Hell fire Hymnal by Rachel N.

The shame found in the before you did.

My lips stains burned that carpet red.

It takes a fool to find another

laying down and playing dead.

You swallowed all the words I fed.

I hate remembering what was said.

Before the ashes turned to honey

we were voiceless all along.

Two proud birds with missing feathers,

playing right at being wrong.

You found me limp lost lungs and blue

until I floated back to you.

All that dust has settled now

that chaos came to set us free.

 But all that shame that came before you

tasted different after me.

Yes me

all that I got left is me.

Let it go now let’s be free.