

Poetry Series

Cory Burton

- poems -

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Cory Burton(March 16,1994 - im not dead yet.)

Battle Scars

These Battle Scars deep in my wrists,
These Battle Scars deep in my legs,
These Battle Scars within my chest,
These Battle Scars upon my neck.

What began of a razor,
Became the blood,
What began of the blood,
Became the infection,
What became the infection,
Begun the imperfection,
What began of a razor,
Ended with a Battle Scar.

Cory Burton

Eternal

I can't live with you
But yet again I can't live without
You make me crave
for everything and anything no doubt

I can't really decide for myself anymore
I can't really say what I feel
All I think about anymore
Is 'Do I want the iron one, or do I want the steel? '

You got me started on this
You got me an addict again
You send you wouldn't make me do it anymore
You said you'd be my friend

Yet again and again
All I get is lies
That's why I did this to myself
Every time I think about it I cry

Oh well I digress
It doesn't matter now...
Not now, not ever
I always wonder how...

How I let you talk me into this again
How you said you'd be here
How you said you'd quit the drugs, the stealing, the cutting
But now it's all perfectly clear

You don't really care about me
You only used me for sex
And that's why I'm on my death bed...in the ground...
Because now you're my eternal ex-.

Cory Burton

Red.

Red,
The color of blood,
Red,
The color of my tortured bud..
The color of my rose,
The color of my focus,
The color of my arm,
The blood streaming,
Down
Down
I pull my blade upto the little spot I dug,
Make it deeper and longer...

Let's all just start over again.
RED
RED
The color of my broken hearted soul,
RED
RED
The bleeding that I suffice in all words.

In all words.

Cory Burton

Redder, Deeper, Sharper, Harder!

How red must they be,
How deep do you want me to head,
How solemn am I now?
Am I good enough for you?

You want me to feel the Pain...
I feel it, I swear.
My soberness is coming...
But the sorrow is leaving.

My only cure,
The only one...
I want more, MORE!
I need the antidote that I have begun.

The shiny,
The beautiful,
My best friend I have ever had,
The hard habits to break.

I hide it in the black purse...
In the pocket on the left.
Hand it to me,
My dear lover,
And let me do to your wishes.

Please...
Come with me...
Please...
Lets live eternaly with these scars...
Locked between Heaven and Hell.

Lets leave this place,
Please, don't use the rope.
The knife will be easier...
To end our devastating race.

Forget it if they find our bodies,
Forget it if they find the knives..

I just want to be with you...
Just surprise.

I take the silver blade...
Pull it towards my wrist...
I PUSH down as hard as I can...
And I wait for my lover.

'Wh... why aren't you doing this? ? '
'I.. I love you but... I don't want to die.'
'So you want me to bleed to death without you! ? ! ? '
He doesn't reply.

I grab his arm,
Dig the blade into the base,
I let go of him,
We bleed all over the place.

There we lie,
On the floor like dead kittens...
He yells at me... wanting to kill me again.
He said that he didn't want to die,
But he never said that he didn't want me too.

My sadness continues,
As I live alone,
Dead as dead, they always say,
Dead as dead.

Cory Burton

Waiting

Fear is only in our minds
Taking over all the time
It's true we're a little insane
Now that I'm unchained

Tick Tock
Rewind the clock
Into the past
When the memories were never ment to last

3: 00 and the bell goes off
Thank god
Walking alone
To the home

I walk in and don't say, 'Hi'
There's no one to say it to
Locked up in my room
Waiting for the night to come

Tap tap
On the peice of glass
There she is my little phantom
Disappeared and forever gone

Please come back to the room
I'd do anything for you
Waiting 3 days,4 days
Waiting for the tap tap like always

I'm waiting and waiting
Creating a bloody mess.

Cory Burton