

# Loneliest Of Hearts

Ruiner

He clinches his fist as he swings for the fucking fences

His since of abandon keeps him from deaths 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 since of fulfillment very few can appreciate the silence.

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

This is joy in it's 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