

I have heard of broken hearts  
But I've never seen their smashed pieces littered on marble floors.  
I have heard of broken hearts  
But they still seem to beat and pump blood into veins.  
I have heard of broken hearts  
How come they pull themselves together to love again?

To tear a heart apart  
Take the cruelest tool you can find,  
And slit through the throat of a dream.  
Draw your arrow like a hungry archer,  
And aim for ambitions colored with rainbows.

It starts with a shock  
Lips kept ajar, unable to crack a sound  
As heart-beats to the point of tears.  
Each ball of water turns to axe  
As it runs down the eyes into pores of the heart.

Like a Joseph in an empty well,  
You can almost hear the piercing, the ripping, the breaking  
Into three dark parts;  
The past to regret about  
The present to curse upon  
And the future that no longer exists.

It takes more than a break up to break in and break a heart.  
But then, you can still break through.

Sharing is caring!

- [Share](#)
- [Tweet](#)
- [Pin](#)
- [LinkedIn](#)
- [Email](#)

0shares