FORMAT

Text

**Video**

We orbit a dying star. Each time around it’s the same, but it is also a little different. **Topple** Those walls are never high enough, they are never full enough, revolution is a circle.**In doing so you become the monster you are trying to combat** the more you have, the more you clench your fistthe more you take, the more you think you need**Gravity** Pushing and pulling on the screenThen Pinching the image like preparing for a sutureThe screen is my window, I sit here and watch the world explode**I have a hand in it** Watching those men celebrate murder,their words smell like farts.Which can be lit with a match**Second law of thermodynamics**you're looking for meaning in things that have no meaningif you squint your eyes you can not tell that it’s fake

**Middles**

You have so much, how can you be so stupid?

**Boomerang**

Nothing lasts forever

Even the stars die

**This is what it feels like in the end**