

The Black Dahlia Murder, Burning the Hive

I'll tell you in one sentence.
The truth should not have broken you.
You know I'd never turn away,
Not in your darkest hour.

I won't reiterate the immense failure on your part.
To let it die this way displays the weakness of your bonds.

Numb I crawl, losing you. Over something so frivolous, so petty.
But this pettiness is all you know.
You wear a chip on your shoulder like a badge of fucking pride.

A broken heart? You broke your fucking own.
I remain. I never would have left your side.

And now my name will be another excuse for you to grovel in the ill-will called your life.

I'll miss the friendship that we once shared.
As you ignite all that which made us strong.

The fires of envy blaze undying as this devotion is destroyed.
I watch our dreams reduce to ash throat stifled by the fumes.
The stench of brittle feelings burning wets my tender eyes with tear.
Our memories are the funeral pyre and your words are gasoline.

Our friendship meets a blackened fate; an ashen epitaph.
These caustic embers yet remain soon to be blown away.

You will choke on my name. You'll choke on pictures of my face.
You will choke on my name. You'll choke on what you threw away.

I was a fool to ask so fucking little from you.
I should have recognized the frailty of your will.
I know that you can hear me. I hope that this is killing you.
I hope you sweat at night dreaming of my face.

Do whatever makes you happy, no holds barred shall remain etched into my mind.

When my eyes are finally graced with your crooked smile.
And my insides are licked by those familiar flames.
Flickering within my gut. Deep in my battered chest.
Burning a hole through my entrails. I won't fall.
I won't succumb to the pettiness which you breed.
I won't acknowledge the woe in which you live.
I won't forget the times we have spent.
I have pictures proving everything.
You will be fucking missed.