

Disconnecting veins in an effort to release my tragedy
All that we leave behind is misery
And my disease is a sanctuary
A curse that unfolds like a novel
But I'd sooner slit my wrists with the first page

I find it hard to feel alive
While my heart beats in borrowed time
The cadence that I've kept confined
Existing only in the black behind my eyes

Not worthy of a memory
Deny all grief and force yourself to forget me
Don't allow my ghost to linger any longer than it has
Let my spirit breathe, I've finally found peace

Allow me to exist only in the empty spaces between breaths
In the margin of each exhale that you're sure that you have left
Be mindful of the way speaking my name could leave a poison on
your lips
And the ache that binds your bones will be my parting gift
A grave unfit to bear the blame
Pale limbs like flowers to be tied in a bouquet
That the soil refused to cultivate
To be born, to live, to die, rotting away

There's nothing to be done
I can't be saved

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