

With The Reflection Of Self

In Dying Arms

What is it to feel more?
when I will never be complete.
The part of me that's missing
has forever been erased from me.

Slut, I've had enough of your fucking lies
Shut the fuck up.

Where can a man find his strength?
when his happiness is placed in the hands of another?
My insecurities have gotten the best of me;
Living with incompleteness, is my burden to hold

The past has reflected my being
now that my white has been shaded with this grey;
Is there a possibility I could have you?
Just for another day...