

December Wolves, Solid Gold Beating

Let's reveal those who are less than receptive to invitation.
As they repeal the weak and ambitious from a mouthful of dirt.
We rid ourselves of anything unpure. We've lots of room for
the vicious and obscure. Trade up adventures and cyclical
psychoticism...Perpetual dicotomism in the narrative waste.
With the most disgusting face, I personify this disgrace. But
you are the honesty of sparse virgins who equate death with
pain and lack of sorrow.

There's no tomorrow, so focus on the pains of the
day....You're never getting out of the Theatre!
Interpret love as sin...The audio-synchratic crutch. Believe
so, in the need to be voracious.
But the pit is spacious enough to bleed from all holes and
start rotting from the outside in. We rid ourselves of
anything faithful.