

Eighteen Visions, Diana Gone Wrong

flying high through midnite sky on your way back down.
induced. drunk and suicidal.
diana's gone.
watch the figures fall and crumble.
watch that fucker snap.
there goes the end of your rope.
that fucker just snapped.
it fucking snapped.
is that where your heart stops?
ride the horse.
you're dead in your car.
get off the horse.
beloved victim's faces cold.
you can't see them.
the dreams and lives that lay within.
saturated.
beloved victim's stories told.
you'll just read them.
execution at its best.
a dynasty lost again and the world shuts down at the sight of a car crash.
and where does the chase end?
everyone is watching you.
this is where your life takes a turn for the worst.
it just took a turn for the worst.
shed your tears and live your lives through theirs.
its all a part of the game.
is there someone inside of me who really cares?
or do i even give a good god damn?
political figures rise in their passing hour
to break your system with mass poluted minds and television.
now let the boddies be burried and with them...pieces of you