A Wicked Pike

KEN mode

How long will I hold my breath this time; Keeping my eyes closed so tight. My heart rate slows, then turns on a dime. I haven't moved in over fifteen minutes and the lights are fading; Despite this internal marathon. It's tough to read whether or not these procedures are perceived as irrational, contrived, or perhaps interpreted as they were intended: genuine. I'll wear my heart on my sleeve, just this once. As though a mist of tiny glass shards is raining down; Head down and run through this starchy maze as my lungs fill with moths. If the scenario dictates that the pants make the man, I'll own this town. It's a wicked pike (and I think I like it), and I'm watching as you're losing face.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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