

## Haste

# "Force Is Always An Option"

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We plant our teeth, as we are conditioned, firmly in our tongues. Rather than speak, exposing weakness, as our mouths fill up. I have a talent for destroying. When I touch it breaks. Now arrange the peices, malicious thoughts are motivation. Our bonds became our anchors and the water rises still. Broadcasting guilt, exposing weakness, when we wound it's real. Holding hope for to morrow, as we are conditioned, until tomorrow slips. I have a talent for destroying. When I touch it breaks. Now arrange the pieces, malicious thoughts are motivation. Our bonds became our anchors and the water rises still. Look at yourself. Take your tongue out of my mouth and speak for yourself. Cast off your anchors as the water rises still. Words on this page lie between us used, faded and worn. You will never hear what I'm saying. No matter how I scream.

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