

Paulson, Optimism Is For Stupid Idiots

in a second it all could change like a bird that hit the glass. your eyes are open but you couldn't have
changes tear up the tracks but leave the rails intact. their strength's untested but integrity's not what
the syllables, they sound like words. so what you felt is what you heard. but syllables is all they were
and so a seed is sown; the roots grow green and gold. they find some comfort in pretending that the
say these walls come down, freed you from this maze. the sun set south and gravity gave you to the