

An Aptly Fictional Description

The Number Twelve Looks Like You

And it was so contradictory yet deliberately put never should we start a lecture with a quote- Two-tone stage background the actors returning home to eat food covered in nothing good served in purple plasticwear the orchestra isn't craving our attention it sparks the active chords and the stage is set ablaze the conductor lights a cigarette we look at illustrations of ourselves- The orchestra isn't craving just isn't craving out attention Appliances that would blow a fuse at any time while conducting an ancient family recipe to the very next generation- We never saw them coming we've been throwing stones at glass houses for too long It's such a clich.

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