Six Fists Hit Harder Than None

Our Last Night

Cut the chord from this power supply that gives control to this failure. I am justice anticipating sweet revenge, like a killer. As the fog clears out, promise appears in the distance. I never did realize what living actually was. Who knew Eden was arms lengths away? With cinder blocks tied to my ankles I float to the surface. Finally I can taste it, a taste so sweet. And as my teeth start to crumble, the ruins form shapes of bows and arrows that shoot their way t o victory. My faults are overcome by endearment and I am free to go. Romance wakens as it acts as a medicine for the sick. It cures millions who didn't think they had the slightest chanc e. I raise my hands in triumph and a sigh of relief as my feet are no longer paralyzed with cement, and I can move again. The first place I'll go is the only place I know, so please let me in.