## Ghost, Gem, Mint Ten

These ribs are now prison bars Or a treasure chest, a lock waiting on key I found this center inside It's being torn apart by arrows pulling in all directions Without control you consume me This knot of desire in a noose of doubt Without control I consume you Quarantine me so I will not infect My glass skin It shivers when Your eyes throw looks like stones I'm taking names

I'm placing the blame

On the one that doesn't exist, it's all on me

Soldiers at war

You're what I'm fighting for

Under friendly fire

It's kinda funny how a streetlight can disect me and cut me down to size

It's beauty and reason how a stranger can affect me and put this weight on my chest

Without control you consume me A knot of desire in a noose of doubt These imperfections we can not accecpt

Hold us together bind and connect