

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)