

There is no binary understanding
these wolves can breathe but talk is f**king cheap.
No one breathes for anything but flavors of the week.
From coast to coast you will find me here in this coup
alone.
For years we'll roam, these are our hours wasted afloat.
I swear to (god)
My minds made up and my feet stand still
I have no love for these creatures and I never f**king
will.
Counting blessings and cheap rhetoric
I swear you will never live to be part of this
spineless
faceless
bold and basic.