Burning Bridges Is So 1999...

One Dead Three Wounded

Paint it on a wall. Burning bridges is so 1999. Carve it into stone. I guess you were looking up when you passed your footprints in the sand. Drunk with self-righteousness, you forgot, you passed this point before. Because if character is based on the stability of words than you're fighting a losing battle. I never volunteered my shoulder to cry on. It was not our duty to replace the crutch beneath your arm or become it. Paint your words on a wall. You'll see, they betray you. Open your eyes. Shut your mouth and listen. "We don't have what stars are made of, we never had what stars are made of. This is our inspiration. I scream into this dead microphone for myself and no one else. I breathe into this bag of bones because it's etched into my soul. I scream into this dead microphone for myself.

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