

We've went to the edge a thousand times before, and these circles we run have only nailed our feet to the floor. My jaw aches from hurling words at walls with doors locked, windows boarded, refusing to take calls. Are we seeking an agreement? Or is this a competition in obstinance, quick tongues, and redundant flapping lips? All hail the mighty pride - even when you're wrong you're always right. We've spent all this time with cruel teeth bared white and wide. Fierce eyes shine bright through stubborn skulls for the fight. Blades are cutting deep...All I want is some relief! THESE FIREBRANDS WILL BE OUR BANE. may we sheath our tongues for just one day? THE SWITCHBLADES ARE PULLED. Hard crusted with old bloodstains never wiped clean. THE BATTLE'S REBORN. What dirt can we use to manipulate? SWINGING FOR FAME NEVER ACCOMPLISHED ANYTHING BUT SLASHING OUR OWN VEINS. I know that love doesn't keep score. Come! Let us stop seeking egos and start seeking respect! Seconds slink by - I wish we'd see eye to eye. It's a distant life - a place where we both should be. There we find a "perfect society" where people look past their own feeling. Do we find an agreement or do we find our blades? These circles we run have gotten us nowhere. Put down your blades. WE NEED A SOLUTION FOR THESE CIRCLES THAT WE RUN.