

Willie Loman

Ed Gein

"it's not what you say, but how you say it." keep telling yourself that and it will become you. but when you're held up to the light you're transparent. as the wind blows through the skeletons of these trees it carries with it the stale scent of hopelessness. the frost turns the ground as white as your lifeless face. the forests are burning.
you had all the wrong dreams, and now the forests are burning.

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