

## I Died with You

Hotel Books

Break this bread like you broke his body and raise a glass above your eye level.

Boast in the moments that leave a stable memory to scare away the remains of the devil.

Let that alcohol burn out the demons in your mouth, spitting venom on lovers, leaving them with doubt.

Just don't choke on communion or those emotions. Swallow down a staining memory before it's washed out.

My guilty conscience was a chaser for every broken rib, every shred of skin,

my selfish repentance, my need to feel clean just so I can copy and paste the same burden.

Rinsing cuts with alcoholic remedies to bury the pharisees, chasing my apathy with a need for attention.

A retention of amens to cover the blood drips and bloodshed of broken men

who put purpose to the regurgitated blood dripping from the mouth of me and my emotions,

and that's why that I can't feel any of this.

If I didn't die with you, I don't think I've ever lived.

If I didn't try to save you, it just shows my selfishness.

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Offer it to the serpents that listen to the end of this.

Always hide who you want to be until it's gone, I can see that I don't have anything at all.

The naked cannot clothe the poor in spirit with oxygen and the wine I tasted reminded me of the night she took advantage of my advances

rather than the blood sacrifice that I can make a better decision.

A guilty conscience is better than no consideration I guess but the rest is placed in a test of time versus how much I care about my own mess.

When I can't see the beauty in her scars but only the body in her dress,

how is this love when the scars paved the way to the truth in all of this?

The comfort of existence removed my need to chase love and I conformed to something fake

cause it's easier than turning to above rather than trusting that I can make up my own ending, something I can break.

I trusted your love and listened to every word that you said,

I had so many words to say but now they're just stuck in my head

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Now this wine is a bitter sting rather than something sweet  
and I have all I want but nothing that I need. I have nothing.  
Nothing.

I trusted your love and listened to every word that you said,  
I had so many words to say but now they're just stuck in my head.

d.