

The Bled

"Night Errors"

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All your moves are an act to me,
If I'm dismissive,
The red on your hand and the stutter in your step gave
me permission.
Who's broken heart did I abduct to feign these tears?
Who's battered soul did I usurp to howl like this?
The blade sharp and well groomed, but the execution
lacked vision.
I was deployed to revive the lull in your casual
blackouts.
Who's phantom hand did I possess to get this feeling?
One foot on the stage, one foot in the grave.
The only time you feel alive is when you're on fire.
There's a tempest raging on and on in my body.
You picked your battles, I just loved to fight.
Lost some, won some, then I lost count.
You can't see eye to eye when you're drinking from a
different well.
I'm unopposed to replaying the dying picture.
I couldn't shut your laughing eyes, they just kept on
getting louder and louder.
Grand delusions rub my ego so raw.
I wasn't born with this thorn in my side, no.
I stole every kiss from the sight of the crash.
If you believe these outrageous claims, then I'll take
you to the black hole.
Where no one escapes.

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