Beloved, Defect From Decay

A simple defect from decay
Unravelled words are left to fray
And to avoid
If you could swallow all your pride
You would choke on every word
That you hide behind
So face yourself
And bury those useless words
That mean nothing to me
Your bitterness will bury you
Faster than your words ever could
You've taken arms against yourself
This is the end
I swear to it you fake