

Paper Cuts and Broken Hearts

Keepsake

An attempt to erase
Every memory that bares your name
But every thought you invade
What was there has become dust

Yet I pray for it's resurrection
When I should just accept
And come to terms with it's demise
An attempt to hate you

For my deepest scar
Cause what we had are now just fragments
My blood flowed from your hands
Heartless and souless
You couldn't care less

Less you drove these splinters deeper
Why won't I let you die
Your razors, my wrists, my tears, your kiss.

And here I lie.
Cold and pale
Nothing you can say
Will be enough to cure
Nothing you can say
Will be enough to cure

These papercuts
And broken hearts
These words replace my tears each letter
A pound of hatred but they quickly fade away
As I glance in your direction
I'll choke on them
Once your gone

Your razors, my wrists, my tears, your kiss.