

A Jealousy Issue "Paperweight"

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I bleed through every single day
With this burden labeled heart
Worn thin by disappointment
Hanging by a thread
A magnet for incisions
It has made me weak
An accomplice to malfunction
Filled to the brim with lead
It serves no purpose
I have no need for this heart
For it receives no love at all
So impractical in it's nature
Just a charming paperweight
Defined only by shape not worth
I curse this heart
I wish it death
One stitch could save me
This heart just needs a spark
But it will not come soon enough
And i will once again be lost beneath the black
I curse this heart
I wish it death

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