

He came back again last night. Tore me like paper.
He opened me like a flower of pain...and it felt good.
He sank into me and set me on fire...like he always does.
Made me burn from the inside out. The devil.
I know what you're thinking.
I know you think I'm talking about my stepfather.
Because you don't believe in the devil.
You know about my stepfather. You know I cut his throat.
I cut his Adam's apple in half. Like a piece of fruit on a summer day.
so he wouldn't say a word. I sat next to him and watched him die...
slowly. It was the only way to help him stop.
To stop fucking me.
Are you listening? You're not listening.
You're not listening with your heart. Just your brain.
Your brain is the problem.
You have no idea how it feels not to be trusted.
You can't trust someone who thinks you're crazy.