

CLEVER SINCE  
 ENJOY  
 HELPING  
 PEOPLE.  
 CLEVER  
 MEET NO  
 USELESS  
 PEOPLE.  
 CALL  
 THIS  
 STEAL  
 ING THE  
 LIGHT.  
 HAVE  
 CIGAR!  
 INHALE  
 LIGHT!  
 NO HATE  
 YOUR SELF.  
 CALL THIS  
 STEALING  
 EVERY  
 THING.  
 THIS IS  
 THIS AND  
 THAT IS  
 THAT:  
 THIS IS  
 ALIVE. THAT  
 WILL  
 DIE.  
 TIME  
 MAYBE  
 FAST.  
 BREATH  
 IS QUICK.  
 DEATH  
 MAY  
 BE  
 FAST.  
 ALIVE  
 I S  
 QUICK.  
 INHALE  
 LIGHT!  
 HAVE  
 DRINK!  
 BREATH  
 IS SELF.  
 BREATH  
 IS LIFE.  
 THIS IS  
 BREATH  
 THAT IS  
 DEATH.  
 BREATH IS  
 EVERY  
 THING.

THE YELL AT ME IN SEA OF EXPLODING FIRE CRACKER BY DANCE WHISKEY DRUNK OLD MAN SMOKE CIGAR IN RAGS WHEN RUN INTO STREET TO ASK WHAT HE  
 YELLS AS HE SHAKES FIST UP AT SKY WHEN HE NOT SMILING AT OWN FACE IN MIRROR WITH BLOOD SUN PAINTED ON IT IN MIDDLE MOTT STREET IN MIDDLE BIG  
 DRUMS IN MIDDLE FREEZING NEW YEAR DAY PARADE IN MIDDLE ICE COLD NEW YORK CHINATOWN FROZEN STIFF IN MIDDLE NUMB SHIVER WINTER 1960 GATE  
 STARS SHINE BRIGHT ON SHATTER LIGHT NO THING SINGS NO BREATH: THEE THE THEE THE THEE THE THAT'S NOT ALL THERE IS, FOLKS.