

Bruised

Thanks **marks**,
for reminding me of the pain
Lies pour out of my **scars**
Wounds bite my soul
Abuse pulls me down the stairs
Thanks **addiction**
you got me through
some tough times
DAMMIT **death** leave me alone
I don't like your games

Black Out

The apathy of time
stormed
the white flag of our youth
weathered the storm of cruel mortality
living proof
will come and go
your soul, your whole life is
the empty pages for the no longer young
apathy of time
has a pocket
of swallowed light
And it
Sent your soul like a message