

The A.K.A.S, Dead Flowers Forever

Beneath these feet, underneath the thick concrete
there used to be a sandy beach, but no one will ever know.

Flowers used to grow beneath the paving stones.

Valentine Days. Halloween Nights.

These are supposed to be the best days of our lives.

Now we're stuck in the middle. Stuck in the middle.

Days like weeks, patiently we plot and scheme

to bring you to your knees with hearts pinned to our sleeves.

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