

I'll be quiet to keep you quiet.
Don't concern yourself with my slow dying.
Through the vents I hear you sigh.
I don't get too high these days.
Your floor is my ceiling.
Lights out, you can't come in.
If you don't remind me,
I won't forget you.
If you don't ask, I won't upset you.
I am jet black.
I am stone cold.
Jet black to the center.
Funny like a funeral.
I need you to bury me.
White noise in black room dust.
These hands long for one last touch.
Hourglass all out of trust.
I don't scratch so I won't itch.
I don't reach so I won't miss.
I taste our last kiss.
This is the cure: the same as the symptom.
Simple and pure: break to keep fixing.
Patiently nurse, patient and nurse.
This is the part I wouldn't show you.
The part where you say,
"I don't even know you".
This is your cue.
Be glad that it's through.