

...And So It Was Said

Glass Casket

Pictures don't speak, and so it was said.
So break this frame and let the glass drip down your face.
All I can do is look, don't touch, so open your mouth and let your words pour free like mine.
Teach me your music.
Show me how to break your wrists on the grounds of a girl breaking your heart.
Does this make sense? But it works better.
make your face shine through these shades of black and white and make your
words lift off the page and scream.
I will claim this day all my own, no one else, all my own selfish needs.

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