

speak the word – the word is all vibrating magic into spells until the languages we spout create the wor(l)d inside out –

we are magicians – one and all imagining from love to fear – then creating gut by word the every where we chose to live –

we put the hell into hello while calling mourning good – we hold the our inside of hours and the be inside behave –

we put the cult in culture and the butter in butterfly – so why do we weaken on weekends when we have the power to fly?

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