

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.