

A Thousand Times And Over

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Sometimes, people can feel sorry about themselves, but then they realize that they didn't do anything wrong...

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Chapter 1 - A Thousand Times And Over

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1 - A Thousand Times And Over

I don't owe you
an explanation,
I owe myself
a cut, deep
in the thresh-
holds of mine
own fleshy skin.

Why is everyone
turning their eyes
opposite of
mine direction.
Tis because
of the nakedness
that I dold not?

Di you not know
that there be
more than one
"four letter word?"
So love and hate,
alike and un,
erally now what
does it seem
to even matter?

Everything be
so interchangeable,
the light to dark.
No opposites exist
in the planes of
mine own existance.

It will never cease
to end until the
glory if all is undone,
unpractical and
simply not so
very martyr like.

For if all the
martyrs were

simply erased
by the spawn
of one's own
hushing tender kiss,
then where
would be
all the martyrs.

Where be the were
of mine own fleshy
skin of pallid
stone? But stone-
like I am not.
Stone does not
bleed in the least,
as do I.

I owe you not
an explanation,
nor myself a cut.
For you have
already done that
for me a thousand
times and over.