

Six Fists Hit Harder Than None

Our Last Night

Cut the chord from this power supply that gives control to this failure.
I am justice anticipating sweet revenge, like a killer.
As the fog clears out, promise appears in the distance.
I never did realize what living actually was.
Who knew Eden was arms lengths away?
With cinder blocks tied to my ankles I float to the surface.
Finally I can taste it, a taste so sweet.
And as my teeth start to crumble,
the ruins form shapes of bows and arrows that shoot their way to victory.
My faults are overcome by endearment and I am free to go.
Romance wakens as it acts as a medicine for the sick.
It cures millions who didn't think they had the slightest chance.
I raise my hands in triumph and a sigh of relief as my feet are no longer paralyzed with cement, and I can move again.
The first place I'll go is the only place I know, so please let me in.