Badger

This Town Needs Guns

I read your call sign; Butterfly.
Thoughts of wings open wide, cast in sunlight.
In my hand your bones are brittle and you burst in to flame.
Untie me and let me leave.So what if I should forget to breathe?
Will white light rescue me and secure my salvation?
I can all but hope.
That time will tell that this was real enough for me.Blessed with hindsight, it was clear to me.
Your reckless advancements came with no guarantees.
My minds made up.
we were never in love.
So whats lefts absolution for the weight of our sin.
so if theres no sign of the morrow our souls remain clean.

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