

Acacia Strain, The "All She Wrote"

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It never stops raining.
With daggers sewn through her heart she cries.
Filled with confusion she cries.
"No one can help me until I can help myself.
And I can't help myself."
Frozen throughout, exposing broken skin.
One week, one more week.
She can't take anymore burning in her mind.
"Why can't I sever your head, why can't I sever your
memory?"
The image burned through her eyes has made it on to
the mirror.
Broken glass reflecting on the shards of the past.
Forced memories walking on tacks,
please pull the knife fight out of my back and I'll pull
the knife out of yours.
"You can't stop the rain", she says.
"You can't stop the rain"

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