

Our Last Night

"Six Fists Hit Harder Than None"

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Cut the chord from this power supply that gives control
to this failure.

I am justice anticipating sweet revenge, like a killer.

As the fog clears out, promise appears in the distance.

I never did realize what living actually was.

Who knew Eden was arms lengths away?

With cinder blocks tied to my ankles I float to the
surface.

Finally I can taste it, a taste so sweet.

And as my teeth start to crumble,

the ruins form shapes of bows and arrows that shoot
their way to victory.

My faults are overcome by endearment and I am free
to go.

Romance awakens as it acts as a medicine for the sick.

It cures millions who didn't think they had the slightest
chance.

I raise my hands in triumph and a sigh of relief as my
feet are no longer paralyzed with cement, and I can
move again.

The first place I'll go is the only place I know, so please
let me in.

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