

True and Cold

Cadillac Blindsight

believe me, your time has come to walk away. you didn't need me, except for your own punching bag. you can't convince me, that you changed yourself all around. how could you use me, to cover your own failures now? maybe if you died, i could live a little more. there'd be no teary eyes, just a body on the floor. wish i could see your face lifeless, cold, and blue. your epitaph might say, "i was never there for you". you didn't take time to accept changes in my life. oh how time flies, digs a hole like a rusty knife. and the infection, seeps through veins of family. a new direction, it found the cure inside of me.

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