History Fell In The Heart Broke Open

Hot Cross

12 x 12 lives to live...The dimensions of disaster keep this ark afloat with letters posted at the price of pride...And they fail us. Yet flow with the missed chance of one last taste of affection. You have nothing on these miserable jokes of intimate pasts and the rose coloured lense of truth. And all the unconscious unfolded unspoken - Remember - There's something to be said for the ones you think of last when there's nothing left to salvage from your fucking past. I've stopped drawing that scene and started speaking in tongues. A new state of mind is long overdue, it's time I inhaled with a new set of lungs.

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