

Monday In London "End Of The Line"

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One voice inside to another says "I've got more problems than us both". But that's so sick to call life a problem that has its needs and needs to be solved. she thinks it over while her satin black mane waves perfectly over one eye. she sits cross-legged doubled over as if she's clutching a child waiting to die.

Is it worth it? If you want to find peace at the end of the road I promise I'll be there. Her heart has no bearing a weak sense of directions and things take too long to register. Listen to regrets, at long last she's released his love. And the front door haunts her.

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