

Reason

"150"

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It seems off time again, I'll let the tapes sync up. Quick, the walls are caving in. I'll show you here what I mean with all that's done before the humour met my hurt side. When four best friends collide the heart is where you go. How was I supposed to know that you couldn't let this go? It seems so separated but this came together like a wound into the flesh. It means this is everything. To measure up the rock to my heart, its percent of me. Well, it's 150 and that's the way it will be. How was I supposed to know that you couldn't let this go when we said so? You can't fake this heart. It's not the same to you. I'm not in debt to any heart except my own. This is my medicine, my effort, my home. I'm not in debt to anyone except myself. This is my happiness, my sickness, my health.

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