



Frozen Crystals

They aren't diamonds on my ears
They're dried up painful tears

Frozen crystals-
Is what you left dangling off my face

They aren't diamonds on my wrists
They're twisted bits of shattered glass

Frozen crystals-
Is what you left digging into my skin

Your hostile temper
Stabbing me like glass, un-tempered
Bruising from the strength of angry fists