

A Jealousy Issue, Burning Butterflies

a note to self

i vow to purge you both of your warmest thoughts
and strike you down with this hateful gaze
with these words i wish you the worst
with these words i promise poison
beware this bitter breath
for it brings arsenic
beware this artic stare
for it will pierce you like icicles
this is as happy as i'll ever be
cold and comfortable in these sour times
what do you expect
what do you want from me
this bitten lip can draw no more blood from me
these carved smiles can heal so quickly
it's time to slice her heart from your sleeve
i desire destruction
when will it collapse