

Don't Call My Name

You don't understand.
I'm trying not to hear your screaming.
The sunlight is bleaching my hair.
The darkness comes faster with every step forward.
It needs the dreaming,
The childish midnights in fear,
To know the reason for living.
Our death comes slowly after.
It's our last dark night of hell.
Don't call my name,
I won't be listening.
My lips are red and cracking.
My eyes are closed to see you
In the cold white noise of dying.