

Rifles At Recess

"I Died Twenty Times In 1986"

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Where were the angels when my sunshine was
shattered? how did it feel to touch my
Skin? eight years and innocent,, how did it feel to touch
my skin?your hands buried
Buried my tongue in the deepest grave , flowers were
fading on gods brightest day .
I was sucha cute kid but now i hope youve spent these
days practicing death. where
Were the angels when screams died wishing that my
throat was the size of forgiveness? i was his sin. i hope
that youve spent these days practicing death. i close
my eyes and you melt away....let's restart this fucking
war.

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