

Frankenbok, Pulp

The Friendship that love destroyed was not the intention or ploy. the aftermath the pulp you are, beneath proud enigma you scar, you can't afford another error, twice now already agendered, you can't be lord this fake con-tender for fake to the pulp you know you are...

Best to scar...and not to mention all the mending! It's the worst to learn or even know that you beat the example to pulp...

Not to mention all the mending!
Not intended for the ending...
Swift but fact an ear for lending...
I welcome the beatings and the bendings...
I'm bruised with what I've learnt and it's taken me far...
To pulp you've beaten me...
The halt you seek in me...
I'm beat to pulp, unlord your pride.
There's no feeling like when they break it off.