

Rifles At Recess, Dance on Your Grave

Shades of grace spilled across lips that lied as she became the mother of sorrow. each word portrayed the shores of my lust where a million breaths were laid to rest. i cursed the wind blowing backwards in mirrors, reflecting a face that could not belong to me. Sleep beautiful winter . her words laid upon the alter as her hands were laid upon the grave, we died slowly that day so that the blind could see, so that the deaf could hear , so that our children could speak to the dead. carve me a casket from the corpse of night and the whores of its darkness. bless this breath and the words it has destroyed, undress my shame as i molest the fame that got us here. shades of grace spilled across lips that lied as she became the mother of sorrow. each word portrayed the shores of my lust. each word portrayed the waters of desire and i pulled every knife from my side and stained sand crimson. lay this cold heart at the feet of fables untold until my tongue teaches the parables of revenge. i could give a fuck about forgiveness. i could give a fuck about remembrance. we chose this night. now watch me turn and walk away as the plot thickens.