

Conducting From The Grave "When Two Blood Types Coalesce"

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Two fingers hold a light, that in time will filter out all the bad times. Cherishing a nourished future, holding onto letting go. Saltwater expressions wash over a pale face, leaving the other to reflect it back. A fold, a crease, a setting, all began with only a decline. Crumbling barriers give way to an unbearable friction. Cold shivers, their skin sticks to the barrels of their release leaving behind a trail of their types amongst the sheets. Collect the remains, the families shall remember not to inconvenience, let sorrow set in with despair to dig the hole. In a time when two blood types coalesce. Smiles will never be so shallow again. But rain in the light, undefined by an unba

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