Tongues

The Chariot

Maybe everythings alright. Maybe all the chairs are always spoken for. We got workers in back and the light is on their eyes but the sadness in your face is beside you with a grin. You've mistaken all the homes and inspirations for the cage. How was I supposed to know that we were never meant for this? You're the reason we already know and I believe you can call this weekend-mission: success, but there's a scratch across the lens. We cataloged all our fears that you treasured and you hoped was here to stay. This is the cut of the director and we got scenes out of our way. When there's a scratch across the lens, all is lost. Hey, wait... we hold our breath as we pass everyone sleeping.

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