

Naïve

Is this real?

The reality of lies

That have been told

Escaping through your lips

Finding their way

To my forgiving heart

Soaking them up

But never acknowledging

So that again, I can believe

What has already been said before

Is this real?

But then I remember

The illusions of trust

That you branded inside my mind

Your damage spreads

Like a disease

And by pouring out the leaking heart

Restrained inside my chest

Into your expecting hands

Overflowing them

Dripping your lies onto another fragmented soul

Unsuspecting of what is to come

I am freed