

Isolation Theory

After the Burial

So this is loneliness. I've grown too fond of this. Now i thirst for loveliness, to drink its beauty. i'll never fill my cup if i can't seem to free my frozen heart. Torturous veins tangle this body. A scream of anguish, silenced by the distancing to anyone. So this is loneliness. I know this all to well. Wrap me in your wings of amity. Torturous veins tangle this body. A scream of anguish, silenced by the distancing to anyone. Isolation is a four letter word. Through my bloody hands i see my heart reach the ground. No one is there to pick it up from the floor.

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