

My Favorite Food Is You

Abacabb

Two more words spit at the back of my neck, three, four, that blade looks so appetizing.

Please know there is more to life than fear and avoidance.

Cut out your tongue so you can taste your own blood for once.

I hope you're the one that finds me first: gutted and decomposing, split open and hung.

You don't know what you're missing.

Trying to make me feel worthless just makes me feel more and more omnipotent.

You will bleed rivers when the bullets get to (you).

You said that you loved me, like honesty meant nothing.

Like honesty meant nothing.

You've suffocated me, or at least attempted to.

I can trail on for hours.

I promise you this is the last time you'll have to hear my voice.

You said you loved me like honesty meant nothing now