The Black Dahlia Murder, To You, Contorionist

Your eyes push shards of glass to mince my defenses
I never thought I'd feel this way - memories haunting every breath
it frightens me to know I can never be rid of you
after a year, you still stir something in me
the hate has faded but the disgust remains.
I recall when only warmth and acceptance filled your eyes.
If I could understand - what turned you against me
if I could just understand - what hardened your stare into scorn
what was it worth to you - to turn me inside out?
You became he that we hated - left me with scarlet eyes
and an empty chest - its been a year and I still feel nauseous
brown eyes cut into me - parting once friendly flesh
I burned your pictures away - but I can't stop remember when
the city has not felt the same since
though your stare has hardened - this cold contempt makes me wonder
could an ounce of guilt boil in your blood?
This blood we shared - seeps from an ever present truth
a missing piece of my past - still makes me crawl the other way
no I can't forgive - as you embody my regret
you are the living proof - that I'll never ever trust again
I never really told you what you had meant to me
ere my lungs met the ire of your voracious mouth.
So now I walk alone through the ashes of our ties.
My mind flooding with memories of endless summer drives.
I'd love to talk with you to fully understand
what finally drove you to this choice - to smash my heart
but some things are better left unsaid.