Van Gogh

The Black Maria

Give away all that you have inside every last moment that you're alive until your body is cold sure, as he peels away your skin you see the monster is intent to see this to the end

it would be easier to die...
just easier sometimes
because the light is a sober reminder of what he did
your body can't get over it

life has been keeping you awake asphyxiated by the hate and it never calms sew the aching in your veins that no one ever sees with the blade in the sheets

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just easier sometimes
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it's over...it's over except the scars that last forever

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