

Peace On Mars, Cause You Ain't Gonna Get It Here

None More Black

You. Me. The bark of the tree. Eating of the grass. Easy to spit out. Not the first. The bite it hurts. We're old enough to say that we're old enough to face it. F-U-C-K-E-D veins. C-L-E-A-R the air. I'm relieved wouldn't you agree? It's a nice nice day. When we can overcome it. We swing the axe and whom we must. Always smissing. Coming back to us. Chipping shoulders and sling mud. Almost never worth it. Feel the wind warm as hell. Never feels good...awkward spells. No I'm never spitting fire again. Live learn we're paid in discern. I'm putting it away. I'm sick of feeling guilty. Petty. Petty. Now I think I'm ready to lay it on the line. Lay it on something steady. I don't take this in vain. Grains of salt. Years down the drain.