Pencil Lead Syringe

Glass Casket

Everything that comes out of your mouth is amazing.
See your pale face passing over, over again.
I'm sorry you're dead.
Bite the curb. Snap. You should have loved me.
Oops, it's too late and now your mouth is big enough to suck mine and his necks.
I never met a tent spike I would like to put in your stomach,
I'm smiling at you now and does it make anything different?
You are so beautiful now, peaceful and calm.
When your back snaps think of me. I'm sorry you're dead.

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