

Stones Throw

Blacklisted

My face lies firmly pressed against the window of some stranger's house. Hoping to feel the love that occurs between two spouses. The violent screaming and fighting, the children crying. As the light from the television flickers, keeping it warm and inviting. My hand holds a cold, cold stone found hidden beneath the grass. Now I'm pressed against my window watching as they cut themselves cleaning up the glass. Twenty seven years old and I live all alone. Knowing full well I'll never marry or have children of my own. And I keep the world at bay with all the. And I keep the world at bay with all the stones I throw. At twenty seven years old I live all alone. Knowing full well I'll never marry or have children of my own. Well what else can you do when what you know of love stops loving you? And what else can you do when what you know of life ups and dies on you? Well what else can you do when your blood beats and betrays you? And what else can you do when you can't even face you? I keep the world at bay with all the stones I throw. I keep the world at bay with all the stones I throw. I keep the world at bay with all the stones I throw. I keep the world at bay with all the stones I throw. I keep the world at bay with all the stones I throw.