

Burning Airlines

"Will Pull This In By Hand"

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There will be many nights alone to pour the kerosene.
Scissors cut harness free, the spotlight on the bed of
the serene.

And when you call me out in victory.

It's been a long night, and I still came up missing.

And I touch to believe.

I gather my faith to help me sleep.

Stare deep from the south.

Watermarked and straightened all out.

Lions spit broken teeth when armies of insects
surround.

And when you call me out in victory, come call me out
and gather me.

Hearts tear out in victory

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