

## Business Casualty

### Every Time I Die

Blood letting just to slake the lust of the little fangs writhing around  
the trough. Oh how they run. While my love, back home at our infirmary, is  
drying up. Her heart beat is on hold so if tomorrow finds her dead, I'll blame  
the ones that "loved" me best; that worthless lying crowd of snakes and the  
committee of pigs that suck on the breast of a pregnant pen and  
shit out  
promises. I'm chastened by a spiteful and unrelenting "gift" like a horse at  
the end of a whip, yet still holding up. But my love, she doesn't reap what I  
sow. We cannot dine on bread alone. Give me the fuck what I am owed. Because  
daddy needs a new pair of shoes and my girl is to be blue. I have given you  
everything but it is never enough. My heart beat is on hold.