

Rifles At Recess, No Evil Angels

please dont pull this dagger from my back i want the whole world to have a place to hang their hats and watch the shadows wilt.i want the whole world to pull up roots from the earth like veins from the belly of revelation. i want to fly these abused skies and take the grand tour of armageddon looking thru a dead saints eyes. strip the king of his crown and melt it down to mold me shackles where ill remain chained in contempt by the failure of what a ruler dreamt when his eyes closed and reopened dead with poems of apocolypse carved into his head. i wake up dazed from the summers heat and find the carvers knife laying at my feet. i am the author of tomorrow , i am the inkwells plea for featherpens. i am 100 needles sewing the sun undone(and selling fire one flame at a time). close your eyes and dream and tell forever that im coming to steal his 9 to 5.