

To Be Torn

Kyla La Grange

Oh God, I'm stuck.
They are hell bent on us, and I've got nothing to offer you.
My skin trembles, it wants to be used.

Oh God, I'm thrown.
I am only happy on my own.
My heart grows harder, it wants to perform.
And I only ever feel it when I wanted to be torn..

to be torn.
Like a hand held, from its first love.
Like a lost kiss, from its vain hope.
Like a grown child, from its skipping rope.

Oh God, what now?
I have ruined this, I have broken you down.
Your fingers are weathered, your eyes are full of glass.
The raindrops collide with the tears at your mouth..

at your mouth.
Where I once kissed your warm lips,
as my tongue tripped over white teeth;
bitten soft skin, with my hands tied.

Oh God, I've strayed.
I should not have come here with the wind in my sails.
I've blown you backwards, now your heart is in pain.
And I know you don't believe me, but I'm sorry that I failed to
be torn.

Like a hand held, from its first love.
Like a lost kiss, from its vain hope.
Like a grown child, from its skipping rope.