

13 Winters

"Hands On Thorns"

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I cut my hands on thorns,
as you stood there and watched.
Blood running from my hands down my fingers,
yet you do nothing but fucking stare!

I've gotten your attention,
but gotten no respect.
You don't talk to me,
now you no longer look at me.

I've fallen to my knees,
begging for all your apologies.
No, you turn your back towards me,

what did I do to deserve this?

Blood Has now
Stopped Flowing
My hands-now scabing
Hanging on the roses
Thorns Digging
Into My flesh
Causing The scabs
To bleed.

I've sunk down so low,
only myself would know.
My troubles haunt me everyday,
my problems never subside.

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