15 On the Freeway

The Sleeping

Calluses, forming from the numbing touch.
A painful price, payable, I am alive. A powerful glance that consumes you in image.
Images reflect what some of us have been fighting for. A fight that goes on until the day the sound dies. Fearless and brave we attack head on until the sound from another dies. Counting down. Just a few more days until it's time to throw away everything. Nothing left behind. Such a painful price, payable with feeling. And I'm alive. Press on move out. An older image to consume. You'll come back, faithful, resting on that image.

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