

Rifles At Recess "No Evil Angels"

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Please don't pull this dagger from my back i want the
whole world to have a place to
Hang their hats and watch the shadows wilt.i want the
whole world to pull up roots
From the earth like veins from the belly of revelation. i
want to fly these abused
Skies and take the grand tour of armageddon looking
thru a dead saints eyes. strip
The king of his crown and melt it down to mold me
shackles where I'll remain chained
In contempt by the failure of what a ruler dreamt when
his eyes closed and reopened
Dead with poems of apocolypse carved into his head. i
wake up dazed from the summers
Heat and find the carvers knife laying at my feet. i am
the author of tomorrow , i
Am the inkwells plea for featherpens. i am 100 needles
sewing the sun undone(and
Selling fire one flame at a time). close your eyes and
dream and tell forever that
Im coming to steal his 9 to 5.

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