

Haste

"Houdini Has Lost His Key"

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City streets will bleed through and I'm holding out for just whatever. Some things never come. Every sure thing every loop, and nothing to oppose. It's all in how you read between the lines. The lines are long, the lines have gone. It's all in how you sleep at night. At ease, at ease with yourself to be crucified or crowned. Making out a list of certain deaths and acrobast. A kind of call to arms. What it takes to follow through, I wonder if you'll know? At ease, at ease with yourself to be crucified or crowned. Everything for you, repeat and start again. Between every line the story will begin. Everything for you, repeat and start again. At ease, at ease with yourself to be crucified or crowned.

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