



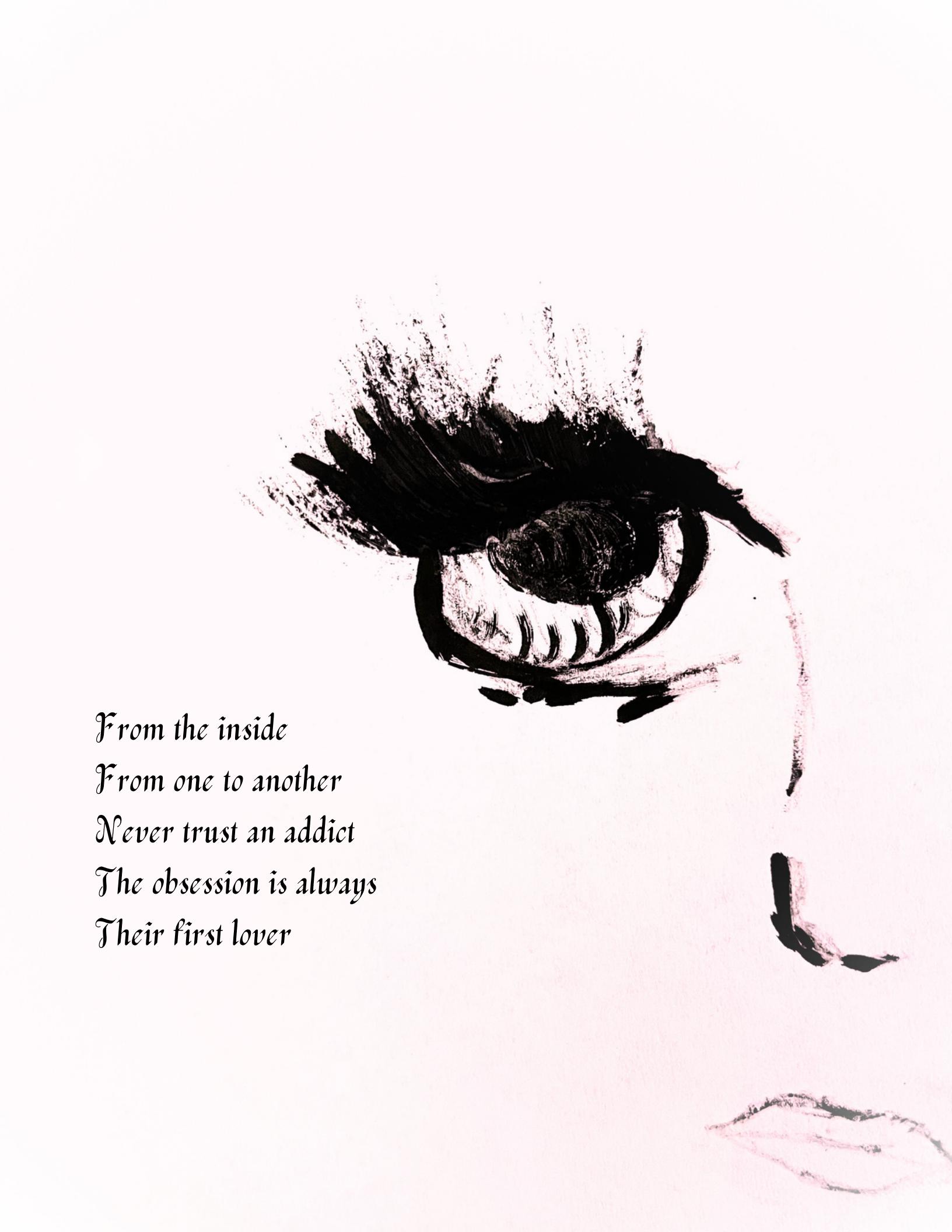
Venus Rain

You are the open wound
The scab I can't stop picking
The infection I always think
Will heal from bleeding





the
vague
outlines
of you
the vague
expression
on me



*From the inside
From one to another
Never trust an addict
The obsession is always
Their first lover*

I always thought I was dying
Repeating the only thing I learned in physics
Things tend to move towards greater entropy



