

Burning Airlines, A Lexicon

now the leeches are in love,
and the serenade's begun.
maybe you're the lucky one,
but you can't trust a simple song.
you're no fun.

are we speeding to outrun identification?
stoop for the honor,
this pen's poison.
defeated honorees trade self-made mythologies.
who are these vampires,
these ugly beauties?

we are.

we are steering by falling stars,
swearing upon a lexicon of scars,
but sweetest revenge never comes true.

why sing it again?
try something new.

test for fatal deficits.
prove to you that you exist.
part-time assassin,
who's next on this list?

we are.

we are steering by falling stars,
swearing upon a lexicon of scars,
but sweetest revenge never comes true.
why sing it again?
try something new.

if this is a curse,
it christens you king midas in reverse
without retinue,

your mercenary faith begging for proof
when sweetest revenge never comes true.

why sing it again?
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