

Cannae, White Walls Reap Black Figures

A letter written home on stationary, the address marked with the author's blood. I know his leaving was never premeditated, but eighteen years on auto-pilot...will drive someone's impulse. decapitated dolls. Arson on action figures. So told, not acceptable acts. They figured if hope was twisted within a straitjacket, it would be the perfect solution to prevent so called mishaps. The worlds seemed so colorless. White walls masquerade the surface of punishment (and rehabilitation) I can't grip the burden of shadows. I hope you die! The corners of blended pasts, uninformed to their futures. The final solution is to let me deal. Let's see you grip the burden of shadows. Let's see you grip the burden of shadows. The burden of shadows