

Dark Deadly Red

By Scott Malley

They don't understand
What goes on in my head
The thoughts that creep in
When I'm sleeping in bed

They don't come out clear
Like a wet piece of thread
They said I was crazy
I think they are instead

Like a dark sticky liquid
It fills me with dread
To think what would happen
If I simply dropped dead

Then no one could know
What I had left unsaid
Once I faded out
Into a deadly dark red

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