

Video Games And Fantasy Novels Are Fucking Awesome

Latterman

I can feel another winter coming on. and we're still walking the same ground. our footprints are blending together. and i can still see them in circles in and out of this place. may this headache go away. may this smile stay the same. when i grow up. i want to be like me. and when you grow up i hope that you're still like you. we're still living under the same sky. but these parking lot lights block mine. and we'd like to think that we've changed. but i keep telling the same ten stories in and out of this place. with the same embellished lies about the best times of our lives. and these stories they go on and on

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