

- I don't think I want to do this anymore.

- Look, you want me to ask for forgiveness again and again, like you're telling me my love isn't complete.

I say it's more like a runaway. I guess, I guess I don't have the right to ask for forgiveness then, right?

- I want to believe what I heard somewhere a long time ago that, that love is free and kind.

And you're trying to act like you're all humble and wise, but what you call love is destroying my life and it's destroying your soul (Destroying your life?) if you ever had one.

I don't even think you even know what it means to love. Or to be loved.

- See, see look, look we've got so much to learn.

It's like this thrifty and new words they seem perfect and then they corner us like this, like this Leonidas curse with a Midas touch.

And it's mighty rum. Listen this is the real, that gritty, gory, and gorgeous, it's like, it's like coco butter laced with sandpaper.

See this is love.

- Of course your words, so enticing and the imagery like some Messiah living and dying for me and then asking to save me.

But what, what about the freedom that truth brings? What about the protection that love brings?

- See, oh, oh, yeah, so, so this is your kiss to send me off right? Like I ain't been no shelter!

- Shelter?

- Like those bruises on your arms ain't no badges of honor?

And these ornery onlookers they keep questioning my methods.

But look, this means I am in your atrium, like ancient drones.

You used to dance with me. Why can't you just dance with me?

- You mean slavery?!

- Slavery? You owe me your life!

- I don't belong to anyone but me!

- Oh wait which, which one of us is being selfish here?

- Who could be selfish?

- Yeah, you trying to rob me?

- I can't owe what you never gave!

- You will always owe me.

- And the love you gave was never love!

- You are gonna always live with my sacrifices!

- You don't know anything about love! You are twisted and warped!

- You will always know my sacrifices!
- You're so full of your own lies!