

# Poison The Well, A Wish For Wings That Work

Could I end my life with a knife sharpened of problems  
sweet satisfaction of a night sky with horns  
a papercut bleeds like a cut vein  
could this sky open up and accept this tortured soul  
but my wings have yet to work  
change means nothing  
when nothing wants to change  
save your strength for the first disappointment  
break this mirror that changes you  
forever is such an unpleasant word  
it begins to eat you  
from the inside out  
blood stains on the wall  
beg for sleep  
as the noose is tied around your neck