

December Wolves **"Public Aquarian Freebase"**

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"Breathe in not the clove that gestates with
distinction...But
rather, the sophisticated stench of the clearly
wounded"
A champion, certainly not at his best...Choking with
personal
distress...Reaching reconciliation. Like a crab in the wet
sand...Mine and your object of obsession. Because it's
no
longer the thought that counts. Hence the new twist on
life as

we know it...A different mask for a different day.
It's a tempting world we live in. It's sublime, without
treatment or release...A new man, from what we
believe to be
an excruciation of the truth. So how many licks does it
take?... to get to the bottom of the barrel?

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