

Versus The Mirror, Hands Met Lips, Heartache M

the stars could be ending in all oblivion
but if i, was in your arms
your eyes would be my salvation

i turn and befriend this cancerous silence
in hopes of a life that has yet to leave the ground
the days without you are too long
and the days with you are hardly long enough

she was buying cigarettes from a burn victim
with slit wrists

in a wild dedication i would set this world ablaze
if only that it would turn your head one more time

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