

Intertwined thoughts with yours
Stitched up wounds are open once again
Appreciation of my silence
Will be held no more
So close to your desires
But I will not encourage my blood
To be spilled for indignity
And I would cry but it would kill all that I know
Still utter deceit enters my flesh
And I contemplate the end as I grasp for breath
Bearing bloody memories while kneeling
Down letting my insides pour out
And my enraged memories won't let me open
These wounds anymore