

Fiercely I Love you, Suddenly I Lose You

By unfocused

Submitted: March 9, 2005

Updated: August 8, 2005

Everyone has an epic battle, this is mine.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/unfocused/12148/Fiercely-I-Love-you-Suddenly-I-Lose-You>

Chapter 1 - Your Metal Box	2
Chapter 2 - My Metal Box	4

1 - Your Metal Box

You're cold to that metal box in your chest you call your heart, which leaks acids of laughter in spite and rots those rusted emotions you replace with scorn hate. I only tried to love you, but you cry you're perfect and despise anyone who knows you're not. I understood you in a way no one else could, but you had this hidden too deep inside of you, down to depths too dark to see. It only shows when you open up. You only open up to release that stail fog of steam that traps in your metal box too intense to hold in. I know this, because you breathed it on me; in my face, I held it in, and now I know what it is. I gave it a name.

You made a mistake leaving the evidence in my chest. Don't convict yourself by infecting the wound. If you love yourself the way you say you do, don't make me hate you. I light this cigarette with a flame much like the one that burns around your black thoughts of cold intent. It crackles with a slow, hypnotic flare. If we taught each other to hate one another, I didn't listen, I should have, maybe I will someday. You listened all too well.

I am only terrified to let you know that all the damage of this haunting, tormenting memory of your steamed metal box has burrowed a place in my body to feed on the residue of long since felt pain, to cultivate into something larger. Only to be slung back into me with a sensitive trigger, not just with exceeding suffering, but with pain I should be able to ignore.

Not just one of us drove us here, we had to have taken turns. I know I slept half the ride. I even remember a dream I had on the way. In the end, you tried to make me think you hated me the whole time. But I know you, the faces you make, the tone of your voice, even the rate of your heartbeat when you lie. It doesn't work with me, I know you too well. So well that I can take you apart elaborately, I can repair you the way you always wanted to be, and piece you back together without losing even a single drop of blood. I may have done it a few times, but don't worry, you never woke up, you're still in good shape. You can hate me all you want, I never asked you to love me. But remember: to hate me, you had to have loved me.

You can jam my fingers in your metal box 2,000 more times. I can't bleed forever, but I won't stop for you, either. I fall out of consciousness as I inhale the pain. The dosage has me foaming like a beast enraged. The sirens are deafening past the point of ringing. I tremble back to life, back to the burden of feeling. On the floor, bathed in blood, you just won't let me die.

In the dark I close my eyes. The cold grips and twists my spine. From this chamber I'll scream, I won't stop until I choke. The chains

will hold me, the fire will even scold me, but only until let go.
Bruise and break me, slit my throat, come beat me until I feel again,
just don't leave me alone. My heart has been skinned, the bone is like
steel. The scorching surface consumes my flesh. On my knees, grabbing
my chest, I breathe out fumes, igniting the room... with a steam all
too familiar. I didn't ask, but now I know why.

2 - My Metal Box

I'm far from done, but so are you, hanging me with a wire from the roof until I'm two. Are you through? This has got to stop. I'm crawling into a tomb only to rott. I'm falling from your fist, taking a shot. Peel away at my face when you want another taste. Take away the soothing pain just to slap the smile from my face. You say I am only a stain on the rug you walk on, it's better to here it than to see it. I'd rather be a crack on the ground you fall on, you'd rather fear it than to be it.

Spread what's left of my life apart until all that's there is you, holding a bullet in your hand just for me. This isn't how it's suppose to be, but I'm not giving you the pleasure of knowing you've broken me. I will laugh away this day, stand and take away my shame. With the strength that remains I will break away these chains. I have no more skin to burn, so lick away these flames. And like colliding tidal waves, destroying everything in our path, we crash and break while we fade away, no longer fearing the damage of your wrath.

Just your same old games we play everyday, though games are all we have, I want to play my way. You're a stalemate waiting to crash, I'm one move ahead of you, moving too fast. I want your king, as bad as you want to see that bullet rip through me. Your strategy takes me where I want to be; in the arms of my enemy. The closer you are to me, the more you will take from me. And all I have is this ache in me, born from the pain you gave to me. So take it and run, with one pawn left, I am still not done.

This is my story of vengeance. I will burry you with me if it takes my life to end this. Unlock the metal box you turned my heart into while trying to make me become you. Let the heat burn deep into your face, let the steam penetrate until you suffocate. Pull this knife from my chest and take away your misery with everything you left. You focus on a part of me to shatter my sanity. I drag along these chains of mine to strangle your vanity. You're leaving cuts and scars as you rave and ravage me, molding me into your raving fantasy. The injection is set. I break the needle in your neck. The poison flows with the cold in your chest. For all you have taken from me, you have left my last breath. So it's your fault if I live, it's mine if I lose. Build a mountain to tear it down, if that's what you choose.

