

Bloodjinn, The Dividing Lines

I read your letter, sometimes the hand that shelters and feeds, must feed a sick mind with poisoned needs. The hands that clutch, can be the same hands that touch to much. Eyes that stare with love, read the words with eyes that stare, while I close them to hide away the tears. Looking away in fear of loneliness. Two things left today, one I greed, the other purpose, I have lost me will, please take away this loneliness, I only wanted to give, not to have it all taken away.