

...Vanished in fury of smoke. Before she left she spoke about a problem and a plan. She said "I plan to make my escape, gonna check out the United States. Can't take this island wasteland. How can I be who I want when they know me as who I am? Besides, people work their whole lives hoping to get here. I figure they could use the room. A great place to get rich, have kids and die. I probably won't be coming back so soon. How can I be who I want if I stay here with you? So goodnight, Dark Island. It's the weight of life spent peeking out from beneath the trees... the way the front lawns wander on endlessly. And it's not a bad life. Working 9-5, weekend gardening and cheating on your wife. But if you find yourself broken in the slow mercury of days, and have the courage for the traffic, I know a secret to escape: just be who it is they want. It's easy to find your way. I can't help feeling like there's never enough friends or any friendly faces, just a bunch of clever ways to say "Jesus Saves"