

Glow

Luna Amara

Divided and strangled, what I do is chase a lie
None of those I need to feel
Clutching a fist to morphine scars and ties
Lose my grip on what was real.
Whats real? Denial kept so clean in poisonous defeat
So front your will and make a choice
No riddles left to break no need for secrecy Just open up and hear your voice. Need to feel your glowing
Pushing light-years into days
Scared of you not knowing
Mind breaks soul fades into gray. Dead is the hour and crippled looks your smile
Havent you had just enough?
Its making you act a lot like so surprised
This jokes on you why dont you laugh? So youll die alone
A morphine-clutching fist
Traded what you were
For what you could have been Hope for once youll see
The man you chose to be
Was just your fucking enemy.

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