

miss u, bby girl

There's something about you: something tragic

It's something behind your eyes, a part of me I wish to find

And reclaim. And destroy. Because you are mine

Did I destroy you, or did you hurt me?

Together, we fall back in entropy

A silence too beautiful to leave behind

A sadness too real to capture in a line

Careful not to dissolve the time

We shared, or else someone might die

Die, die. Fie

To injure those who came in thine eyes

A sadness too real

A possession to steal

What is love without the sick