

Poems & Lyrics

Von ScarsLikeVelvet

Razorblade Kiss

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Razorblade kiss
Surely there is no one who would miss,
Miss me
The little pathetic bitching bee

My anger turns onto myself
So I just reach towards the shelf
Where a silver thing resides
Which stings, if it bites
Into my skin
Just to make the room around me spin

Red blood dripping across the floor
I do not care anymore
There is nothing I would miss
Other than my razorblade's kiss

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A/N: Ich weiß, es ist grammatikalisch nicht korrekt, but to hell with it.
Es geht hier um meine Gefühle, nichts anders.