

Think of the Repetition

Captain, We're Sinking

My innocence was lost and nothing was found screams a 12 year old girl you yells to just make a sound. Here only scenery is groups of flashing lights. As she kneels and prays tears form sharp as knives. I'm bleeding. But I think I'm ok. I'm breathing and I think I'll be ok. I blame myself for blaming everyone. I hate myself for hating everyone. I blame myself for blaming you and all your friends. We become saints. Only in our time of need. We become martyrs. Dying for everything we could be. Doctor, Doctor! What you please cure my disease. As I tear myself wide open and I'm on my hands and knees screaming Gog oh God! What have you forsaken me?!