

Loneliest Of Hearts

Ruiner

He clinches his fist as he swings for the fucking fences

His sense of abandon keeps him from death's door.

Blown knees and torn fucking muscles heart made of steel

These are the hours he never wants back this is the price that
you pay for glory.

Or maybe a sense of fulfillment very few can appreciate the sil-
ence.

The cold calm when nothing is left standing in your way.

This is joy in its greatest moment shared only with the truly
selfish,

In a place where only the lonely ever choose to stand and die.

Behind every drop of sweat, eyes unfazed and devoid of feeling.

Love, has no place here. Our hearts beat a lone