When People Resort to Name Calling

As Friends Rust

And so again, my friends we've taken this conversation to its bitter end. I need to cut my tongue, before it cuts us down. We spit them out like spears. Without a doubt we never look to see who's in the clear. I need to lose this one, before it cuts us down. Down to Nothing. No bones are broken, no lives are stolen, but what's been proven when there's nothing left to prove? My mouth is launching, ballistic missiles, and you can't catch them fast enough. I don't mind the knife because I know its driven by you. I don't mind the knife because I know you're the force behind it. We're all serrated and capable, and so we cut.

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