

The Scorpion Deathlock

The Devil Wears Prada

Distance decreases as if time is a dying cockroach.

Plagues enclose.

Sitting upon this wooden bench, I am helpless to billions of bullets.

In this moment I am helpless.

Why is it so difficult to see ourselves?

No poem I've wrote, Nor song I have sung, can halt the army of wrath.

Numbers Numbers Numbers Numbers.

In this moment I am helpless.

Serpents will transform into mice only to drown in the deepest red.

I've always expresses my thoughts in colors, but we remain blind.

Numbers Numbers Numbers Numbers