

Arm Your Fists

Kaospilot

Arm your fists with smashed bottles.
Aim at the patriarchal portraits.
Repacked sex keeps your interest as we were living fuck machines.
Nothing falls early or too late.
Assault your pity.
The revolted eye is closed.
Her skin faints while this is your imagination of "lust".
His language did not make us any wiser.
Lift your eyes.
Look through new glasses.
Get right-Sex is not for sale.