

Beloved (US), Defect From Decay

A simple defect from decay.
Unraveled words are left to fray
And to avoid.
If you could swallow your pride
You would choke on every word
That you hide behind.
So face yourself
And bury your 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.