

Cadet

"Paws"

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You hear my words my pictures on your sleeve,
imagination paints a window into me, but that's one
sided. you'll have to meet me face to face before you
justify projections. am i what you want? just what you
expected? but the me that's me seems we're similar
but separate and to my friends that were there when
then was then, don't forget i'd be dead without your
friendship. and the distance between us grows from
day to day, but i can't find all the words i have to say
...look through the false image castings of this seven-
inch. we'll hangout together all night and you will know.

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