

Haste

"Revenge Tastes Like Blood And Broken Teeth"

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Parade your black-heart, a Judas kiss laced with nicotine. With a chance to know you, some parts of us are best left unseen. Slapped in the face with the will it takes to love someone. A confidant or a brother, betrayal comes in many forms. Say good-bye with three words and pray this won't happen again. If you can live with yourself that doesn't mean that you are innocent or guilty. "The suffering of Christ washes us clean". Give of yourself not completely. Selfish denial, thoughts words cannot embrace. Trading passion for passion and holding onto the thread that keeps us in place. Still masquerading the acts a wine stain won't erase. Wrap it up as a mistake; pretend your first time is the last. Say good-bye with three words and pray this won't happen again. If you can live with yourself that doesn't mean you are innocent or guilty. "The suffering of Christ washes us clean." Give of yourself not completely. The deepest scars are made by the push of familiar blades. Constructing an enemy with the most familiar things. However complicated we can make the exchange. Say good-bye with three words, and pray this won't happen again. The deepest scars are made by the most familiar blades.

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