Some Cold Ghost

And I've been feeling…
I've been feeling both, I've been feeling both of them.
I've been feeling somewhat better and far worse again.

Some cold avarice, we were all two-comma-kids.
The churning of the matter, is heading straight for me.
One huge over-soul, and a substance 7-fold.
All the inner circles were shooting electricity.

It comes around and goes, in a perfect simple dose.
If we go supernova now, I will get so depressed.
But while we wait for signs of the somewhat other kind:
Go for the essentials and forget about the rest.

On my crumbling edifice I try to look my very best.
It is marvellous, it is ridiculous.
The warmth creeps from my hand to find shelter in my chest.
It's uncomfortable, it's uneasy as hell.
Some cold ghost twitches at my sleeve, leaving me no rest, no rest.
Lest I leave it so, lest I let it go.