Future Wars

La Dispute

(Crows, wipe the blood from the end of your claws.
Said the vulture
Lets gather like storms for the war.
Crows, as the night turns its skin into coal,
Dark as corpses but cluttered with gold.
They will label you thieves, wolves, and whores
but you are nothing less than angels,
cast down and covered in black.)

Ain't this the bloodiest mess in the world? Said the virgin, a torn little girl.
Boy, you went and made a sweet wreck of my soul, and I've already forgiven you.

And blood was running down
Her dress in streams into her hands where she
Was stitching on the flesh had left
In sections on the carpet near a bed that
Never slept while she was sleeping
In her clothes that he had laid with on
The floor with all his fingers crossed
In hoping that that distance
Wouldn't grow.
But how it grew,
And how it hurt,
And how it hallowed every memory had
Never felt was threatened by a thing the world
Could conjure up to kill them, but he let it kill them
What a bunch of fools we lovers are.
And now shes smiling, with her self put back together,
just a shadow of the past before the war.
All sewn together, like a city sick from storms
and sick of waiting for a god to call the floods out of her home.
what a bunch of fools we lovers are
when tempted by the taste of flesh.

"My boy, you are nothing more than a thief and a whore
in a suit of the finest of armor." laughed the vulture.
"Pathetic little child, I am embarrassed for you."

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