

I embedded my home into another ones ambitions. The battle of mind and heart, a terrible mix up. We foolishly tricked ourselves into believing, that there was some sort of indignity in giving up.

Selfishness was not hesitant to plant that white cross six feet above a casket, housing the idea of love, housing the idea of our love.

the devil is in the details, the devil is in the rocks as i stumble in my bare feet through this life losing blood from the cuts, as deep as my lies go, so does my pain! I watch my integrity give about, and then circle around the drain.

wishing i could take back all the times that i regret. its funny how regret is something that we can never ever forget.

bleeding out pours wishing life was like before, foolishly falling for the lie that life was simpler when we were poor.

what you did for me, you did for the least of these,

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Lord i hear your words, and i want to speak.

but speakings doing nothing.

love was a shelter for the cold, and warmth for the least, i was the least of these, and my selfishness was a thief.

my selfishness was a thief.

even in laughter my heart may ache and joy may end in sorrow, joy may end in sorrow.

this suffering heart needs a home. this body holds no substance for me. you gave a beautiful life to me. but my selfishness is a terrible thing

my selfishness, stole your love from me.