

# Raw

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Danger  
Rough like  
Sandpaper  
Rubs me raw

Without skin my  
Soul bleeds  
Red sheets  
Pour under me

I walk on blood  
Dried flecks  
Freeze my mouth  
I cannot speak

A pulse begins  
Wrapped in lust  
Hands pull me  
Down into  
Heavy, warm liquid

I breathe this  
It feels natural  
Blood sprays  
I am empty