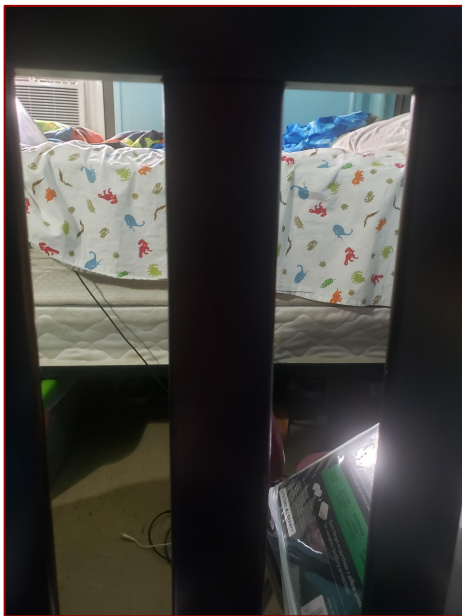
everyday



Sleeping through your
days and skipping
meals must sound so
unappealing, but I guess
it's different when it's
the norm.



Sinking deeper into
whatever this is without a
hint of reflection
Can't tell if this is the
calm or if this is the
storm



**Me and my best
friends cruising
down West End
Street**

Hiding from cops and driving circles 'round the block all week

All of my friends died out on West End Street

**They say we're born to die young but we're just trying to
live in peace**



Shangri-La dealers at the bus stop

And maybe God is just a cop that we can fast talk

(VENTI COME HOME PLEASE)

A photograph of a laptop screen showing a Zoom meeting interface. The screen displays several participant avatars, a chat window, and a video feed of a person. A large, thick white 'X' is drawn over the entire screen, signifying a rejected or blocked connection. The background of the image is black with a repeating pattern of the text 'make it stop make it stop make it stop make it stop' in a light blue, sans-serif font, oriented vertically.

Take this as me expressing my vendetta against school and authority and how most of my life so far has been stress and pain and wanting to just stop;

