

Symphony In Peril, Stiletto

Your eyes pierce right through me, unveiling the hidden elusiveness within.
These patterns you witness have become my crutch.
Your eyes are your ammunition.
Your gaze is killing me.
A substantial blood loss that is not my own and it is pouring out of me.
This assault will bring me strength, increasing stability not to collapse.
This is a dagger to the heart, an unrelinquishing torture, but this
soon will assemble me.
Your murder face to face.