

Escape Artist

Cursive

Midnight is rising your eyes adjusting on a sullen, distant and persistent moon the shadows are thickets they swarm with frogs and crickets droning a collective tone once you get lost in it there's no need for turning back twilight has pulled you in strong just like that the weather shifts and something triggers your legs to carry on.

Why are you running away over and over again?

Why are you running in place?

Daylight is shining your retinas are burning burning burning something is evident your legs will carry you on.

The old haunts are real!

It's just a matter of time before they bury you!