

## 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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