

Sparks It Will Rain

Poison the Well

Like the firm decision to bring forth axe to head.
I want this winged metal to go down.
Unfortunately for the ones I'm with I won't stop wishing, hoping, believing that eventually it's weight will bring it down.

A small hint of me wants to save the young on board but I know what will happen.

The jaded will come tease them with years of no worries only to break it at the neck without warning.

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Butterflies nest in my body.
As I wait for it to happen I know how my story will end.
I've just never had the ground rush at me that fast.
I may regret my decision.

I've had the same dream over and over.
To be forever immortalized body and facial.
Like those who lived in Pompeii.

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