

Face the Wall

Torche

Shame on you
Harboring the new
Inland motors
Softest landing
Donor
The shrew
Holding onto
Harpoon glow
Infected unknown

Impulsive
How long
Until you end it all
Your ammunition
Much too strong
Made up line
To face the wall

Scalding river
Our constrictor
Don't fault me
A wager to beat
Satisfied numbing
Unlike the pulse
Fast talk ruins
Solitude

Impulsive
How long
Until you end it all
Your ammunition
Much too strong
Made up a line
To face the wall