

Blood letting just to slake the lust of the little fangs writhing around
the trough. Oh how they run. While my love, back home at our infirmary, is
drying up. Her heart beat is on hold so if tomorrow finds her dead,
I'll blame the ones that "loved" me best; that worthless lying crowd of snakes
and the committee of pigs that suck on the breast of a pregnant pen and
shit out promises. I'm chastened by a spiteful and unrelenting "gift" like
a horse at the end of a whip, yet still holding up. But my love, she doesn't
reap what I sow. We cannot dine on bread alone. Give me the fuck what I am
owed. Because daddy needs a new pair of shoes and my girl is to be blue. I have
given you everything but it is never enough. My heart beat is on hold.