

So right, so smart. So true. Yeah? So tell me why I'm wrong if it was all for you. Your scars are deep, and with every word, I'm only adding salt. The knife is in your back, and I keep twisting. By now I've kicked myself for so long, I can't remember why. I swear to God, it should be bright, but it's been days since I've seen light. But I'll smile because I know, these traps - I've set them for myself. Every sleepless night has left me tired, and weak. And every day drags on just to end in the same way. And I'll walk away with a torn heart, and heavy eyes, and red hands. 'And it's all because of you. But those days are gone, and with every yesterday, the stains begin to fade. My heart has healed. My eyes are wide. These hands are clean. And I'll never be sorry for this again. Not one more fucking tear.