

What Runs Through

A Long Winter

What we could have had.
What we could have been is now gone, tossed away.
With my stil beating heart.
Please.
Slice my wrists.
There's no feeling left anymore.
What I felt is gone.
Gone.
I waited around.
Bruises got blacker.
This cut is too deep.
I am gone.
I am gone.
And my heart with it.
Burn what's left of me.
Sacrifices made for you.
But is this my fault?
I am gone

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