

Soup

Discount

when reason makes a trip to the other side, we slip under the cover, swim in the town's tide. let go just to discover how little we know about each other, how often we avoid each other's eyes. it's like hail on our backs. we're digging up nothing but broken bones. we determine too much over the telephone. it's like stale laughter and fake smile soup. this tastes like shit. you taste like shit sometimes. you'd be more fun if you weren't so afraid of getting a little salt in your eyes.