

Curl Up And Die

"The Proclaimed Bat Hunter"

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broken in sections.
my breath is losing it's rhythm
and my pulse is the center of attention.
render these arms useless.
i tryed not to hear her voice, but it is everything.
this was the goodbye i never said.
pain thrust through chest,
i miss her bearthing and i am so sick of mine.
dying in bleachers with my corner eye crush.
was this the last time i would see you?
was this our farewell?
it just isn't enough when i can never see your face
again.

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