

A Letter - A Void

Suis La Lune

I thought I could, I thought I could let you slip un-noticed.
I thought we could, I thought we could share something beautiful.

Was I just a role in your twisted game?

Well, did I ever get you somewhere or did I ever help you?

Truelove is fiction.

Now that I look back on it all it all seems so clear:

I was just a helping hand like all of the others.

'Help me through.' you held my hand,

You held my hand like we were a couple.

I thought I meant, I thought I meant something more than a 'psychologist'.

All the words flew back at me:

'... and how are you, how are you? you just keep asking questions.'

It makes me always remember all... all of... all of those... those bloody letters.

I will protect you from yourself.