Farewell

One Dead Three Wounded

He said, "I'm sorry for a sad farewell." My heart is weak; it sways between the cynical and proud. I have to turn my back on you and all of this. This was a daytime promise and the sunlight bids adieu. Through virgin screams and guitar strings we bore the loudest son. His day has yet come. Screaming idly has never been my thing or sweating for fruit that labor does not bring. This is all for you my dear cynical son, the man who lit the match that burnt the whole world down. Farewell, to that basement noise the virgin games of girls and boys. Five men stand at the end of a long hard road facing a land where young hearts rule old heads, "farewell" we said, as our feet wrap around the edge. Dear Friend, "I'll count my blessings when we hit the ground."

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