

# RIGHT NOW

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The question, the uncertainty, the plaguing pull  
The planet incarnate. We don't hesitate.  
Proper rules would indicate, systems impregnate.  
**RIGHT NOW!**

Time sits down and contemplates  
The sweet moments that precipitate  
What beseeched the dark mourning?  
The quiet cool that births a novel  
**RIGHT NOW!**

Unimportant are the building blocks  
The tempered syllables we assemble  
In that vain attempt to issue the conjured  
The ruptured utopian, the primrose fallopian  
**RIGHT NOW!**

The spinning and fractured infinite and concentric death of life  
The truth of lie! — the Life of Death forever screams into my wicked, growing and  
blistered fear!