

Open wounds

I stand and look in the bathroom mirror
I reach for my straight razor
And I dig and cut into my beating heart
I cause myself nothing but pain
My blood sprays all over the walls
I see my rib cage
I break the ribs covering my heart
I tear the beating muscle from in out of my chest
I stand and look at the damage
I've done
It's nothing to the damage others have caused
They called me a heartless monster
Well isn't the pot calling the kettle black as they say
I stitch up the wound
And leave my heart in the bathroom sink
I prove a point when I talk
I can be the answers and I can be the viruses in your systems
As they lay a hand on my chest
They realise my heart isn't there no more
It was taken long before this poem was wrote
I gave it away and it returned
I lost true
And gave my heart to a soul
I'm not the man I seem to be
I'm the man I see every night in my nightmares
Chasing my demons till they drop
One last open wound

By
Shadow

