

Latency

Vein

I ask myself, "what the fuck is the point of life itself?"
The wounds open to deaf ears asking "why live in ties?"
When the coming years are only coming short of everything they
used to be, and what they should have been
Note to self:
Watch your step
You are standing still
Fuck: "I's" and "why's" and "if's" and "I should have's" and
The poison tongue in my private cheek and the stomach in my smoker's throat
Separate the skin from teeth and bury everything between
It pains me to think that if this is my most honest attempt at
honesty, then I'm honestly fucking dead
You won't find me in my room today growing affection for suffering or keeping secrets with the ceiling
These conversations were never healthy