

# SYNCHRONIZED KICKS



*YOU: I doth profess... thou reminds of a Music Meister from a half-rememb'rethed dream...*

*I.H.T.F.P: By Walt Disney's beard, you're talking nonsense.*

*YOU: ... one who broke parole a decade and nine years ago.*

*I.H.T.F.P.: Perhaps it's finally time to wake up to the sound of music... activate the synchronized kicks!*

Affection may be metaphored to the exposed aperture of an enclosed dwelling. May I make an foolish inquisition? Wilt thou engage with me in the vows of holy matrimony?

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I shall reveal to you the heavenly sphere upon which we dwell. Impart to me, royal heiress, when didst thou last allow thine heart to ponder?

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I shall inspire in you the characteristics of a fine gentleman.

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The cyclical nature of biological existence galvanizes the entirety of our race, through affliction and promise, allegiance and passion.

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Art thou capable of creating art with the tempestuous hues of nature?

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These entities of frozen precipitation sparkle white on the elevated precipice. Alas, it becomes apparent that I am the sole royal matriarch of this kingdom.

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Art thou capable of experiencing the sentiment of affection this evening?

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