

Stafford

"You Can't Spell 'Believe' Without 'Lie'"

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The alcohol on your breath burned like acid through my lips. It left a scar, a souvenir of a night I would rather forget. Hear that sound? Those are the footsteps of the skeletons that just broke down your closet door. I think they'd like a word with you, and they don't look too happy. [Call me paranoid, but I can see fingerprints from every hand that's touched your skin. Call me paranoid.] Truth is the best weapon at your disposal, but it's the only one that you never use. Contrary to what you'd normally expect, I'm not here to save you from some unseen force that only turns out to be yourself in the end. No. My only intentions are to make all this easier for me. I speak with self-righteous tones, paranoid.

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