

WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE TO TAME THE UNITED STATES OF MIND?

A fountain of lead watering the hallways dead thirst for life, the dripped clothes and knife edge ripped worlds, wrong direction decision, red carpet awards of failed bag time applauds the poorly technician and master of this prison.

Cafeteria magic, blind fear and headlight deer's, sparks and urine pants, tears and smirking jeers through a barrel crosshairs to ballistic cheers.

Locker black cloaks, jock bully pokes and goads, school Ed hierarchy anxiety, careers of what to be placed on hold, ticking time for simmer pot fury.

The wild west, trench coat tactical vest, packing the sawn off, crisp morning of the morn of the field horizon crest silhouette warning to poison the blessed.

Hill pot shots rang out, backpack armor, cries and hot pain sang out, halfway in the doorway, school protocols weighed heavy and systems failed to lock out disregarded pranks but is all too real now.

Pennywise balloons float the hallways but can't escape the wolves at the doorways continue to taunt and rape the air with copper jacket rackets and exorcism rounds, through table boundaries unbound with priesthood prayers and whispers of hopeful sound not to touch the reapers palms, but to taste the warm embrace of loved ones unharmed.

No mirrors and dice, opportunities to think twice are gone ideas from the plan are in motion, the time has come.

Enemies and friends, friends are now enemies, there is no remedies to evict these lost souls from pandora's box tenancies.

Reasons unknown, positions unknown, blonde hair, loose gripped phones, dried tears and sweat, desk roof ears half conversations cut short in wet dark pools, the moment ends in the absence of rules, hurt and stolen lives, never a chance given for cool skies driven like fools open shirts eye to eye, smiles to my neighbours in hiding under wings of fate before they fly from the dirt binding.

What if this packet was resealable, and weren't in fact inevitable, the thought of inconceivable actions, and twisted Marta factions a new world teen goldfish bowl to win their rations from this mad carnival and horror show that's now gonna consume em' all.

The poisoned history and empty glass of a class set to never forget the past, the names of vein and erase the famed dark angels of destiny from the memories stained in glory heights, broken nights and lights on and frights form too late to date, and on it goes, never knows the plague that shows the fallen of hate.