

From All Those...

The Saddest Landscape

Knives whisper "It could be you". Knives whisper "It could be any of us". We are all facing the end, and we wanted more than this. Here are our scars, here is what is left. "I love you" will not be enough to save us this time. Let it rain until our final days, let it wash this all away. I can count all of my friends on one hand, but I would die for any of them, and I like to think that if I ever made that call, they would be there. I would never have survived what you went through. I was always too busy hating the sound of my voice to speak up, too busy hating the way that I looked to fight for what was truly needed. So let us toast to you and all of our broken lives, the ones that we lived, the ones that we were never meant to survive.