

Bloodjinn, Forsaken On 52

my fingers did quiver and twitch. with palms moist from your sweat. a burst of pain, then light turned black. and as this quiet choked my tongue i struggled to my knees, and slowly began to weep. for this day the sun did die. "goodbye my dear" whispering to myself, i never believed. i never thought that i could take these things for granted. but as the darkness and rain (surround me now.) i know that i was wrong. more that just the sun died this day. "forgive? forsaken." that which doesnt kill me only serves to make me strong. you made only one mistake. you didnt kill me. you should have killed me that day, because i am still breathing. i am still bleeding. i am still breathing the anger you confine, breathing dies.