

Horse The Band "Purple"

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Sweet sweet pain- like a thundercloud but tears are rain
full fists slapping thudding BANGING RAGING wanting
not to be weak with woe empty hands-she's on the floor
on the floor she SLAMS her empty hands like thunder it
rings in her ears slapping thunder splashing in the
puddles of her tears lungs heaving from the crashing
dying dreaming that was ripped from her heart while
BEATING and dropped all red and sloppy here, on this
clean tile floor. Now there is a hole inside, where the
ghosts and demons hide, whispering white wilting
words of woe, hungry ugly crunchy things, HORRIBLE
NASTY PERVERTED THINGS. in her head her mother
whispers "spreading like a whore". weeping wilted pile
heaving. weak with tears and dead with dreaming,
wanting to be wanted and wanting nothing more.

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