Walking Dead

Straight Line Stitch

The final conflict against the heretic That deeply lies in the debris within me I saw you lying on the floor the flesh from your insides was to re & to myself I thought help me to help myself before I change into something else Everyday keeping this anger at bay Staring at nothing there breathing the air of despair I feel confined in this space where I do not have a place I feel confined in this space where I do not have a face Can I last much longer inside there's such a hunger Give me a resolution to rectify this condition Like an embryo this feeling of hopelessness grows Pull from the inside out something so minuscule why must the wo rld be so cruel How could the world be so cruel? How could I be such a fool? I feel confined in this space as everyone walks without a face The tears on my face show my pain as I pray for strength to res train (to restrain)