

Love Lost But Not Forgotten, Headless, Sleeping

Drag a chair across the floor. Scratch your name into the wood above my door. You really gave it your all, but you're finished here. You are finished here! I say to myself. I color like a virus. It's so fucking unhealthy. Wrapped up so cozy I could easily go unaware. When I open up I spill over and over and over. My eyes burn like sores so I keep them closed whenever I can.