

Scatterbrain

"Angels Made Of Stone"

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The doll on the wall always watches me. live my whole life in sin. i throw her down on the ground. now where should i begin? the porcelain pieces lying on the floor. place a piece on my skin. hold it there until i bleed. in hopes to be pure again. the whispers of past prayers in my mind. the sounds of past wasted time. i drowned in a flood of pointless tears. pointlessly she'd over the years. in the midst of bright love and less covered in so much hatefulness, but displayed with such elegance. remember one key to love is patience. the whispers of past prayers in my mind. the sounds of past wasted time. i drowned in a flood of pointless tears. pointlessly she'd over the years

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