

Curl Up And Die, Damn Girl, That Shit Is Deep Like

Naked and bathing the semen away. Uncomfortable and left behind.
The saliva shines a silver as we make love.
As I lose myself in pretending.

Pulse catches in continuous beating. (Sore hands shake and bare feet feel frozen.)

The beauty in the way the blue screen captures everything.
The way it keeps on with falling out of windows and into walls.

Triangles growing out your wrists to keep you safe. I hope they keep you safe.

These nightmares coming to life, the stains that never wash out.
(The feeling of your body with his and the sound of you sighing and sharing our moments without me)
Every night I dreamt through your every encounter. And that morning I never fell asleep.
I was up awake with a sore mouth from kissing myself, giving up days to get rid of loneliness.
Cold wind and wet rain are the only ones keeping touch.
You knew better than anyone that I fall harder than anyone.