

Don't do this to me...

Don't do this to me...

By : sonia

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Don't do this to me...

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My heart calls out to itself

With nobody else to call to

Without transmitting its syndrome

No more can it bear

No more hate no more despair

Cut off the connections

From past to present

Why does it again and again

Be given endless punishment

Time after time

Its weak from past diseases

Its weakened by blood

By ache by fake

By hate

Don't let it die again

As it died before

As it dies again and again

The continues impossible,

Cycle of death

Don't do this to me...

Don't do this to me...

Dnt tickle and stab at once

Making lafter painful

Making tears joyfull

Dnt let the blood flow

And wipe away the drops as you do

Leaving holes and no clues

Empty pores

Clean floors

Dnt Stab frm behind,

As cowards do

Dnt Scream from your lungs,

As criminals do

Don't do this to me...

Don't do this to me...

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