

We walked on glass all day long, with eyes rolled back.
It came with smiles, it came with gestures, and it came with motives.
Investing flowers in one hand and a blade in the other,
This is between me and this blade, and my heart.
Distributing rusty knives in these countless attractive letters
,
With a directional diagram of a guilty heart.
"Insert knife here."
Lack of thought on this subject has attested catastrophic.
Come one, come all, introduce knife to heart.
With our eyes rolled back.