

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.