

Number Three

Abacabb

Do you want to see a light burn out, hand me a knife.
Set me on a table, grab each side and rip apart.
I feel much more alive when the pulse inside me is mechanical.
Emotion is a byproduct of weakness.
Pain is an art, one hundred shades of red spread across the floor.
Your eyes could put air back into these lungs, but my dreams have never come true.
Tomorrow there is no waking up.
That face is to die for.
I feel so much more alive when you are not