

"I made an album called Equivalency, it's the story about Sarah and David, this f-fictitious couple that I created to have this narrative of a couple who falls in love and then breaks up, and it was a story that I was really excited to tell, and to this day it's one of my favorite... uh, creative projects I've ever been blessed to be a part of. But there are certain chapters of the story in the songs that didn't see the light of day, and I wanted... I wanted to share the whole story. And... but before I share their story, I wanna... share more of mine, too. This is a poem I wrote before Hotel Books existed, when I wanted to be a poet"

"It's just an artifice, or artifacts and polished lists follows in this, and you'll quantify the cyst until it's cancerous or hazardous and you unify and do me right before it's handed to an analyst. And then inadequate apologies and olive trees lending a branch to the stance of happiness manufactured with a new battery, and flattering the pandering of managing and hemorrhaging of masking this, so I'm asking this: does the spirit change just 'cause it rhymes with its patterns? It seemed like they make good use of time, or... does it only matter if it's substance? Like, is there a way to get to heaven without dying, and the passing mists where our bones are dust, and we rust in the cannabis or the cannibalistics ballistics on self-evidence of a weaponized antic? And we blast off from a rocket or a socket full of piled-up ruckus of ducts and piping that suck up with the typing from your brain to your smartphone, to Satan's old home in distant hiding. There's a place to exit Heaven, 'cause I guess we weren't brilliant and we're gonna make a million or make a million mistakes that replace these demons. Just a handful of salt and light to get the right way to call it assault, and name on the back of the cross carved by blood and craved by some who want to get out of a hole dug deep before the seeping force decided to chase after the sun and break the backs of men so they can run. It's so generic and copycat and nothing that I ever meant. The president called me back, but my stance wouldn't make a difference 'cause I'm a witness to the forgiveness of forging wishes and hoarding fists in the closet of broken skeletons. Are you happy with the mistakes I made? No. 'Cause now you have to behave, seeing the consequences of how I acted, broke my back like a cactus just so you could see that I'm ready to call action and put on a show, so I know while I'm chasing the lights... the light's fading. 'Cause this was all just practice... for a life I might get right"