

that's who

come up on the curlicue

and stealing. vocation
transpare informal in
blunt community hue.

shit be rough-hued. be
round like huw sing for

his sister and she pray

like a tree we guess we

planted as we be blue
as we can be. fade and
flow just end after while

but we endlessly accrue.

on vocation, tore up, we
up in there just cause

it feel good. up in
here there's a divinity

that we be cleaving to
like ghost dog. young
lord of the general sword
we the general hewe.