

The Chariot, The Bullet Never Lies, And Time Will

"Well then, I hope that you receive this letter.
I passed by and I saw you. Kicking about in your own blood.
Stand, form, grow, are the words I spoke.
Promises are what I gave."
Diamonds.
Beautiful queen.
How soon we all forget.
"Like mother, like daughter."
The seas of lament have found their home,
dancing around, amongst your bones.
Hello America, where is your fortune?
Grace.