To and Fro

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Well....yeah.

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To and Fro

The blade deeps down into my cold skin,
Making me feel as I drive it further in.
The blade slams against the bone,
Then I drag it To and Fro.
The cold steel pinches my heart,
And for second, the world is dark.
But then it all picks up again,
And To and Fro makes for more bloodshed.
I hear them laughing with no clue,
Whatâ s happening above them, what Iâ m up to.
They donâ t care anyway,
I sit and listen to the pouring rain.
I hear a slight scream in the wind,
But itâ s calming to those who plan a sin.
To and For the blade is controlled,
Too bad I canâ t kill my soul.
I want nothing more than a sweet release,
A sweet escape that kills me.
To and Fro, I try and dig deeper,
I see the vain, I try and hit her.
To and Fro is the only thing that makes sense,
The blade sweeps over and snaps the fence.
Remember the vain I mentioned before?
I just snapped with my force.
Blood rains down and explodes everywhere,
And I just sit, sit and stare.
My eyes become dreary and heavy in a way,
Iâ m far too tired to stay awake.
To and Fro, is no more,
I close my eyes and fall to the floor.
The blade at my side in my hands clutch,
My skin is cold at anythingâ s touch.
And still I hear them laughing loud,
Soon, there will be nothing, no sound.
To and Fro, I thank you ever so,
To and Fro, To and Fro, To and Fro.

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