

Who Knew?

AFI

Every single notion burned indelibly.
Every motion leaving scars behind.
All sincere emotion received skeptically with no preparation for life eternal.
Every tear that's fallen brings one thousand floods.
Paper cuts are leaving blood behind.
All the silent laughter ringing piercingly.
I blink making my eyes mine.
Words in their worthlessness, they should be weighted down, but
do I truly wish their cessation?