

FallStar

"Set My Face Like Flint"

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The standard will not be met with election. Our king is not their king. I met the man I saw the face. I moved erratic evasive evasive. We're the dreaded backdraft of the arsonist king. Long live the king. Come come will you go? Let's go! Go Go Go. Turn back and you'll never know what it feels to burn like sun spot fire storms. Slaves to golden fumes. Come on. Come come will you go? Let's go! Go! Go! Turn back and you'll never know. How it feels to have your voice like a glock snap, click back, clearing out the room. The standard will not be met with a Capitalist. Our king is not their king. I offered up my back to those who beat me and spit in my face. I will not hide my face from you. I will not be put to shame. Therefore I will set my face like flint. I will not be disgraced. He pulled me out of the streets. He slammed my veins with kerosene. Bulimic fingers found the ghost, and now I can't stop heaving. I have been leaking on the floor. You could call it bleeding. No time to stitch me up. This dead man walks. Bury me. Death couldn't hold my King. Bury me. And it cannot hold me. Long live the king.

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