

Format & Hold

"The Third Half of the Alphabet"

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With every second another cell is failing us,
something from below is rising up.
Ever. Space. Vescent.
We let words drip,
like ideas coming from my head
so we can:
Build cities without credits,
biographies about legends.
Credit the source, credit the source
onward and forth
space travel, i knew it wasn't possible

Understanding, condesending
left me out,
doors shut,
bolt the locks.
Over and out.
This is about where we are now.

Cosmetic reproduction,
please accept this ammunition,
blast shots from across the room
after all, i swear it will make a loud boom.
Not thinking, you're unwilling,
i'm praying while she's killing.
Last time was the fastest time,
lets look for a better way out

This is about where we are now

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