

A Wilhelm Scream **"Stab. Stab. Stab."**

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If I can then I will twist this knife until it snaps at the hilt
to make you feel this damage done is real.
When will I recover from a wound that never heals?
The answer's always never.
Forget November and suffer with a smile.
Blood soaked tee shirt worn only once
and left wet to remind me never to turn my back on you
again.
Counting all the days and nights since I've slept and
you're not alone?
How could anything this tragic turn into a laughing
matter.
Am I not alone?
Just because you're rotting doesn't mean you're dead.
It doesn't make you loved.
You just got lost in it.
We both love the money, we all love our friends.
It doesn't make us pricks.
We just keep falling in.
I can't rest, my neck's too stiff.
Is this remorse or hindsight making me delirious?
With a goodnight kiss,
these bloody lips whisper something about rats and
sinking ships.
Leave me lifeless. A bloody whisper from your lips.
Forget November, suffer this.
A lie, if you don't believe. A lie.
That's how we live our lives.

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