

One King Down, Gravity Wins Again

Something picture perfect. Something cracking. Stress fracture weeping.

Fading picture graying image visage clutching holding keeping. Something evil. Something pure.

This compulsion will be the very thing that kills me.

Keep in mind the hours I keep. Six feet for sure every night. Two hours at best - if you'd call it "

My mind racing. My feet pacing. Leave me be. Stop tormenting me. I'm coming down.

Something picture perfect. Something cracking. I'm coming down.