

- She became a ghost to herself at 15 -

July's heat

beats down upon me

As I struggle through the pain

You left behind.

Hell's Sweet Water

Can't taste as bitter

As the love

you left upon my cracked lips.

Tear ducts

Spill blood

No tears left.

Can't you hear my screams for you to stop?

Let me take one last look

into your eyes.

I know what I'm looking for

I've got a sick feeling

The doors to your soul was closed

the whole time I loved you.

Roland 6/7/13