



When the people who sing melodies of love into your ears  
become the people who make dirges from memories of you, be still.


When the people who lock hands with yours  
and throw the keys in the bottom of their hearts  
become the very ones who add full stops at the end  
of every symphony that accompanies your history  
Please, be still.

When they serve you a loaf of loathing on a tray of betrayal,  
Slice it!  
You will spot molds  
and you will be able to listen to their silent codes  
at least, their white colors wouldn't let them lie.

When your conviction of love is anchored on the world,  
you will always believe that their "*I love you*" makes you breathe  
you will fail to realize  
If you try to touch their vocal cords  
as they say those words you will only feel empty vibrations,  
nothing more.

Darling,  
When love becomes toxic air  
and the hurt you think it brings  
Is the reason you are holding a knife to your throat,  
please put it down.

You just haven't found love yet  
Close your eyes, see God,  
breathe him, breathe out  
Inhale deeply on the love that knows no hurt  
For when you find HIM,  
You will find Love.

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Acknowledgements: Written By AFI

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