

The Ready Set

"Papercuts And Exit Wounds"

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This papercut is so far from deep, but juse deep enough to cause it to bleed. While this kind of pain helps you to sleep, it's what I wake up to and why I scream. When separation becomes routine I turn the page and start over again. This frustration, as you can see, is what I'm becoming accustomed to. Now I come in peace to let you know what that was for me. So pass your time passing out and passing on the torches. Forgetting all the sources of your smile. It takes some time, but look around and find a shoe that fits you. It probably won't hit you for a while. Just take a step back and watch me bleed. Watch as it runs down my leg to the feet. At any time now this blood red sea will soak you and drown you. I hope you can swim, for there is no ship or rescue team to save you from you. Just understand where we stand. This corrupts your plan to be fair and a friend. Wake up. Morning. Shower. Start again. Do this alone. Alone I miss my friends. Don't you miss your home? The home is where the heart is. In the night I had a dream. And in it you stood tall. So save you from you. Remember that we miss you, and don't forget the sources of your smile.

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