The Shit Sisters

These Arms Are Snakes

The night light shined like nights before.
A shift of a wrist into a closed door.
Let there be obsession.
It is what it is.
Let there be no regard.
It's washed away.
Let there be finance and holiday dinners with beautiful children.
Let there be violence, but let there be solace in the final breath.
So ride you dark cowboy, ride.
Ride into the night.
Ride on your $100,000 horse.
May there be porcelain.
401k plans.
NASDAQ.
Assurance and insurance.
Please, let your children sleep tonight.
Spoon fed quarters till they backed up his throat.
An ivy league could have been.
An heir to a family coat.
"This pressure is beyond anything I can believe. I was born too deep. What exactly is my networth of pride?"
So we ride.

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