

AFI, 3 1/2

Why am I this way?
Tell me why.
Why am I this way?
Why?

Open wounds in the palms of my hands,
festering through infectious time.
I feel so faint as my life spills over you.
Backstep over glass as I repent.
I fear I cannot prevent myself from spilling your life all over me.
I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
Mother, say you'll pray for me.
I'm premature in my decay.
Shards of glass swimming in my eyes.
A small voice in the back of my mind that's whispering words
I never want to hear.
I pray that you won't hesitate,
as you watch me degenerate,
to reach in my wounds and extract all of my fear.
My suffocation, asphyxiation.
I've been choking on my own blood.