memento mori

The Sandals

this will die out.
Narrative: Fear. a fever is dancing in stride with our metronome memory
hipocracy here. painting a portrait that's dripping with crass composition
fumbled trust, the father is dead. cathedrals are burning
lies fuel fires, fear burns red, now i'm cold. ***going inside of our heads.
when we whisper: danger, danger, pull the lever. turn the page and i burn better in the morning.
Heartlessness. Narratives. Christ, where'd you go?
Impassioned. Abandoned. Why, you were wrong.
this will die out.
Narrative fear. a fever is dancing in stride. Metronome memory.
hipocracy here. it's painting a portrait that's screaming "the silence of dying."
fumbled trust, the father is dead. cathedrals are burning.
lies fuel fires. fear burns red and i'm cold. ***going inside of our heads.
when we whisper: danger, danger, pull the lever and i burn better in the morning.
Heartlessness. Narratives. Christ, where'd you go?
Impassioned. Abandoned. Why, you were wrong.
long random talking
Heartlessness. Narratives. Christ, where'd you go?
Impassioned. Abandoned. Why, you were wrong.
we've forgotten how to read. we've forgotten how to believe.
the text has gone dark. the author receeds.

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