

Hope

Ninety Pound Wuss

gurgling, gasping for air.
i need the breath of life.
the breath of life.
the breath of life.
i am weak from the fight
and i can still hear them celebrating victory.
wiping the blood from my face.
the pain creeps in taking over my thoughts.
my spirit lays broken, shattered, shrouded by you.
your icy pale skin in the cemetery plot i dug for you.
i push you in and i like it.
hating the darkness which becomes my flesh.
inside this shell you try to hide.
your still churning.
mind and spirit burning.
torture love never fails.
exception in your case.
failure comes quite naturally or so it seems.
fading in and out from black to white, to black to white again.
watching the blood running down my cheek.
and my spirit lays broken.
and i feel so shattered and so tired.
i dug a hold six feet deep for you and you want it.

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