

# Bed of Nails

## And Then There Were None

I can't believe,  
there's still so much I want to say,  
and all this time I was afraid,  
and as I leave,  
a part of me will soon remain. Why whole life I was afraid? Look at me now,  
I'm lying in a bed of nails that we both made together.  
I guess I'll just lay here forever.  
Ironic how I'm crying at the sound of sunsets caused by our endeavor,  
I'd rather die here than have never said goodbye. I finally see, that every stone's been left unturned and every  
poem is filled with lies,  
but should I be inclined to force what can't be found,  
when my own heart is still alive?

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