

Rifles At Recess, I Died Twenty Times in 1986

where were the angels when my sunshine was shattered? how did it feel to touch my skin? eight years and innocent,, how did it feel to touch my skin?your hands buried buried my tongue in the deepest grave , flowers were fading on gods brightest day . i was such a cute kid but now i hope youve spent these days practicing death. where were the angels when screams died wishing that my throat was the size of forgiveness? i was his s