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Quality Check.

Nate Hoil

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QUALITY CHECK.

Nate Hoil

I'm playing guitar and everyone hates it.
And everyone hates me.
And they want me to live a long and painful life.

I suck down a pint glass and I black out for 100 years,
wake up rich as a chocolate cake.
My brain cells fade like old lights on a Christmas tree.

And I do two things: I make mistakes and I make purchases.
And I walk in on my dead body orgasming on the ground.

Mark my words
with this pen on this paper.
The sunrise foreshadows my imminent shadow.

I open the blinds and I stand there frowning.
One road might take me to the end of the road.

What's the worst thing that could appear in the dark of the night?
Me in a rock band you can hear throughout your house.

I'm not an adult, I'm older than time.
I break both my legs for good luck.

You can find more of NATE HOIL's work at natehoil.com.

