

A Dagger Through The Heart Of St. Angeles

[Alexisonfire](#)

Plaid skirts that hide love
Walk in single file.
Ties that restrict blood to the brain. Passing notes in math class.
Freedom wear your scars of desire.
It's a coming of age story.
Freedom wear your scars of desire.
Conflicting impulses.
Freedom wear your scars of desire.
Cuts seem to bend the sky.
Bend (bend) the (the) sky (sky). I've read this book before. Anxious eyes stare out of warped glass
Waiting for the three o'clock bell. Trying hard to forget that cold October day,
When Love challenged Freedom to a fist fight.
Freedom looked victorious;
But no one was expecting the outcome on that baseball diamond
When Love reached beneath her plaid jumper,
Pulled out a switch blade,
And drove it
Directly through the heart of St. Angeles. Go!
Any notion of self-government
Was left by love bleeding
On the pitcher's mound.
You're
(So you say you're scaring me)
Scaring me.
(And you won't be there to catch me.)
And bleeding on the pitcher's mound. On the, on the

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