

Skycamefalling, A Penny For Your Confessions...

Is it that she fears the crosses that they will burn?
left to sift through the ashes of her loved fragments of flesh
as these grains slip right past her fingertips.

I'm left to watch you smile as i bleed myself to death,
as she prays to hear the voice of her savior once again,
to wipe the tears of venom off of her face.

What gave her birth?

She spits her fears into the cancer of humanity,
as her hopes and dreams descend down to her knees,
your perfect heaven has become my hell.

In the parting of their loves,

a victim of hate who has yet to be born,
but ready to endure the pain instilled within its birth.

What the whispered words never replaced.

And left to sift through ashes of these fragments of flesh,
as these grains slip right passed her fingertips.

It slips.