Becoming a Stranger

Converge

So much for breathing, my cloud nine fell from grace. Loss of everything, where is my identity?. If I could only find what is left me. So much for letting go when you have nothing left to hold. The words that slid off your tongue, my everything. Your nothing, I know that I don't mean much to you but you mean the world to me. Devotion, an undying dead. The harrowing, bleed you out of me, the "he said, she said" falsity. Leave it be, I just want to go home. So much for letting go. I won't be dying with me, no not this time. Becoming by undoing him. Sacrifice, the ultimate devotion. So much for saving yourself. It can never be love. I can never be sold like the blood they call love. I am a stranger. I will not, I have not, I can never be like him.

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