Luba, Sacrificial Heart

little pieces
of yourself
you give
no way to live
sackcloth and ashes
the perfect match is
you and the guilt
the heart that bleeds
too quick to concede
to all of his whims
the part that feeds
your ascetic needs
begins to question him

is this a sacrificial rite
is this the malediction
i feared in the vigils of my life
is this a sacrificial...

altruistic
self-inflicted
wounds to the heart
unrealistic
self-addicting
love is the drug
the martyr swears
the altar's bare
save for her soul
she barters care
for just a share of some
affection can't be sold

is this a sacrificial rite
is this the malediction
i feared in the vigils of my life
is this a sacrificial...

don't sacrifice your love, your life
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