

# Antioch Arrow, Suspicious Uzi

I'm sorry, but I just can't stand still.  
Oh my god, her face looked so pale.  
The blood looked so real.  
I'm not thinking about tomorrow.  
I'm not thinking about today.  
Not the sky above above, nor the ground below.  
Like a whip slashing on my wrist.  
This would all look better in a different shade of blue.  
Like a rain, kind of, sort of.