Calm and Secure

Love Lost But Not Forgotten

I feel you tasting me, but I wear it with dignity.I feel you tasting me up to my eyes.On my skin, I can smell the saliva of shitheads.It stains yellow and smells like dog food.I need a place to puke.A way to fall out of my skin.I just don't have enough skin.I need to fight you back.I need to feel okay.I need someone to put me away.Jesus Christ, I hope you swallow your tongue.I hope you swallow your tongue.

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