

## My Bitter Half

The Bled

I traced your shape and counted the days and you just erased me  
.  
I hit the ground and I make no sound as your heels pierced me.  
I scarred my face to conquer my pride and you cocooned in your misery.  
I plucked you up from a bed of nails and hung me for your salvation.  
Can I come down?  
There's been a mistake.  
Can I come down?  
Isn't this what you asked of me?  
You lost faith.  
Blinding white.  
And just before my chest caved in,  
I climbed back down I caught your scent but the wolves beat me to you.  
Stopped behind the place where we met.  
Found strands of your dress they were all that was left.  
I dug you up the night you died and this is what you asked me,  
"when will the sun overthrow the eclipse.  
I'm just waiting for this night to end.  
Leave me here, just go." as the dusk set in.  
As the sickness spread.  
I took one glance behind.  
And you had disappeared.  
Slipping right through my fingers.  
Gripping as tight as I can.  
Slipping right through my hands we can't look back.  
They've got the searchlights on us.  
Stay close you'll be alright.  
With shadows as my guide.  
I'm looking for the answer.  
I will be the one who breaks the constant midnight.  
Tossed to the swine.  
I make the climb from the abyss.  
Lost.  
Into the night.  
To the abyss.  
I trace your shape to memory I traced your shape.  
Eraser.