

Anterrabae "Etcetera"

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Lesson one: involves a slice of rye and a hand grenade. A reminder to what we once were, a mere glimpse as to all that we will become. Black preceding black. A hint of life (of nothingness) sporadically appears though, as if fate is having fun with us. Vertical incisions require more imagination. Lies are not lies when you're fooling yourself. Lesson two: and the maturity factor. White lined trophies and black book romances just prove walking before crawling. It's pretty hard to keep that tan through the cracks in the walls and it's quite sad to know that you're condemned to long sleeves and food stamps because when he was trying to save you from this place, you were alright. This is the universal. Lesson three: I'm still screaming.

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