Sanchez

Calexico

Going on their lands for sale to stake my claim burn my name in the soil out past the borders beyond the hill through seasons of nothing safe for the self-destructive world memories get altered no point of reference to hold and it feels like someone is watching asi tear into the skin of innoncence and decadence for awhile so we settled in and half the veins where blood runs pure troubled the cure for a short while out in the dust they suffocate the sprawl and greed bent on breed and stare and children stare stare through shiny little boxes over landscape that is quickly foiled

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