

Her Words Kill

"Nobody Here Is Leaving Priscilla Brooke Alive"

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The letter that she wrote
The letter he wrote
The lies that they told
To my ex-love, I leave you: a letter that she wrote.
With each hour it gives me a different story.
Greeted by angels, but she was waiting for you.

War, despite the white flag.
Oh my dear, I fear I have become a burden.
She was waiting for you.
Is it raining outside your window?
It's pouring here, but the rain it never reaches the floor.
Maybe this blessing made of gold was all a trick.
Scrap the plans that we made; break the ribbon;
breakdown.

Leave a message for your victims.
Please surrender.
My knives are blunt.
She woke to the bluest of the blue and left red like your
torn up diary.
There are vacancies on death row.
She walks from her deadened cells.
The sky has been painted for you

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