

# Vert, Tomb

literature always reads  
the cut bleeds  
the puppy feeds  
and a soul needs  
and a soul bleeds unless it feeds  
laying there I never saw  
the ground move from under me  
staring at the stars with you  
I'm swallowed by the lie  
of never seeing where I am  
for one moment I can understand  
I would give you anything  
anypart of me  
my haert beets faster than light  
it's a dark world no cangle in the night  
well my soul is wanting yours  
my haert is wanting syone  
my life begs for early death  
when I'm with you you're all alone  
and a soul bleeds  
bleeds on me and you  
and when we're one  
we fall apart  
die alone with a blank tomb stone  
that reads...