

Haste

"Brand New Opposites"

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When the ink is dry, or at your deathbed, you can damn
your poison words.

It seems you have run out of regard for moralistic
ideals.

Just turn your head when confronted with the truth
And hope that your new life is all that you wished for.
Adjusted the definition of loss.

Is it just coincidence that it fits so well here?

Restitution comes passing through and it won't even
walk through the first door.

Face north and greet the cold that times your pulse.

North, directionally outright, straightforward.

Face north and greet the cold that times your pulse.

North, truest of all points.

Points, that you have failed to make.

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