

Cool Hand Luke, Target Form

we are little kids
making grown-up decisions
that will last for twice as long
as our feeble vision
laughing at the undertow
we define our youth
and soon our dreams will change
and become American
time is nothing more than a series of choices
our minds are mere collections of different
timbre voices our dreams are realized or forgotten
we are what we become
we are growing up, but not fast enough
be now while you are young
the person in your mind is no coincidence
conform to the archetype that regulates the
mint friends are christmas cards
fifteen years from now