

Letter to a Hostage

Keepsake

I want to take it back, the feelings that remind me of why I came back.

I want to kill the dream and kill the current law.

I want to bring you down to minus one.

I've found the sound for morbid fun.

I want to love and hate you all the fucking time.

Hydrogen, the need to escape from your sign.

We intend to keep in touch all of the time.

You're so complex.

It's all about the cash and ways to make ammends.

With the authority and friends that we would like to be.

I want to kill the dream and kill the current law.

With apostrophe and exclamation, atrophy to robbery.

I want to love and hate you all the fucking time.

It's times like this that I'd like to tell you things are better.

It's eyes like yours that give impressions you don't listen.

I'm taking caution on this beak in.

Exclusively. Simplicity.

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