

## Scared of love

I wouldn't want to have to, but I confess I'm just scared of love.

I hate the day when it all ends, when no matter what, how hard you try, how far you go or bow or show your boy to all the whores, either you'll get bored or he'll get lost.

Someone will run away, desperately out of your way to never come back, not a hint of regret on their mind, 'cause they will not care and you'll almost die, not eat, stop doing this and that. You can escape and run or jolt and bolt but the image of the guy will still be there, following you in despair.

Lover boy, soldier boy, pussy, messy, sweetie, tweetie. Sugar pie with honey, little bear will run away with a hot chick younger than you, petit and so fit you will look fat as a rat and bloody like hell. Tears will drown your eyes, your skin will sink like a boat on the coast, whilst you look for your love, crave for your drug, one which you didn't even want to uphold. But that was the worst, it was near the best, yet you're doomed to your rest, to cry some more, dread the whore, eat till you're bored and drink till you fall.

You'll try to catch his glimpse, his status update up in a link, see pictures of him with the bitch, which show you how good he must be. And you'll sink in a blink, dream of the past an reminiscence something that was never to last, 'cause things end, love is fool, doom, bizarre and obscure, fake, a wreck, an absolute pain in the neck.

I wonder if it is even possible for it not to exist 'cause I don't wanna suffer more, I'm tired of breaking, collapsing, reaching my edges, coming back up again and having to roll so I position myself at the starter of a game I wouldn't even like to barter. I said I'm tired of regret, of looking back and not knowing what to get, where to go, how to hold, why should I stop to behold and enjoy something that will go. I'm tired of being the best in a world of its own where love and money are all there is when you phone, tired of chitchat and rats. I'd rather live in a well, nowhere to be seen or be heard, and nothing to sell or rebel, no need to cry after you die.

And I've died so many times, I have no more energy to fight or stand up, or love or even adore.

