

“Even when I was little, I knew that teenagers sparkled. I knew they knew something children didn’t know, and adults ended up forgetting.”

-Lorde 2016

Pilgrims of the night, all we do is worship love. We can stumble through the dark, tearing our supple flesh. Dancing, crying. We tend ourselves with the Band-Aids of our youth, infinitely living in those fleeting escapades. We’ll only have scars to prove it all.