American Fights

Keepsake

And it's all inside your head.
Pictures painted perfect, black and red.
It's a theme worth fighting for.
And all the lines now have been drawn.
Arousing questions.
No one's getting hurt.
You're a patriot of words.
And it's cloudy all day and you don't have much to say.
A weakened attempt.
Taking over.
Getting answers.
Take a step.
Irradicate.
A lonesome day of work and sweat and tears
and grief and constant running hate.And if I had a dime for every time you cried.
Then I would buy you a holiday in Rome.
And if I had a chance to buy a piece of time.
I'd wake up to a life of crime.A broken jaw.
A penny lost.
The sounds of shattered bits of glass and stepped on moss.
And I know you well.
A sour girl, who gave up hopes and dreams of a different world.
And I hope you've bought some time
because every minute lost is a minute past your prime; time TV gets you through.
A lonesome day of work and sweat and tears
and grief and thoughts of twenty-two.A pseudo-thought.
I'm getting lost.
The taste of blood.
American fights hurt so much.
And I can't believe, you're getting up.
The cost of living everywhere it just went up.

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