

Planes Mistaken For Stars, Bloody But Unbowed

and you're spitting bullets
as the words trip off of my tounge,
and you're spitting bullets
and everyone is chisled with my name.
and you'll hang me on
and you'll hang me from every word
you're a killing joke cloaked with a kiss,
and hollow hits from hollow hands have never hits like this.
no one's leaving until we have 4 fists broken