

A Letter To A Narrow Allegiance

Venin Noir

Something about your manners
Surprises me every day, but no
Things are not the same in our lives
here lies a doleful soul

could it be a refusal?
Or just a way you just found to be mean
Such a narrow allegiance to such a weak happiness
Carry me in this chamber
Lie...you might find me so lost
But it's just me: a light that can't be seen
You might find me pathetic
Omniscient in my grave

Something about your scars
Makes me laugh and wonder why
Would you be open-minded enough
To fail in your trail

Doomed in the stanzas (that the poet has made)
Painted in the canvas (a forlorn self-portrait)
It made me like this...you failed before me