

Life Once Lost, A "The Wicked Will Rot"

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when did this all start anyway?
we have all the time in the world to kill, so let's
converse over my imperfections
you did it all the time, even when i was standing next to
you;
why should now be any different?
you have already shattered my self-image with your
self-righteous fist of disapproval
i guess when i wasn't there, i wasn't there period
was i?
no
trust is not an option with me anymore
my secrets are my secrets
i've been pushed into this state of discomfort once
before
i cannot act like it doesn't bother me
my eyes strain clearly enough for you to understand
something your lack of compassion will never allow you
to see

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