The Black Dahlia Murder, To You, Contortionist

Your eyes push shards of glass to mince my defenses I never thought I'd feel this way - memories haunting every breath it frightens me to know I can never be rid of you after a year, you still stir something in me the hate has faded but the disgust remains. I recall when only warmth and acceptance filled your eyes. If I could understand - what turned you against me if I could just understand - what hardened your stare into scorn what was it worth to you - to turn me inside out? You became he that we hated - left me with scarlet eyes and an empty chest - its been a year and I still feel nauseous brown eyes cut into me - parting once friendly flesh I burned your pictures away - but I can't stop remember when the city has not felt the same since though your stare has hardened - this cold contempt makes me wonder could an ounce of guilt boil in your blood? This blood we shared - seeps from an ever present truth a missing piece of my past - still makes me crawl the other way no I can't forgive - as you embody my regret you are the living proof - that I'll never ever trust again I never really told you what you had meant to me ere my lungs met the ire of your voracious mouth. So now I walk alone through the ashes of our ties. My mind flooding with memories of endless summer drives. I'd love to talk with you to fully understand what finally drove you to this choice - to smash my heart but some things are better left unsaid