

Bloody But Unbowed

Planes Mistaken for Stars

and you're spitting bullets as the words trip off
of my tounge, and your spitting bullets and
everyone is chisled with my name. and you'll
hang me on and you'll hang me from every word
you're a killing joke cloaked with a kiss, and
hollow hits from hollow hands have never torn like this.
no one's leaving until we have 4 fists broken

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