

None More Black, Ice Cream With The Enemy

Face it.

I'm catching all your drifts.

They're blowing eastward, through my door and out my window.

Originate in mouth.

In innuendos.

Every word is meant to hurt.

Meant to feel like war.

I've had enough.

All's fair only when the weather is.

The air is right for shooting down my best intentions,
but all the good it's done.

We'll never mention.

Just like the worst. Just like the worst.

Hot tongues and poor little lungs are burnt to a crisp from fire that we spit.

No wins with sharp bloody pins that we've hired and fired at will.

They're sticking in my skin.

I've had enough.

Allies are worthless in this shit-faced fucking
that I fear has grown to pity me for the damage done
and you for the healing.

When neither side has meant to hurt.

Now when I get lost.

I follow the blood trail home to my disgust
and think of all the wrong things I could be doing...
and all the good times I could ruin.

"Hey, I wouldn't worry about it man.

Do what you can try not to hide."

"Hey, I wouldn't worry about it man.

Do what you can to feel alive."