

You Say

You say murder is a sin yet, in a way, you committed it yourself when you planted those seeds of doubt in her head.

You say abortion is unethical, yet your actions took her life before she had begun to live.

You say you never told, yet the disease that took her away originated from the rumors you spread about her.

You say you were never in hot water with her, yet she drowned in the misery you created.

You say it was all a joke, you were teasing good-naturedly, yet you meant every word you said.

You say you two weren't close, yet she suffocated every time you walked into the room.

You say she was young, she could never do this, yet what you did to her matured her to the point of exhaustion.

You say you had nothing to do with her disappearance, yet you were the one who locked her away inside her own head.

You say you didn't touch her, but her blood stains your hands and your clothes.

You say you had no idea, it was all a surprise to you, but your fingerprints are all over the crime scene.

You say you didn't carry a weapon, but you didn't realize you never needed a gun—your words were the bullet through her heart.

You say you were in the wrong place at the wrong time, but no one is listening anymore.

You say you didn't mean it, but you did when you shouldn't have and now there's no one to apologize to.

You say you never saw her cry, but she choked on her tears every night.

You say you never saw her scars, but you never asked her to roll up her sleeves.

You say she got what she wanted, but in the end, did you?