

## Isolation Theory

### After the Burial

So this is loneliness.  
I..ve grown too fond of this.  
Now I thirst for loveliness, to drink its beauty.  
I'll never fill my cup if I can't  
seem to free my frozen heart.  
Torturous veins tangle this body.  
A scream of anguish, silenced by the distancing to anyone.  
So this is loneliness.  
I know this all to well.  
Wrap me in your wings of amity.  
Torturous veins tangle this body.  
A scream of anguish, silenced by the distancing to anyone.  
Isolation is a four letter word.  
Through my bloody hands I see my heart reach the ground.  
No one is there to pick it up from the floor.