

Pieces separate and create destruction

Be mindful of these sights that make your ears perk but your
eyes divert

They like to be one step away

grays and beiges clash with whites

If only the rainbow would have lasted the night

She was last seen prancing about the stage *Miss Starry-Eyed*

Her MISSING signs stick to every post

caked with dirt and dust.

She left a carving in the side of a tree

Where pardons can be made unjustly

I'm free.

wait for the seeds.

Left again to the demise of those who like to play with matches

until a blaze is born.

They manage to throw the stones just to see what'll take and

leave the fighting for the children,

"Run little baby, you run my dear"

walk with holding hands.

Her blood trembling hands,

What do they stand for

And what little light left

to leave with dead eyes

Her sorrys are fading to the air.

It all goes according to
plan

Wild poppies for the nerves
and abrasive winds keep the bones nice and cold
Be careful where you step

Under dirt

Lies truth

Blown over truth again blown out of proportion lies
Tipping the stakes
Maybe it'll land right this time

ran for the hills

Two men carried the bodies *ripped apart* through the trees
And dug them deep under the *ripped apart* grass and leaves.

It all went according to plan

Where the Songbirds *linger* perched on the branches *warnings*
they prepared
as the world makes it a show.
Now bow your heads and show some respect.

Mimic of the whistle work

The boy Complimenting the metal slicing through earth
his mom lays a poppy
And saves the rest.

All for the plan.

The ones who survived wait **Out into the woods, so you can be safe from here**
they will never be safe.

Out. to the woods, so you can escape here

In here you'll be singing with your throat slit

Out there you're songs will exist