Numbered

Richard Buckner

Where to go, when you've got to be coming through a missing piece. Fade the light until we'll say, 'Take us down or we'll go away, marching like it was never done.'. Break and roll just to pass the night, buried-on knowing why it was just another fruit living off a bitter root ---- and numbered --- and then, none…

"Did you see me hide?"

Keeping close, it's hard to see, given all you won't believe. Had it been another time you might've missed, you could've tried, carried out as though you'd won.

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