

Between The Buried And Me "Prequel To The Sequel"

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The headless lover of three...
an unspeakable affair...

The lady on the hill creates a glorious departure from
her everyday life.
Constant swelling of the ankles...A pleasant cry for
help...
She began to unfold her story.
A grieving widow mothered this headless wonder.
A perfect crime, that soon lived on. A different life it
had to develop...
gripped by every limb it could hold, the lifeless ideas it
grew onto its own.
A much needed surrender.
Trees soon started to grow from what seemed like a
lifeless neck...
From a monster to a beauty in quick months...
its life seemed to be on its way to a rare freedom.
It decided it should take advantage of this idea.
(the average traveler hints at this every single day of
their lives)
A mixture of plantings soon took course in its body...
a spectacle non-the-less,
Walking proud through life letting its branches guide
the way.
A path which seemed to be covered in sunshine...
it must be human, for its qualities seem
to outdo even the grandest occupant of the town...
this started to catch the attention of the un-branched...
it had never experienced an affection of this kind...
a wonderful and frightening new obstacle in its life.
Years went by as it finally found true love...
the love of others...three to be exact.
Letting them into every secret...feeding from every
branch...
every part used for their lives...
)This went on with no negative scents 'til the 5th year
came around...)
It noticed its walking seemed more staggered than
normal.
The breeze didn't flow like it used to...
the heart seemed to pound slower and slower...

what caused this?
It seen was noticed that these three had torn every
branch, every single stem...
torn to its last life...
how hadn't it noticed a drastic change in the
surroundings...
It didn't think anything could go this wrong.

"Comfort..."

It thought life was constant
happiness if constant happiness was all that was given
out.
(It left its entire existence up to these three lovers)
hints and all, they did as they pleased...
and not it's starting to wilt away.
(They will see this LOST PERFECTION. It will come back
around...
will the newborn live to tell this story? Rewind.)

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