Breakfast of Champions

Comadre

I hope you choke on my fucking heartbeat and drown in my blue blood.
The lonely walks bring out the lonely eyes.
The hunger dies because of the lies.
My stomach asks for something you can't give,
something you can't feed me anymore.
I bet we believed nothing could change us.
Now our limbs have turned into shovels that even out the dirt.
I just like to think out loud.
My ears are tired and mouth is sore
from the life that you can't handle anymore.
If I could give you just one night I would make it last two seconds.
You make me feel so alive but that same love won't let me survive.
So come one, destroy me.
You say you eat hearts for breakfast,
better cook up mine for it's the most important meal you will ever have.
Enjoy tonight because tomorrow
I will force this straw deep into your throat
and take back what once was mine.
I just finished chapter one of "it's not you, it's me."

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