Those women are breaking monuments in their sleep. Constructing the rhythm, fracturing silhouttes. They are the products of their inconveniences. And yet they'll still break rules.

They'll even demonstrate how you can sell out your friends. This seems like the most obvious swindle, right? Ignite. We can burn the books that impale us. These stories blind/decieve rationale. Falsity is bludgeoning every inch of our being.

So quit fashioning the black metaphors, model X, its time to have sex with your masterpiece.

And it all makes so much sense when you look back and realize y ou stayed so true for the entire ride. Proves once more that on e can.

Never discount glory for those who helped you grow and allowed you to choose how to live.