

## Walking Dead

### Straight Line Stitch

The final conflict against the heretic  
That deeply lies in the debris within me  
I saw you lying on the floor the flesh from your insides was to  
re & to myself  
I thought help me to help myself before I change into something  
else  
Everyday keeping this anger at bay  
Staring at nothing there breathing the air of despair  
I feel confined in this space where I do not have a place  
I feel confined in this space where I do not have a face  
Can I last much longer inside there's such a hunger  
Give me a resolution to rectify this condition  
Like an embryo this feeling of hopelessness grows  
Pull from the inside out something so minuscule why must the wo  
rld be so cruel  
How could the world be so cruel? How could I be such a fool?  
I feel confined in this space as everyone walks without a face  
The tears on my face show my pain as I pray for strength to res  
train (to restrain)