

Cave In, Moral Eclipse

Yellow turns this courage badge into a valentinal trash.

These are the crushes meant to crush you.

The contact was dry, but exasperating like a teething smile.

Pulse by pulse, i honor the we weather to myself into her hands,
and for an angel even she knew it well.

when my drool dropped past her lips.

A dead man floating in one in a forgetful moment.

She saw it haunted in my eyes when they finally opened,
coughing up blood like a throat.

No, lover let go of my neck.

We knew together that every crack in the wall

is a step towards release of the lascivious waters i no longer wade through.