

Delta

Past

You left me.

I want you to bend, I want you to show me the line.

I want you to show me where my actions overcome how much you care about me.

I want you to leave me.

How much fighting can you take?

When will that final straw break?

More importantly, how long will it take me to break it?

I'm cruel for a reason.

I want you to leave me.

I ask for my space

And make you think this is the end

To gauge how much it hurts you.

And I'll inevitably cross the line.

It's not demented, it's just how I have to operate.

It's survival.

Survival is a game

And to win the game, you must understand how to play.

I'm always the winner.

It's innate.

I never thought twice.

Being alone in the end would suit me just fine.

Because at least I won.



Present

You looked at me like you knew.

Each time I hurt you, you came back.

You stayed.

You stayed.

You still

Stay.

I never felt bad about the way that I am until you.

You told me I didn't need to do that with you.

No armor. No walls.

"I'm not your dad."

You'd never argue.

Just listen.

I never cried until you.

You didn't say anything,

Only wrapped your arms around me and sighed.

And I knew you loved me.

So I cried.

I fought harder.

Screaming.

Fighting.

Why don't you fucking leave?

It's all gonna hurt in the end,

I'm just trying to advance the process.

Each time is worse.

I feel myself ripping at the seams.

What's happening?

I don't want to do this anymore

And I know you can't do this forever.

My demons belong to no one but me,

But I'm afraid I can't change.

I'm in limbo.

I don't know how to fix this.

Please stay.