

With Honor "Long Story Short"

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Love is a word so overused, it's become a path to the grave, in the shape of a nail in its speaker's hand, to dry the tongue in the cursed throat where it lands. And this is love? Actions that undermine the beating of the heart. And this is love? Contempt bred from the start. So narrow the line between truth and treason, we stop at nothing while our victims pay the price for love, we stop at nothing for love. This is love, this lie, senseless smoke and mirrors. But there you are, my sweet contradiction, the proof I have of valid point and purpose. And this is love. Actions that overcame the beating of the heart. And this is love. Concern right from the start.

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