

To stop  
A setting sun  
Whose time has come  
On the day of a lifetime.  
A crime  
You didn't try  
To emphasize  
The struggle to get there.

Face it, this is a war that you are losing  
A scarlet letter etched upon your trembling chest.  
So scratch your skin to feel alive,  
An amateur surgery.  
Don't pluck the splinter from your eye,  
The joys of life are gory.  
Bend back the finger until it snaps  
To splintered bone and crushed veins.  
Scream out until both lungs collapse,  
"All hail the dark new campaign!"

There is a special place in hell for people like you.

A life  
Immortalized  
By serpent eyes  
And a beautiful forked tongue  
To beg  
For some restraint  
It sounds the same  
As the day that we first met.

So now,  
Drown it out in holy water,  
Vicodin and dollar bills.  
Your dirty hands  
Can thread the needle through your skin  
But they can't wash away your guilt.

There is a special place in hell for people like you.