

Stafford

"If Your Weapons Could Speak"

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If your weapons could speak, they'd scream to me
between dying breaths. Overuse has ravaged them,
and your sleeve is so bloody from the stolen hearts
you've pinned upon it. [Get a new hobby. Get a new
hobby. I'm leaving, and I'm not cleaning up this mess.]
Oh, the damage I've witnessed... the souls that won't
remain. Don't cry anymore, your tears have stained my
hardwood floor. All that's left inside you is a bottle with
a note that reads: "I can never trust. I will never love,
and I will never be free."

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