

Here is your broken character, the one left of heaven.  
Scissors cut him from the page, example,  
Continue to read not to retrace the steps, touch me.  
The hemorrhaging has ceased, has ceased.

And I swallow these capsules, to regain my grip.  
And I swallowed myself sick. And I inherited my health.

Here is your wake and smile, that you seem to need.  
The safe and the touch, and the unweave.  
Right where you placed it the night before,  
Saint checks in to make sure,  
You're right where you say that you are,  
Right where you are.

They all seemed so truthful,  
They all seemed so true.  
Couldn't find a better way to lie.