

Blood letter
On a parchment so clean
But day by day the stainless
fades from white to gray

Blood letter
Penned with pleading hands
A dialect of neglectedness
I'll never understand

She's writing red calligraphy
On the razor's edge between
Hope and loss and out of ink

Blood letter
Doesn't wear it on her sleeve
But knows the brush and depth to cut
To make the canvas bleed

Blood letter
Emblazoned on her skin
A gallery of tempt and pain
For which there is no end

She's writing red calligraphy
On the razor's edge between
Hope and loss and out of ink
On the razor's edge between

A badge of honor
Or a wound that's festering
I want to understand
Why won't she let me in?
Why won't she let me in?

A cry for help is now bleeding out
A cry for help is now bleeding out
I should have known that it wasn't a show
I should have known, I should have known

She's writing red calligraphy
On the razor's edge between
Hope and loss and out of ink
On the razor's edge between

A badge of honor
Or a wound that's festering
I want to understand
Why won't she let me in?

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