

The Devil Wears Prada, Goats On A Boat

Whatever happened to the integrity found within a family?

I return your glare, and my bones are chilled with some sort of sickening recipe of fear and anger.

Day by day, time after time again, you distort chronology, you foster of terror.

Bury your diamonds, destroy your rubies.

We are searching for security in tragedy.

Look around and notice the black (tapestries) drowning (our walls of) simplicity.

We are the constant decay.

Each note will disintegrate.

Perched upon our towers, motionless and miserable.

Here's to a comfortable casket.

How deceiving is the cemetery of motivation.

I wish to write a conclusion