I hate the boy who turned your lips to poison
and told the world he was in love for the first time.

But it's not just because his words were thin and his promises weak.
I hate him because he is a lie, and his love is a trap.

And when he found you, he turned you into the poison.
He put his own impulses first and then told the world that those who commit his crimes are liable to change, because of course he's not to be blamed.

I've watched them hurt you, and I know I'd be scared too because bruises aren't just red, and blue, and purple and green and blood can only run for so long, but I know how much you crave the floor.

I feel like a watcher, not a saviour. I'm helpless. I have a heart, and blood like you and bruises of my own so maybe I should just start drinking.

Yet you stopped me so abruptly I couldn't help but think it was personal. It's been a while, and since then I've signed the three worded contract with another accomplice because for once in my life, I gave up, and then again I gave in.

And in the end I'll probably lose the game, but I'll forever envy the addict who gets to choke on your blood and poison.