

Love Lost But Not Forgotten, Perfectly Fucked

When I sit perfectly fixed and perfectly still, my mind is still walking and beating. Can it be perfectly fixed and perfectly still? I think I have finally found my devil, I know him. He's walking and beating. I'm not surprised at all. But at least now I know. At least now I know. I know not to try very hard. Don't think I'm ever more than half serious. Even when I'm passionate it's unimpressive.