

Sawtooth Grin

Bloodlet

Hold tight this ride holds time. Knows you inside and out. Knows you're burning inside and you need him. She needs, and he knows why she's bleeding. So he goes back and forth again and again. Underneath the freeway. Alone his own king invincible. If the sound you hear screams spirit and the mind no longer know. If the sound you make is swollen then the mess just grows and grows. Bleed for a while, bleed for a while. Close your hands for a hundred miles. Can I savor one last sentiment. A closing comment is just a dancing regret. Soul bliss. This kid screamed while running down the ledge. Why not hide what you contrive, while kneeling by the bed? This

wall bleeds that I lean on, It's everything for the condemned. Ten kids quit teeth, one kid goes deep.

Aligned. He knows what he does and why. He saw him go back and forth again and again. Underneath his freeway. Destroyed. Three in the head, one in the leg. He's dead, he's dead, he's dead. If the sound you hear screams spirit and the mind no longer knows. If the sound you make is swollen then the mess just grows and grows. A separate piece no longer this gestation grows. His destiny is beginning to swell. He can't take away more of this. He know they'll be coming after him in droves. Now he sees the line from the other side. Witch the night, the joining is the line and it too reminds. You can't hear the singing. Not while you see. It swells and justifies.

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