

Why Cars Don't Start In Horror Movies

Stray from the Path

The occupants of the theater seats shake with enjoyment
As crimson fluids cascade down innocent skin.
Would we feel like god to take anothers life?
And while we caress a wrist with delicate razors.
The TV offers adventure and fun in a setting known as the army.
Our drunken uncle has picked another fight in a downtown bar.
We take arms rather than take his bourbon.
Hollywood pricks the finger
And drops red rain on virgin tongues.
We've fallen in love with the loss of control,
And all our heroes of forgotten
Wars, scream from crowded skies above,
To warn there unseen son's.
We should have known better than that