

A Life Once Lost, The Wicked Will Rot

when did this all start anyway?
we have all the time in the world to kill
so lets converse over my imperfections
you did it all the time
even when i was standing next to you
why should now be any different?
you already shattered
my self image
with your self righteous
fist of disapproval
i guess when i wasnt there
i wasnt there period
was i
no
trust is not an option with me anymore
my secrets are my secrets
ive been pushed into this state
of discomfort once before
i cannot act like it doesnt bother me
my eyes strain
clearly enough for you
to understand something
you lack of compassion
will never allow you to see