

This Heals Nothing

The Saddest Landscape

I am no longer fine. The discomfort has spread to my blood. My lungs are working overtime and I feel dead and buried. I am walking around a ghost haunting my former self, so while we do our best not to stare, would you tell me what we are celebrating. We idolize death until we are faced with it and we struggle to realize that if we just let our guard down we would realize that life is worth living. I want an army to fight for me. I want to admit that it is ok to be strong. All of my enemies will feel my rage, all of my enemies will see what's in store. I will level cities. I will torch the whole damn room. I am taking this all to heart. And after all of this if I'm still not satisfied, if I still feel I could do more, I am taking this whole thing down because after all the songs, and after all the years deep down I know that this heals nothing, this heals nothing.