

Century, Equus

This is the end. The sun sets on our broken backs and we've been here before.
And we are left without a single thing. Without a heart.
We are armed to the teeth. Without a single thing. We are nothing more than ink on paper.
We travel through their fingerprints.
Our clothes become bandages to ease the pain of selflessness.
We will never trust ourselves and this is how it begins.
They sift through our abandoned homes but they won't find us.
They won't find our secrets, encased alive beneath the floor.
They have abandoned us. They hunt us down. They hunt us through seasons.
They hunt us for years. This is the end.