

The Sleeping, Fleet

"Breathing, did you get the guns? Can you feel the burning sun, frozen in your veins? If I go I
Rescue myself or it's a crying shame.

Ten casual steps to the door.

Keep those nervous eyes on me. Timing is everything. Now this place is ours. So slide your feeling
Now give me everything inside. Gripping your heart. Penetrate the combination with caution. Slowly!

A sudden change of pace I can hear in the walls and now I find myself face down, sighing. I look up