

To the Nines

Hatesphere

Without a care we stand fast, before an endless sea.
Impervious to any storm blowing our way.
Without fear we glance into spiteful eyes, as we walk determined,
dressed to the nines.

Carelessly we let them sling their pebbles at our feet.
Continuously we blast and, with integrity we reemerge poised above it all.
We will trample over them, lo and behold!
With ear crushing sounds and pens like daggers.

We reemerge poised above it all.

We will trample over them, lo and behold! And reemerge poised above it all.