

days of hysterical trench confessions  
in quiet public places in golden olden ritual  
events come home to pass away

some walk in and some lie in  
thick young blood  
as never before  
disillusioned as never before as never before  
thick trench confessions

in the spirit of the moment  
some believe fortitude as never before and  
thick blood reeks

vulgar new lies and old age frankness  
old bodies and profound waste  
liars in public places and  
liars in public places and  
even tempered frankness  
relived

before frankness liars  
liars in public places  
in old ritual magic  
confessions and disillusionment and  
knowledge of nothing in particular and  
even now the city is full of gazes