Beginnings

deim0s

There's something about the scent of gasoline;
its an addiction to the crime scene.
The way the light seems to shine on everything right before the sirens sound.
We've been through this before, and this is textbook manipulation.
But darling, I've heard more convincing excuses from red hands.
"It's been a long night" she said before I hit the lights.
This is passion where you least expect it; a kind of beauty. A sickening concern.
I've fallen into the open arms of a stretcher from a second story window.
Someone once said that love overcomes all things. That someone didn't know you.

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