

intertwined thoughts with yours  
stitched up wounds are open once again  
appreciation of my silence  
will be held no more  
so close to your desires  
but I will not encourage my blood  
to be spilled for indignity  
and I would cry but it would kill all that I know  
still utter deceit enters my flesh  
and I contemplate the end as I grasp for breath  
bearing bloody memories while kneeling  
down letting my insides pour out  
and my enraged memories won