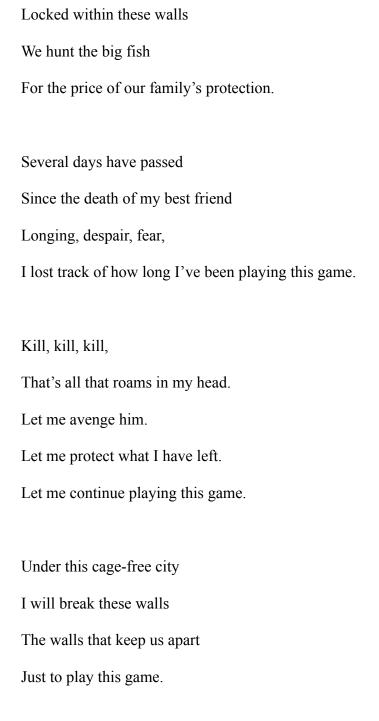
Never Stop Playing

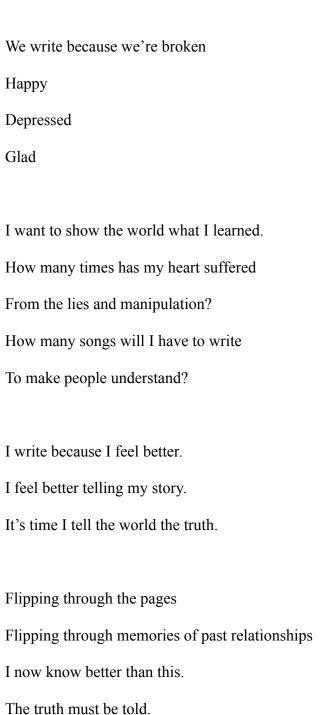
We play this game intending to win.

Predator and prey



I will never stop playing this game.

Musician's Instincts



That Other Friend

That other friend.
That's what people refer to me.
Tall,
I tower over everyone else
But I still live behind his shadow.
I started a business.
Filled with the finest beers
The finest vodka
And the best distributor for the "happy" drug
Watching my best friend create music
Performing on stage
With the local crowd cheering
Downloading his music
While I sit behind the counter
I want to be as famous as him,
But I have no skills.
No talents
Nothing.

I want people to stop referring to me as the "other friend."
Please,
I have a name.
I have a voice.
I have a heart.
This Body of Mine
After the fight,
So many views; so much money.
The cheers, the cries,
I want it all.
With this dying body,
I can create something new.
It's purity; it's courage.
This body wants revenge.
I'll create a monster out of you.
Filled with holes of blue pride
And endurance to build the wall higher.
With the body of a soldier,

You'll be my main event.
Wake up. It's time to show the world what you're made of. Show them that knives and bullets cannot stop you.
Wake up, monster. Strip those souls from our money. Kill for your master.
For I own you now.