

## **Bloodjinn**

# **"The Dividing Lines"**

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I read your letter, sometimes the hand that shelters  
and feeds, must feed a  
Sick mind with poisoned needs. The hands that clutch,  
can be the same hands  
That touch to much. Eyes that stare with love, read the  
words with eyes that  
Stare, while I close them to hide away the tears.  
Looking away in fear of  
Loneliness. Two things left today, one I greed, the  
other purpose, I have  
Lost me will, please take away this loneliness, I only  
wanted to give, not  
To have it all taken away.

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