

Salvage//Fold

Code Orange Kids

“they sowed there isn't // they reaped there same // sun. moon.
stars. rain.”

my mind is a prison.
i have to escape it.
words spit-to-face that would resonate with the most characterless
of creatures//
leeches suffer slowly// sucking for something
the only solace I took in those nights spent alone
was knowing that I wasn't.
anxiety.
we are disappearing acts // just covering ground
untill those moments fade to shades of grey.
depression.

“spring. summer. autumn. winter. // he sang his did // he danced
his didn't”

exhaustion.
my mind is a prison.
i have to escape it.

“i carry your heart with me. I am never without it. (i carry it
in my heart)”

like the weight of the world on my chest.
my soul is a time bomb
my body is a well.
wake up. give up. go to sleep dead.
images of everything that I have tried to change.
i am the same.
i am the same.
i am the same

we are the same.

human condition as a means of separation (from you liars) as a
whole
these homes are filled with rats and snakes.
they will pick you apart for whatever you are worth.
this water is riddled with the blood and disgust of what came before
it.

they will leave me here. they will bury me here.