

## Family Values

### Walls of Jericho

Intertwined thoughts with yours  
Stitched up wounds are open once again  
Appreciation of my silence  
Will be held no more  
So close to your desires  
But I will not encourage my blood  
To be spilled for indignity  
And I would cry but it would kill all that I know  
Still utter deceit enters my flesh  
And I contemplate the end as I grasp for breath  
Bearing bloody memories while kneeling  
Down letting my insides pour out  
And my enraged memories won't let me open  
These wounds anymore