

Haste "The Rescued"

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The smokestacks breathe like spitting out the truth.
White lines disguised as fuel consumed. Under
grayblue skies we are simple machines, marks
matched with greatness but tempting fate. Lines,
Faces, are all drawn in the sand. it's better not to
understand and turn your back on the city. Wine, it
tastes like it did yesterday and finally you've found a
way of turning your back on everything. Don't ever
swing on three right things. Finding safe escape routs
and saying the right things. The choice you make still
affects me. We cling to this tension just to feel nything,
leaving flesh for the effort we've made. Time to
embrace. time won't erase these guilty looks from your
eyes. There is no disguise good enough to hide lines
that are drawn in the sand. You've finally found a way.
Don't ever, However. Written down in numbers and
measured in waves add up to a sense of
accomplishment.

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