

Crippled

The Foundations

So many words, so little truth, hate pumps
through my scarred veins just barely healed. Torn
apart...again. Our bleeding hearts and desicated veins
solicit forgiveness but only in death will what was
finally be FORGOT left here, dying, our fate's sealed,
our mortal effort crippled by suspicion. Bleeding from
within, our chance denied, stabbed once again,

betrayal never ends. Time justifies, reasons of mentality
sense and sanity douse the flames, left behind only
smoldering ash. Time hasn't healed, our deepening
wounds. No more blood left to bleed. Torn apart.