

Backseat Goodbye

"If You Can See The End, It's Already Over"

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Shielding my face with my very means of survival. The
very weapons abused, left to rot through to the bone,
Just one foot from equaling the six below. Deaf /
defeated, where peace of mind tightens it's grip
among a smoldering variable. Hell. Vomiting. A few
personal unnamed choruses of goodwill toward man
that I have left. Dusting my finger prints. The caskets of
the ill-taxed still withering in opposition, regardless of
past lessons, proving the human condition and it's
remains kept at my side.

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