

ZAO, Five Year Winter

Dear Tiffany,
You've mad me nauseous for the last time
Everything I've said to you.... I will form a spike (to drive through my throat)
In order to stop my words
This time I'll put them in the ground along with my memories and my feelings
I'll burn it down and walk away
Let the fire warm my back
I wish you would say you hate me
It would make it so much easier
Burn it down and walk away.....
Love Daniel