

# December Wolves, Public Aquarian Freebase

"Breathe in not the clove that gestates with distinction...But rather, the sophisticated stench of the clearly wounded"  
A champion, certainly not at his best...Choking with personal distress...Reaching reconciliation. Like a crab in the wet sand...Mine and your object of obsession. Because it's no longer the thought that counts. Hence the new twist on life as we know it...A different mask for a different day.  
It's a tempting world we live in. It's sublime, without treatment or release...A new man, from what we believe to be an excruciation of the truth. So how many licks does it take?... to get to the bottom of the barrel?