

*How's your heart?*

when I think of you  
in that dirty  
house

taking all those  
drugs

filling your  
veins  
with the  
black filth

giving him your money  
giving him your love  
giving him your body

thinking it was  
the hottest shit going

I wish I could  
have rescued you

for I could see  
what was coming  
before you could

but  
I stood by  
and watched you  
get played

though  
my arms  
were around you  
the whole time

only you couldn't see

and because  
of all your  
stupidity

and because  
of all your goodness

you were left  
a cheapened version  
of yourself

no more improved  
no more enlightened

just a dirty,  
soiled version

and you say to me  
*"Where were you?!"*  
*Where were you?!"*

and I say,  
"I've been here the whole time,  
under the umbrella  
waiting to take you  
out of the rain,  
you just couldn't see  
is all."

and your innocence  
crumbles like a rotten strawberry  
in front me

forever damaged  
forever stained

and I have to ask,  
*"How's your heart?"*