

Building The Paradox

Deinonychus

Wading through your blood, an immense pool of innocence.
Your picture; it remains for a lifetime.
The sound of breaking porcelain echoed on and on...
The world turns around, another day to be born.
You were so cruel to me, why?
Laughter inflates the air, I'm so happy; ever so thankful for y
our gift.
No...don't you ever try, you don't know who your dealing with.
I'm much different from you...
Born out of flesh and blood.
You are not like me, you're apathetic.
I'm sorry we've lost eachother.
Even the world is crying.
A broken mirror means a bad omen...
Not the broken vase at my feet...