Fleet

The Sleeping

"Breathing, did you get the guns? Can you feel the burning sun, frozen in your veins? If I go I pray that you will rescue me. A bond in blood I won't have to rescuse myself.
Rescue myself or it's a crying shame.
Ten casual steps to the door.
Keep those nervous eyes on me. Timing is everything. Now this place is ours. So slide your feelings across the floor. Cut off all communication and wish for home.
Now give me everything inside. Gripping your heart. Penetrate the combination with caution. Slowly open up. Giving me everything.
A sudden change of pace I can hear in the walls and now I find myself face down, sighing. I look up toward their lying eyes, which seem to be filling with this evil glare. Destroying what was once a bond in blood. A victim of betrayal. Fallen helpless, sentenced in here with no one to help me out. Taking me away."

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