

# Painful Lullabies

(I hate to love you, sweetheart, but you love to hate me)

I inhaled shards of glass,  
not that I needed any more inner pain.  
I have a shield made of broken hearts,  
and yours was definitely the ugliest.

I hope you forget me,  
I'm tired of this guilt.

I bled out all the happiness that remained,  
there were thumbtacks stuck in my pores.

I want an empty casket,  
to lay my conscience to rest.

I hope you lose me,  
I'm doubtful you'll find me again.

I chewed up all my vulnerability,  
it tasted like burnt toast.

I look for a new sense of purpose,  
but all the good ones were out of stock.

I hope you hate me,  
I'm desperate to be right.

(don't forget to breathe, dear, or your lungs will rust shut)