

this heart is beating
and the bullets feel
funny how we shape our world

the bullets die
and the wounded heal
funny how we shake our world

vital—i'm alive
brittle, broken—bind
dead thread and death threats—never compromise

can anybody breathe in here
is anybody free in here
funny how we're told

why must we kill
instilled—be killed
to kill a killing world

rival—mine
heart open—yours
it's never me—you're worse

bullets cry
and the modern lead
let us be the first

can i grow
and not be grown
to feed a hungry world

can i play
and make-believe
there is a kinder world

can i burn
too soon we heal
to put out a burning world

how can't we love
instilled—be loved
and save a dying world

vital—we're alive
not so funny how we change
vital—i'm inside
beating once again

style—lie
a body lacking mind
vile—why
a life without the signs

. . .

this heart is breaking
and the bullets—*real*

This is how we end the world.