

Rifles At Recess, Here's to Broken Boys

i whispered your name last night into dark freezing pillows and sighed when nothing was returned but breezes that blew me tight to sleep , my arms are getting so tired of hugging memories and falling peices to the floor.there i am on hands and knees picking up smiles and your make-up's not a mask anymore. i love you today just like the days before to hear your voice in dreams inside of me. i slip beneath the sky again to catch a glimpse of you preparing for me more memories, was it always this fucking peaceful even when you cried? i whispered your name last night into dark freezing pillows and sighed when nothing was returned but breezes.i would love to think that our worlds together had no hands of time but we're running thin on the time we spend watching eachother try. i wanted this to last so long like ancient tombs that put to sleep all the boys who had hopes just like mine. i want you to know this day that i whispered your name into a pillow that just sat there and didnt move.