

Ghost, Gem, Mint Ten

These ribs are now prison bars
Or a treasure chest, a lock waiting on key
I found this center inside
It's being torn apart by arrows pulling in all directions
Without control you consume me
This knot of desire in a noose of doubt
Without control I consume you
Quarantine me so I will not infect
My glass skin
It shivers when
Your eyes throw looks like stones
I'm taking names
I'm placing the blame
On the one that doesn't exist, it's all on me
Soldiers at war
You're what I'm fighting for
Under friendly fire
It's kinda funny how a streetlight can dissect me and cut me down to size
It's beauty and reason how a stranger can affect me and put this weight on my chest
Without control you consume me
A knot of desire in a noose of doubt
These imperfections we can not accept
Hold us together bind and connect