

# Crippled

## Standfast

So many words, so little truth, hate pumps  
through my scarred veins just barely healed. Torn  
apart...again. Our bleeding hearts and desicated veins  
solicit forgiveness but only in death will what was  
finally be FORGOT left here, dying, our fate's sealed,  
our mortal effort crippled by suspicion. Bleeding from  
within, our chance denied, stabbed once again,  
betrayal never ends. Time justifies, reasons of mentality  
sense and sanity douse the flames, left behind only  
smoldering ash. Time hasn't healed, our deepening  
wounds. No more blood left to bleed. Torn apart.

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