

To Take Comfort (in Yesterday's Scars)

Through the Eyes of the Dead

I wonder if she was too dead to care if I taste the blood of Christ. Her heart was weak and frail. I'm drowning in the blood of Christ. Her tears now overflow, falling on hollow ground. Muffled screams escape, the gag tied around her mouth. I swallowed her soul, suffer this revenge under my dead heart. I was the devil in her only nightmare, I was the devil in her dreams. Now that she's not breathing, I've set my demons free. She is not breathing. I'm drowning in the blood of Christ. Her corpse is scarred with shame and tears. The sight induced my pain. This dead black heart once fed the smile of a girl with no name. To take comfort in yesterday's scars.