

Sunday's Best, Truest You

We were told once to not allow ourselves to care or try.
Eventhough we hear them say outloud "for sale,"
it sold to no one.

Enter fate.
Machines take place
at fast rat's pace.
You won't mistake.

There's a time to line up one by one,
prepared to sacrifice.
Now's the time, while we still can run:
preserve the truest you.

Kid you are in over your head.