

It's more than a scar. It's a lifetime you left. A lifetime of lifelines shouting from rooftops with no one to hear but us. I'm not going to lie, I never did, I never will; but I loved that life. I lived that life, so does that mean I'm dead? Time has passed since our last goodbyes and the taste of that letter still stands on my lips. Honey mixed with vinegar. And life is very long. I would light this world on fire if only to wipe that smile off your face. Because revenge is sweet, but not as sweet as silence.