

Poison The Well, You Will Not Be Welcomed

With your hand in mine the others tell me they need you,
To keep the rest at bay yell in sadness this agreement,
Pulling you into me, into body, the others will think you're afraid
You are sustenance
But my companion
Though I walk alone
Complaining doesn't make good conversation
Giving you up I drown in our water as you are taken away,
hiding the fact that I'm breaking apart inside
Sitting at the south shore
I devour more of you because I know that's what you want
Your head on a plate, eyes cold in sleep
You taste like dread