

25's And The Royal Blues

The Atlas Moth

I pave the way with gold & black suns
Rest assured this is all a dream.

I feel ill & all of the world is fading before my eyes.

Trust in....the paper ride...you will get home safely

We've forgotten nothing
and no one is safe
my skin crawls in the most peculiar of ways

I've paved I've paved my way...to the next world over