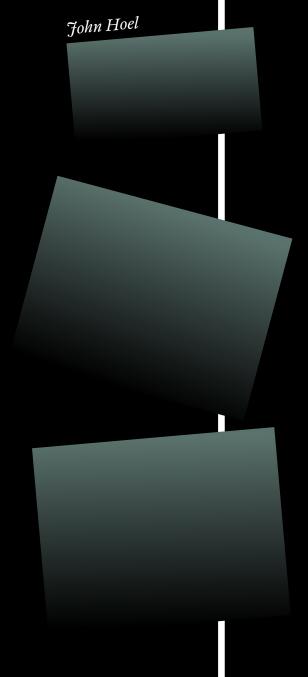
## whaleteeth

Morning doesn't come your form void of all nutrients it will be here shrunken and hard to the touch but with no life force it yields nothing in the shell of the shell of what it means to be human you are limp of severe weakness withdrawal from exterior life the steady ground beneath it be absent remain without sedentary place porous entry in your life for the people with enough love to knife you. how they remove your mouth fluids their beady necks. to string you around



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