

# Luti-Kriss, Creating Something Out Of Nothing, O

Your eyes, your concrete eyes.  
Cross crisscross my path...  
Walking in circular patterns.  
Shoe shine your ammo, polish your metal.  
I need not your wicked weapons.  
My war is not with someone like you.  
A string of blood that is not my own strings between.  
Increase time and it will fall into place.  
A sword and my heart.  
So much so that it makes its way through my throat giving me thought to speak.  
This becomes my pistol.  
This becomes my dagger of my time.  
Don't sell out  
It all comes to.  
This becomes your future.  
Unseen war.  
Your weapons are useless.  
Drop the gun.  
Golden gun.  
Like bringing a knife to a gun fight.