

## **Crisis** **"Wretched"**

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I'm so cold. nothing on the inside.  
so burn me  
so cold. no one to hold.  
so burn this body  
I'm not feeling anymore.  
chilling, now I'm turning to stone.  
so burn this wretched body  
angel embrace this disheveled wretch.  
I am the thief who hides the light beneath the filth of  
burning fingers  
smothered under not quite drowning reaching over,  
not quite living  
this is the gravedigger who throws his own body  
beneath the shit you tread carry me there,  
regret the life tarry onward running away calloused  
these ribs hold no more than hollowness - a hole dug  
as my grave,  
though I'm buried insode my head.  
already dead to your touch, to your light.  
your eyes march forward with condemnation...  
feel this solitude  
burn with me.

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