4A:030401

Hot Cross

It's always hardest to discuss what you should
and you're never guiltier than when your intentions are good
And we're held together
but my arms don't stretch so far anymore and thought the situation taunts
and the sleepless energy of a stranger scrawls random letters you avoid
the self absorbed frenzy of isolation
grief and nostalgia makes reality of myths
and turns apology into indictment
These words kill
And it makes sense that we're here
and it makes a mess to deny how far we're come
and how much further we've to fall

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