

Anah Aevia, London Life

Please take this knife from my back
so I may drive it through your cold heart
and let your tears flow like a river racing towards your palms
and empty onto the bed on which we laid for years.
It's been four years and I still haven't forgotten.
When will this river wash away the tears?
It's been four years and I still haven't forgotten.
When will this river wash away the tears?
Please take this knife from my back
so I may drive it through your heart.