

It started with a stop  
There is no road back  
These needles pricking skins  
How thick is yours?  
Red ink spilt across my palms  
Drenched in the toxins, the talent, The tantrums  
Trying to vanish the vision of the rarest of them all  
Through faulting and twisting  
Precious perceptions withdraw  
Your grasp from me

Sliding out of my grip into another's missing piece  
Bitterness and venom shoot from my jaw  
I wish it would sink into something more awful  
Softly blowing on the backs of necks  
The words are trickling down spines  
'As good as gold but still disposed'  
Helpless as the victim and the villain  
A slapped wrist for thoughtless dilemmas  
Denied of a pardon for this ordeal  
The sickening blow is punishment enough  
Ripped flesh pasted onto something uncontrollable  
Hideous and ugly  
A taste of loyalty

Calm down

I'm calmed down  
Its keeping me grounded

There was no risk assessment  
I was wide eyed at foreign things  
Ignoring the choices for fear of the chance  
Clean your ears so you can hear what I'm listening to  
Craves of my aesthetic will guide me tonight  
But its making me weak  
Leave it alone  
Leave us alone  
Let's branch up and rise  
What are the words i was supposed to have written?  
As good as gold but still disposed  
Faithful and Faithless  
Crawl back to phase one  
I'll let myself out gracefully  
I can not keep but smile  
I'm fading out