

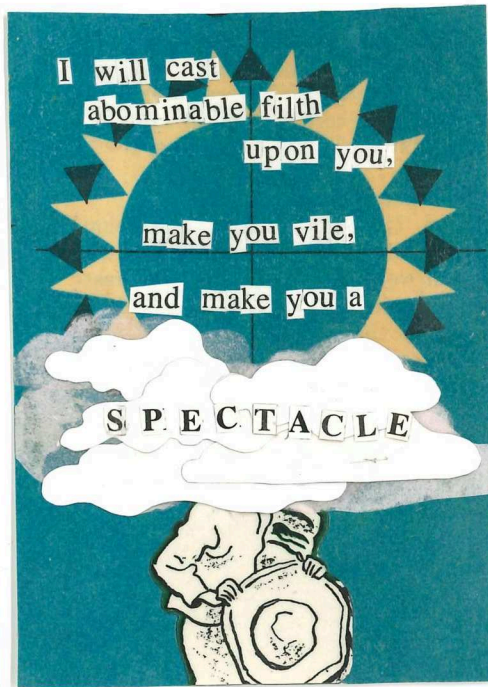
a love story.

western style.

Beyond all the body-breaking work, there's the soul-stretching bigness of the sagebrush valleys.

There's listening to coyote concerts and splashing yourself awake with icy springwater.

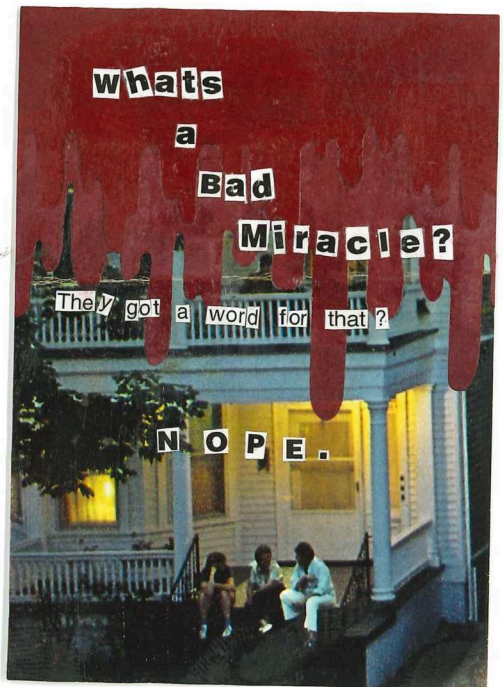
There's the feeling of your knees about to fall apart after an all-day ride and watching your sweat-stained horse rolling jubilantly in the day's end dust.



I will cast abominable filth upon you,

make you vile, and make you a

S P E C T A C L E



whats

a

Bad

Miracle?

They got a word for that?

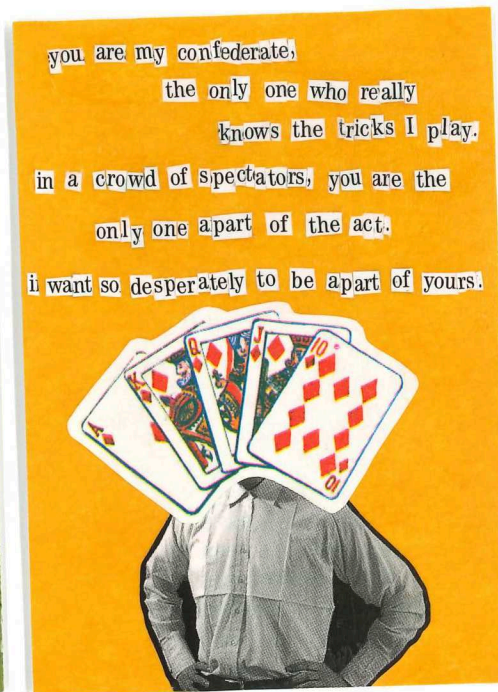
N O P E .



gonna make this garden

grow

inch by inch and row by row



you are my confederate,

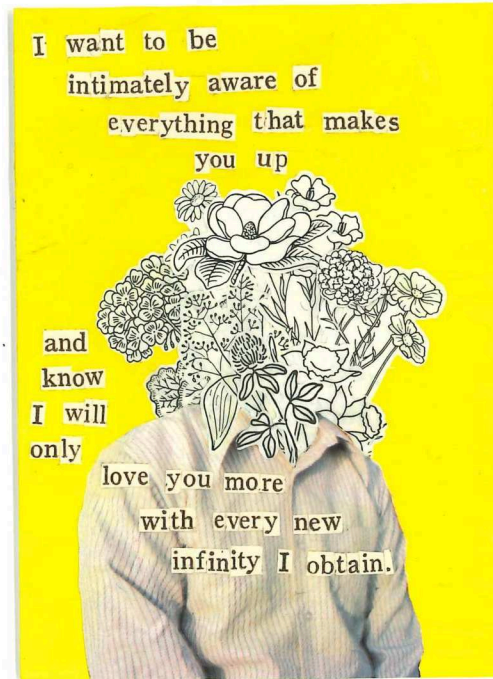
the only one who really

knows the tricks I play.

in a crowd of spectators, you are the

only one apart of the act.

i want so desperately to be apart of yours.



I want to be

intimately aware of

everything that makes

you up

and know I will only

love you more

with every new

infinity I obtain.



S T A Y

S O F T

G E T

E A T E N