The fever falls over you into a dazing dream, covers you in a numbing sting. On your knees, looking up at me, your peircing stare nails me to the air. Frozen in time, this moment is mine. The adrenaline rushes through you, you target my life. With another burst of hate, you charge at me with all your might. A quick slash through the heart tears me apart. The line drops flat and the sound goes sharp. Falling in pieces, I land in the dark. Awakened by a tug, I'm dragged through a hole. Torn from the warmth of life, I'm dead in the cold. My sight fades to white. The bright light hurts my eyes. But it's not my time, my reason for living is not yet justified. With conviction I stand, your face engraved in my mind. I turn, run, I lunge back into the dark side.

I'm thrown back to life, once again trembling; you don't get used to the

feeling. Air fills my body, my blood stops rotting. Digging my grave with your hands, behind you I stand. You still think I'm dead. Your name drips from my lips, then suddenly, you turn your head. Back into battle we thrust, our bodies - only shells to crush. You scream to bring sharp havoc down my back. I pound on your chest to form a crack. Smoke expels through in immense blocks, bearing the hollow cave you place your box. Daylight glistens off the metal, a blinding force spraying rays in yellow. For so long I've told myself how I need you, but now, I know how to beat you.

I fall into you, clutching your rusting metal box. Momentum sends us skidding along the gentle rocks. You claw at my neck, every move you choose suggests death. Dear life holds on to me, as I hold on to you. In your waning moments, your motions emit intoxicating truth. I am only a shade of what I was when I was something I wouldn't have forgotten, I know that. But in my empty soul has gathered a hand-made rage built to slave a purpose of pain, and I won't hold back. My shade, tinted in grey, is stale and weak. The colors drained from my body stain your teeth. I pull away, breaking your hold, facing a mystery like a story untold. In my arms your box dawns a puzzle. My confusion warps into a craze too subtle. As the dust clears, struggling with the locks, I look at you, looking at me, your holding my metal box.

Your sour grin strikes me with a sudden sense of reality. This may be my closing act on a stage riddled with blasphemy. It will be my masterpiece. I try to pry the lid open with my fingernails, while your laughter rings in sheets to see me fail. Casually, you trace the code to brave my lock. I fight a whirlwind of numbers in paradox. Until you've come to the final digit of the code, I remiss the world. Motion slows. In this moment, our moment, after all has crashed down to the level of men, pulled from behind our masks, all we have is this sin.

I hear a click, echoing through my ears. The fears I've gathered through my years couldn't mount this monster of a fear I fear is you near the edge of the cliff from which I exist. You don't need to push me, 'cause I'm pulling you with me.

That echo, still drumming, keeps running through my mind, hugging my spine. I know what you know, there are no more people or places, there is no more time. This is it, there's just you and I. And I promise, this time... I will show you how it feels to die.

That click, you've unlocked my metal box in an instant. I'm far from done, but you still haven't won. Built up in the fore-front of what drives me, is the sum of all you've done inside me. It's evident, you despise me, but now, I'm angry.

Before you can open my metal box, you have to taunt me first. There's your mistake, that sour grin is not your win, it's your curse. Frack your locks and codes, and everything else your box holds. I aim all the strength I have left into my hands. I dig my fingers into the metal like sand. Our eyes meet one last time, I rip open your metal box with one last try. The scorching steam hisses out with a forcing scream. Chemicals inside and remnants of metal scrape against each other with the impact I need. A spark. An explosion. It's over in a blink.

Lying on my back, I begin to wake. I open my eyes and let them dilate. You

couldn't have survived that blast. Or at least, you shouldn't have. My sight comes into focus and I see you. The blast shattered my metal box and half of you to. I don't want to see what it's done to me. I'll just accept the fact that now I'm free. No more fighting, the pain is slowly dying. I watch you bleed as you barely breathe. Collecting your remains you begin to crawl away. Looking for a safe place. I want to move but I'm paralyzed. So I just watch you close your eyes. You're all I see, dying, like me.

I hold on. I need to hear your final breath. I need to be sure when you're at rest. You stop moving, but I can still feel your heartbeat pound through the ground. The rhythm loses its pattern, now everything you've ever done to everyone doesn't matter. One long breath, followed by one broken heartbeat. And finally, you're at peace.

It ends. I let go and I'm comatose. They're all liars; my life isn't flashing before my eyes, my life is fading into the night. Thinking back, it hurt to know you, it even hurt to hold you. How did you live with all that madness inside you? It's ironic, in my defining hour I'm catatonic. Well, I think I'll just lie here and let myself die. Give in to that pull from life this time.