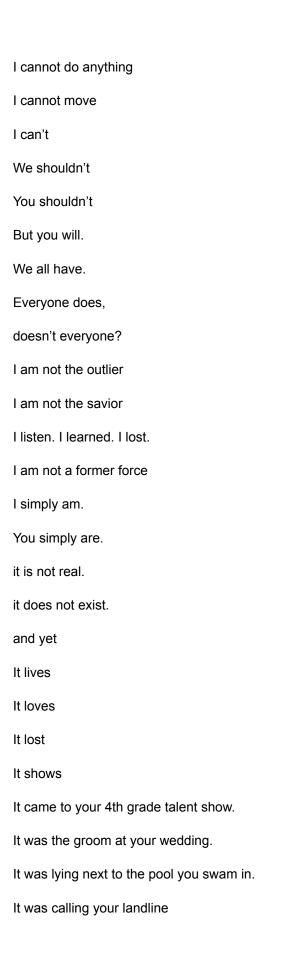
there shouldn't be a introduction
there is no silence
no.
There is sound.
Whine whine whine
it whurrs
crying
It's the light bulb in the porch light
The moth flies to it, drawn to a power.
Power it cannot wield, cannot contain.
It's the moon in the fresh sky
The people worship it, drawn to its tide
Nothing can stop what's coming,
nothing can stop what has already come.
The gears.
They speak.
They talk,
they live
They run away.
They come crawling back.
worship what has come
worship what has left us
save yourself for the future
or
lose yourself in the past.



It taught you how to write a letter

It taught you everything you have ever known

It taught you everything you haven't learned,

yet.

It isn't good

It isn't bad.

it simply is.

The way you simply aren't

The way I simply could never be.

It is