

Absentee Ballot

This Is Hell

A million candles line these streets.
Back home theres just melted wax on the concrete and I recall a
heart so pure it that ceased to beat.
I haven't said nearly enough.
But I've already said far to much.
This is the best and worst things will ever get, so don't forge
t...back home they curse our names, but good or bad we all rot
the same