

Everything Will Rust

Misery Signals

IN THE TRENCHES AFTER WAR OUTSIDE THE FACTORIES HIDDEN IN THE A
RCHITECTURE MIMICKING THE ANGLES EVERYTHING WILL RUST IN THE TI
ME IT TAKES TO LIFT MY BEST LAID PLANS FROM THE RIVERBED EVERYT
HING WILL RUST DESPITE THE FEAR THAT I FEEL THERE IS STILL ENOU
GH LOVE TO BURY US I'VE COME HERE TO WORSHIP AND SCRAPE MY NAIL
S INTO THE STONE HOPING TO LEAVE MY MARK A MESSAGE TO MY HEIR A
RE YOU LISTENING TO THE WISDOM SURROUNDING YOU