

## Sacred

## Paint It Black

I used to feel safe,  
oblivious to the mess I left in my wake.  
Now I try to give more than I take.

But there's more at stake  
than the nights I spent awake.  
It turns out I've got a selfish streak,  
and I repeat the same mistakes.

Seconds, hours, minutes, days.  
I feel it slip, slipping away.

Did I mention that I'm fucking scared?  
I can feel the decay,  
but I can't say it caught me unawares.  
New bruises, new pills.  
Fate will not fight fair;  
the clock will not stand still.  
"Ask me why & I'll spit in your eye."  
We're all still ill.

Today I felt the time slipping away.