

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Sleeping With The Fishes, See?"

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Take my picture I want to have proof of this history, I
want the lake in the back and all this beauty in my
heart, they like to hide in the marsh.
Like a child on a tire swing, they swoop in on an arch to
brush the fish home.
Dinner is served to the younger, the late bloomers lay
their eggs, and they all sway to the music of the
brushing weeds.
I want to conserve, I want to protect, I want to defend,
we have to preserve.
How can I help before this will end?
The bees need to stay busy... butterfly wings need to
keep the flowers in motion... the trail needs to stay
warm... so you stay away from their home.
You and everyone like you are selfish destroyers, and
I'll be just as selfish when i don't give you back.
One drill through your heart, two chisels in your eyes,
three nails to crucify you.
I will turn your project to news headlines

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