Holly McNarland

I won't eat for you

And i won't sleep for you

And i can't trust you—

And i'm so tired, you won't fight

I'm too heavy and you're too light

The truth be told — that you fit the mold

For the hate i hold, willl knock you over,

Burn up your face

And i take over this hurtful place

Dad and I

The creep embodiedBehind shifty eyes
Treats much discomfort
With your petty lies
So i'll just sit here and take up space
Just reassure me it's a hurtful place

Dad and I