

Post Traumatic Death

Glass Casket

An allegiance of faces, disgusted of the pace of life that we've been racing. I think the problem here is our back turned not facing, turned never facing. Spit those pills out your mouth, may over machine. Don't make your enemy your mind. Question relying on internal insecurities. They... will... make... you... the spotlight of your own (silent circus) quiet circus. My own just splashed everywhere like split milk, someone please don't cry over it. Unwanted snow sticks with you wherever you go, never melting. This is a call of the utmost importances, the power of the punch is on your side, this is a war cry felt with a sour dose of salt rubbed in your eye.