

Blame Is a Friend of Mine

Blame is a friend of mine.

He lurks in the shadows reminding me of what I did,
His hand wrapped around my neck keeping me in a chokehold,
Torturing me everyday with what killed my sister.

Blame is a friend.

His rotten breath circles my nostrils, a putrid smell,
Sending me another message reminding me of her,
And the messy hellfire she died in.

Blame is a friend dear to my heart.

Every day I wake up I think of her,
He sends me a direct copy of the message I sent my sister;
Can you pick up coffee for tomorrow?

Blame is my closest friend.

He repeatedly shows me the news footage,
The car in the ditch bent out of shape, crushed like a bug under a small child's shoe,
My sister's body burning in the inferno, knowing she can't get out.

Blame is my only friend.

He reminds me every waking moment I am a murderer,
He tells me how selfish I was,
My own cravings killed my sister.

I am blame.

I sent the message on a snowy, icy night,
She felt the need to try to respond while speeding down the dark road,
I wanted coffee but it cost my sister her life and I can never forgive myself for that.