

This Century

"The Ripple Effect"

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Lips seal into kisses of deception pouring glass down
throats of unconditional love infected with
untrustworthy schemes outlined in shadows lips seal
into kisses of whispers warn me through violent ties
I've worn myself down through years spent reminiscing
over dead melodies and solely dreaming
impossibilities every crash of ever wave sends me
crashing back to point zero intact with self resentment
dissolved and slowly boiled in a bowl of sweet lies to
drench in attachment only to later drown in
abandonment is this real? What I bleed? Staring at the
ceiling with eyes dripping crescent shaped tears of self
pity I ask myself is this something real I bleed or have
my lips gone breathless to selfish desires

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