

Fallen angels can't love. Weren't you there mouthing something slow-mo when that broad was ruining my face with her peacock ring, jab after jab until I leaked a sunset? I mean, my love of the unlovable was my first fatal flaw. An aversion to things that die has proved troublesome as well. My father would pat me on the head at this point. He felt sorry for me sometimes and that made me feel loved. These parts make the most noise in the combustible center. Apologetic love is rising from the dead with a green heart, a delicacy to the people who live without worry. Complex characters burn pastel in cases where we seek glorification. It felt surprisingly like planting a garden when they sewed up my face. When it comes to pie filling, it must look like guts or it's a wash. No one appreciates blood anymore. Just because chomp and swallow is everything to you, don't assume you know the shape of my scissors based on my negatives alone. My father was a mathematician-magician. Like a flower stem twisted into a bow, your noose has been simplified. You're winged, don't worry. Between death and pleasure is a string of pink yarn, so be sensible when you roll your eyes back in your head. It feels sweet enough to the half-dead. Cherry cordials are the medication of multitudes of virgins, who are trying to hold on. And as the angels wished me when I came back, as my dad wishes me when I pray to him, Good Luck.