A Weekend Spent Askance

Hot Cross

Running in circles is the easiest way to lose track of where you're going or where you've been. We can scream for sin or for days about what we lose and what we've won, but in the end you're only as good as what you've done. Forget the phony fuck that thinks with an ass instead of a head; it's a game left for losers in a scene they're already fled. I can't believe for you, I've already left so much behind. Eleven years of fists and words to keep the right state of mind, and its easy to lose when you've forgotten the game. Whether it's sanity or love you've lost it all amounts to the same. Patchwork existence. A button martyr matrimony. Scene screen survival. An exodus assumed. Who's got the monopoly on sincerity? It's the same color with a different face. Self-selected exiled running in the same old race.

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