

# The Bled, I Never Met Another Gemini

Slowly we peel away the layers and the light seeps through the cracks.  
You whispered softly in my ear the birth of morning's upon us, dear,  
the bandages feel upon the floor.  
And there was no one in that room.  
It's quiet down the hallway where the doctors wash their hands.  
Behind my eyes I feel the hollow jabs of your morphine kiss.  
Your anesthetic voice is autographed upon my bones.  
This reception died in vein. In vain.  
A tarnished angel leaves her ghost on the surface.  
A jealous daughter starves to death for the mother  
As I awaited your return. I wait for your return.  
It seems the only way that I will ever feel alive.  
Throw myself into my injuries and close my eyes.  
I'd give anything to feel alive.  
And I will wait for you tonight.  
The scalpel carves a map for you.