

In the morning when the cold hurts most, starvation the cancer  
within it's host.

This is frightening and this is profane; the way that we ease i  
nto age.

We only need this bread to let us know that hunger lies unalign  
ed with being alone.

This is frightening [x3]  
It's so cold.

Age secures us our space in the storm where we will weather wor  
n like a well worked whore.

Time will take us by our tender wounds and scab us hard and lea  
ve us blue.

White light, white light, white light

This can't be right

One life?

Despite who knew that I didn't want to be with you

I don't want to die alone...