

Zach Nelson

"Untitled 4-3-06"

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He closes his eyes
As he pokes himself again
The needle goes in one side
And out the other

Nobody sees the lies
The lies in his eyes
The needle in his wrist

His wrist is self image
It's killing him slowly
As blood drips drop by drop

Nobody is there to pull it out
To take the pain away
To make everything okay

The eyes of an angel
That's what he seeks
No, not her eyes
Her love

That is the only cure
The cure for all his needles
All he needs is her
To keep the pain away

But the needles aren't from his fingers
They are but stupid remarks from others

The cut like a razor
Move like a blade
And hold like a vice

Will she save him?
Will she be his rescuer?

He does not hold her together
SHE is the glue
For the pieces of his heart