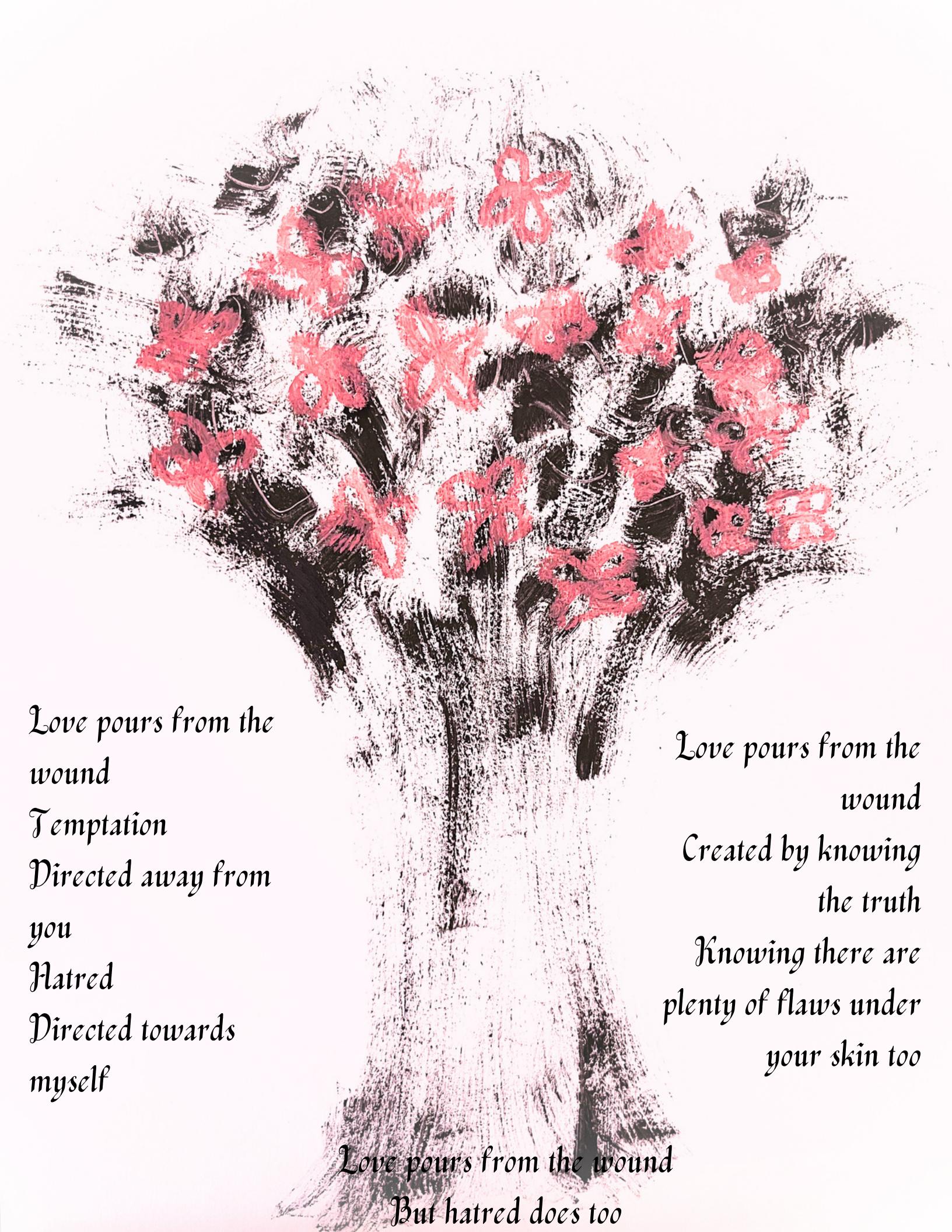
If you leave it gets worse
The only thing I have left is words
So please write back to me

BREAK
ME
SHOW
THE WORLD
HOW I FEEL
ON THE
INSIDE



*My words hurt
I talk in spades
And walk around
With a mouthful of razor blades*





Love pours from the
wound
Temptation
Directed away from
you
Hatred
Directed towards
myself

Love pours from the
wound
Created by knowing
the truth
Knowing there are
plenty of flaws under
your skin too

Love pours from the wound
But hatred does too

Bite me out

Scream me out

Am I a pretty
boy?

Do I seem
softer broken?

Am I quiet enough?

Mysterious enough?

Do I look like him?

Do you
want to
grow up
with my
broken
boy
alcohol
poisoning
messy
hair sex
toy?