

Rifles At Recess, Heroes vs. Harlots

heroes, harlots, habits. deceive another heart in this waking hour. i will die again before breath. before scars heal you must bleed. cast my doubt in every sunrise and make this day remember the night as i painted it. show me your trust and ill show you my betrayal, breaking me down i beg tolerance. suspend me by broken wings. breath in the sky and kill those thoughts that are dead mans dreams...alas we have severed our tongues. no more wishing with our eyes we've created every fucking monster...every fucking one. pick up the knife and paint the floor red with your selfish intentions. sharpen your teeth for the hunt and we will sin like unbaptised children...this broken back will claim our innocence. our age will outweigh our desire. i can still see a boy bringing flowers as i lay in this empty room i have named every scar after you, i have grown to call this pain friend. born a slave but ill die a master, if this is life then show me the fucking door. i've been to funner funerals.