

Poems for song?

1.

I never knew I liked
playing with fire
until I looked into your eyes for the first time
 You feel too good—*too thrilling*
I didn't
Even notice the burns
Until they started to
 hurt
 to blister
somehow the pain is addictive
Is that why
 we
 can't let go?
Just let me go
(Please because I can't)
 Cause the devil is so enticing
 when he touches
 me like I'm his most
prized possession

3.

(Puppets & their masters)

I think I've realized that
You made me
Who I am
(I know it's twisted and awful)
But It's true...
(Is that the same for you? say it is)
You haunt every part of me
I didn't want this...I feel like a ghost of who I was with you.
Maybe that's because I wasn't me
I was just your puppet
And when those strings broke... shattering into 1000s of pieces
I thought it was done
Over with
That I could just pick up the broken pieces of myself and move on
I don't think i ever actually tried to though
Looking back on it now
did I even want to forget you?
I think I just left the pieces you broke me into there hoping that it would just fix

itself

Somehow, magically, or that you would come back
To put your puppet back together
But you didn't (and I didn't)
No one cleaned up the mess you would leave behind every time
I wanted to make it hurt less
to heal a little
So I figured out a way to try...
I would bring people up to this mess on the floor
This shattered puppet laying there
And see if they could figure out how all the pieces went back together
No one could...
They would just sit there trying to make it work with duck tap and super glue
I sat there trying to help; giving clues and cheering them on
But I guess it doesn't work like that
Cause they could never figure it out
It always ending with them throwing the
Confusing, difficult, and frustrating
—Now superglued and duck taped—
puppet back on the floor...
Shattering it more
And more
Every time...
I'm still finding pieces of us on the floor
Mixed in with all the debris from over the years
Of trying to fix what you so carelessly broke
When we were still just children
The strings are still there in the pile
Hidden on the bottom
(Even from me sometimes)
And maybe that's because
every part of me
Has a string
Leading back to you

4.

(A section from a longer poem)
I should forgive you
We both didn't know what we were doing
Innocences does that
Consequences didn't exists in the world of you and I
Until I realized you were cutting me the whole time

Leaving your mark.

(Do you ever think about what would have happened If we never met? Who we might have been if we never touched each other?

I do, all the time.)

every time we would go back to each other, why so many?

Was I that addictive too?

Were you just like me, never being able to think about anything but your next fix,

Or did you just like inflicting the torture you put me through

To get yourself off on the power of it all...

You thought it would be fun to play with knives,

I'm still finding cuts from when I was 13

...and we first looked at each other

the scars

That you left on my body

Haunt me still

I feel them anytime someone else touches me

Will I ever be rid of you?

5.

Rain falling

Lightly on the window

The Street lights make it

Shimmer and glow

Against the darkness of the night.

You appear like a mirage

This feels fake

(Something that can't be real)

Cause I'm in a taxi going home

And you are just walking on the street

Our lives passing

But not colliding...Like they used to

I guess this is the world we live in now

But I'm okay with that

I'm okay with letting you go.

So I don't tell the taxi driver to stop

I don't get out of the car...

I just go

Cause you aren't my home

You never were

I didn't realize that in the moment like you did,

But I know it now

6.

Hissing "i do" to her love

The house turns upside down

Birds fly freely into the blood red sky.

A man plays the xylophone, making the animals dance
as the women in white says, "I do".

Birds fly freely into the blood red sky

With the orange moon staring back at them.

As a women in white says, "i do"

A man in a top hat flicks his cigarette making a hissing sound.

Which the orange moon staring back at them

a women cleanses the baby of its sins.

A man in a top hat flicks his cigarette, making a hissing sound

As she paints her love

With a halo around her head

As a man falls off the roof,

white polkadots fill his vision.

With a halo around her head

She wraps herself in blue silk sheets