

Your Face Is A Rape Scene

Pg.99

That whisper, your lovely curling razor, mistakenly wound around my tongue to squeeze some fucking truth from that wicked obsession, your obsession, where I can pass by. They do that when you're dead alive. I could count stars, and you counted screams, so if you would please just hand me my ticket, I will go and join the ground.

It was where I was in the first place.