

TINKER/WATCHER

What does he see in his clanking old gears?

What does he smell in his oil?

What does he feel with his energy flow?

What does he think that we are?

Doesn't he smell the soul of a rose
willingly granted for love?

Doesn't he see the blood of the sun
flowing across the sea's night?

Can't he stop thinking and mucking with Life
energy reft from its heat?

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