

The Ronald Miller Story

Kid Dynamite

No one ever told me what to think when I'm alone. No one ever told me how to feel when emotion is cold. Can she save me from my disease? A token sunrise sickens the incomplete. It's an off day when I'm in control. It's awfully hard to run away when my foot's stuck in a hole. I thought it was remission and it felt so glorious, but it was adequate compared to what I am. Compared to who I'm trying to be, yeah. And I don't even know who I think I'm trying to be.

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