

A Bloody Canvas

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This portrait of our past fades ever slowly
painted
Tainted by our own hands
A masterpiece now forgotten
Our work of art
Can you paint this shattered heart?
Shades of red and gray line my heartstrings
But they've snapped and I'll use them as a noose
An artist's dream of beauty now realized
Suicide
Wrists bleed red to dry in black
Like my paints have dried with time

Artwork
My bloody canvas explains my life
Read the tragedy through the paint like a suicide note
Mistaken as a masterpiece
That's not what I meant
My tears stain blue
My blood dries black
And yet you say wonderful
Handmade by a broken heart
Our work of art
Call it modern, call it new
Just say it's the best you've ever seen
Mistake my pain for a masterpiece
But just know the highest bidder will adore my blood at
Night
I won't be around to see it

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