

# 13 Winters, Hands On Thorns

I cut my hands on thorns,  
as you stood there and watched.  
Blood running from my hands down my fingers,  
yet you do nothing but fucking stare!  
I've gotten your attention,  
but gotten no respect.  
You don't talk to me,  
now you no longer look at me.  
I've fallen to my knees,  
begging for all your apologies.  
No, you turn your back towards me,  
what did I do to deserve this?  
Blood Has now  
Stopped Flowing  
My hands-now scabing  
Hanging on the roses  
Thorns Digging  
Into My flesh  
Causing The scabs  
To bleed.  
I've sunk down so low,  
only myself would know.  
My troubles haunt me everyday,  
my problems never subside.