

Glass Casket, Fisted and Forgotten

Place those eyes that burn on my lap. I can't grit my teeth without you.
Do you believe me? Let me breath. I will never throw that place away.
Never stop hitting the ground, pound your fists into the ground,
Is it better than the beat being torn from your heart?
Try to breath. Near the tick tock making me sweat.
Blood starts to clog my pores. How do you like it?