Tapping the Vein

The Accused

You say you're living an empty life
Your days filled with nothing but misery and strife
Nobody to call your own as you're slowly wasting away
In this rat-infested hole that you call home
Tapping, tapping, tapping the vein
Rusty razor blade slices deepBlood spurting
From the gashes in your wrists
Rats are crawling out
From the cracks in the walls
Rats are crawling down
Crawling down your arms
Lapping up your blood
While it's still warm

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