A Half Full-Scale Identity Crisis

Not One Is Upright

Detach from your beds, or at least keep a loose grip, because your hopes depend on crooked, greedy men. Dont stitch your skin to skin. With thousands and thousands of faces. The sharpest of fangs can only penetrate your skin. Heres to the armory, heres to the blacksmith. With each step I feel the ground grow a little weaker. Question after question, I am learning how to lead. Failure after failure after failure after failure. With each step, farewell.

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