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Never thought I'd fall in love
And that together, we'd build a home
Of which- full of lies,
our interiors, he would adorn

- Little did I know -
Our vows,
on the night we had said "I do"
he had already torn
Even though to me, true lies he'd sworn

He'd use our living room
To wine on dirty drapes

He'd use our lovely kitchen
To dine on foreign plates

He'd use our laundry berth
To hide his dirty wins
His airborne sins would exude through the bins

It wasn't my lipstick stains
on those rags he's worn

Should I use his dirty shame
as an exterior décor
Hang his smelly lies and filthy name
on the front- not the back door

This isn't the life I was given to born
Nor the death I ever wished to mourn
From a love, stillborn