

The Rising Tide

Job for a Cowboy

Blood begins to spill from an open sea, dead bodies churn within the tide. Attachment. They drift against a now reddened sea. These rising waters blush as their bodies decompose. Dozens of corpses buried at sea, they swim in their graves. They've proved themselves being too weak for this attachment, the tide rises, the tide breaks. I hope I have made my last point, for the weak have fallen and I now stand alone. They now all swim in their own

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