

Twelve Tribes, Still

witness the end of yourself
and write it all down in your blood
fiend for the taste of spilling words
beneath your tongue,
for when i spoke of you
i stole the day and bled the sun
awaiting home where hand held
innocence is feeling life
and pain and love bleed through me
and we'll be still forever
after no movement no breathing
she swore she'd always care for me
these secrets they burn me
and i bleed her beauty is saddening.