

## P.S. New York Is Burning

Jawbreaker

I leave it burning and count the dead.  
A jilted lover, a one time friend.  
It reeks of incest.  
It reeks of pain.  
Erase my anguish.  
Forget your name.  
Can't see the future.  
I just break free and run.  
And knowing nothing I know that it's just begun.  
This day feels different.  
Feels like shedding skin.  
My mind is clearer now I know what state I'm in.  
And from a distance it seems so unreal.  
Nothing left.  
Nothing to feel.  
And if it hurt you, it hurt me too.  
I had to kill it to heal the wound.