

The Latency

"Sixteen Hours"

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So, i think i know what I'll be doing today. passing thoughts of exercise while i laugh in the face of good health. stakes get raised, harder to wake every day. embarrassment fuels redemption, the solution is the same. sucking hard on the death, suck life out of me. water insides with dehydrants. a black lung an ignition key another night accelerates to stop and stay the same another sixteen hours down the drain waking up, coughing up hardened throats and blackened lungs. it's easy to stop stopping any time you want. growing pains from growing old. fingertips burn from the cold. blood and oxygen another evening killing friends. will i wake up tomorrow? will it be another replay of today? (and what did you expect?) down the drain and out the door ... when too much begs for more ...

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