

Norma Jean, Charactarantula

I will speak careful formulations of defense, these wary methods.
Canceling each other's experience with the intimidating sound of our voices.
And my fists will surrender to my emotion.
Words with no echo, this is an unfair architecture.
Separate the widow from the bride.
Truth is the method of defense and passion cries out from our fiery blaze of words.
The only one. They make monuments and we make no progress.

In this part of the story I am the one who dies...
We could build a mansion with our million dollar words.