

Isolation Theory

After the Burial

So this is loneliness.
I..ve grown too fond of this.
Now I thirst for loveliness, to drink its beauty.
I'll never fill my cup if I can't
seem to free my frozen heart.
Torturous veins tangle this body.
A scream of anguish, silenced by the distancing to anyone.
So this is loneliness.
I know this all to well.
Wrap me in your wings of amity.
Torturous veins tangle this body.
A scream of anguish, silenced by the distancing to anyone.
Isolation is a four letter word.
Through my bloody hands I see my heart reach the ground.
No one is there to pick it up from the floor.