

MAKE THIS BE SLOW

When I said I hated you,
I meant me.

When I said you were ugly,
It was only how I felt inside.

When I called you stupid, blind, insane,
It was me
Whose image
I saw in my words.

And when I shot you,
It was only
In that instant
To kill my own pain.

They say I must die.
It's a lie.
I died long,
Long,
Long
Ago.

Make this be slow, Lord.
Make this be slow.