

*A Sinner's
Philosophy*



Jason A. Sinner

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Author's Note

One of my favorite lines from the past was "You've got to stand for something, or you'll fall for anything".

While I understand the principles behind that statement, I tend to disagree a bit.

When you take a hard fast stance on anything, you may find out in the future that along comes an epiphany that makes that stance now invalid.

The moment that you feel comfortable on your platform, and you cannot ever imagine it collapsing; that is the very moment that it will.

I now say that I hold all of my views on existence in a moment; that moment is now.

Tomorrow that view may change, but that is what makes me a constant traveler in the universe that surrounds us, and a seeker of knowledge that is ever growing. I now know no one should ever grow complacent. Thankfully though, I am never a willing participant to another person or group's opinion; I forge my own.

Destiny whispers to us every second of the day; at times we listen to those whispers and achieve greatness, even if only for a moment. That moment is when we shine the brightest, and we can make that moment last our whole lives, but only if we are willing to give in to the voices that speak to us. Might sound insane to some, but I'm willing to bet that if you give it a try just once, you might just be surprised at what you can accomplish.

There has always been a certain amount of madness in any form of creativity; that insanity is the very reason you are able to create something true, honest and heartfelt. A momentary glimpse of one's soul.

If you second guess yourself, and worry about what anyone else will think of what you are trying to accomplish, then you will never truly accomplish it to your full potential.

We all have within us a burning fire that if let out would change the very face of existence around us.

Sometimes you will feel alone, and sometimes you may feel misunderstood, but that is what is supposed to happen to the truly gifted ones, for if everyone understood it, then it would not be unique.

We are all just an echo in time, so never think that you don't matter, because you matter just as much as anyone else who currently lives now or has ever lived before.

Only through my torrid love affair with words have I found life
They caress my soul with every emotion at once
Live to write; write to live
Bleed to heal
Close your eyes
Inhale
Exhale
Move me

Jason A Sinner

Dedication

This book is dedicated to my forever loving family

To all my ride or die friends... you know who you are: Thank you guys for being there for me when no one else would be, and you know that I'll be there for you no matter what.

To my father: Thank you for all the help growing up, and for teaching me even when I didn't know you were teaching me. We have had a lot of adventures, and I know we have a lot more in store.

To my mother: I can say without the slightest hesitation, you are the best mom a guy could ever have.

You are the most loving and deeply caring woman I will ever know, and you showed me what a good woman is. I think I've found the one this time, mom, I truly do. Just took me awhile to look for the right one. Thank you for everything you taught me growing up, and thank you for letting me be a kid.

To my sisters: Thank you for being the best sisters that I could ever have been given. You both inspire me every day, even if you don't realize it. I love you both so very much. I am so proud of you both for the lives you have built, despite the odds.

To my beautiful daughters, Liberty and Audrey: You may not know this yet, but you saved my life. I am so proud of you girls, and I hope that I can help you have the very best of everything; you both deserve it.

To my fans, future and current: Thank you for all the support you have given me. I know it's a bit cliché, but it is still true; I would never be here if not for you. You have allowed me to fulfill my greatest wish. I just didn't want my work to gather dust in a box after I'd left this spinning blue place, and you have seen to it that it won't. Thank you all so very much.

Jason A Sinner 2015

Part 1: Sinner

Truly, I'd rather be an honest heathen
Than be a self-righteous hypocrite
-J. Sinner

The Voice

I do not write by choice
I am compelled
By an inner voice much madder than myself
It echoes inside burning words
Leaving trails of ash; smoky remains
Of once held ideologies
When the voice screams write
Write I must
And only then is the voice appeased

Icarus

Tragedy whispers to me
Tragedy inside anger
Bathed in misery
Where has the laughter from a misspent youth gone?
Where is the sun, from times before, that shone so bright it
blinded?
I see it
To touch it again
Heaven
Icarus, longing to fly
Without the inevitable fall

Love is Blind

Truth be told, I never did like goodbyes
Maybe that's why I stayed too long
I should've thought twice
Looking in your eyes
Made me fall too hard
Should've known that your heart was ice
I've heard it said a thousand times; love is blind
But that's why
Hitting the ground came at such a price
Win some, you lose some,
But I never thought I'd lose tonight

Tides

Rises and crashes; tides and lightning
The times that I rise
I feel as if the world can be mine
When the fall comes
I feel lost and distant inside
Darkness is easy to talk to
When you forget about the light
Losing is an attractive option
When you forget how to fight
Thunderstorms over oceans
On endless nights

Dark Breath

Slow suicide;
sweet symphony of destruction
Inhale death again;
repeat
Exhale life's twisted games
Tumultuous echoes from times spent
Savoring death's kiss
Clandestine meetings of the unrighteous kind
One last goodbye
No shotgun needed here
Wrapped in my dark lover's embrace

One Life's Musing

Through windows across the world
We look out at vivid colors
We are all such a small part of this painting
Merely a drop of paint
On a canvas so vast
If life was ever meant to matter
Why, then, does life never last

Hell's Scars

I have walked through fire
Survived when others fell
Been covered in the ashes
Of every person's hell
I own so many scars
They have scars of their own
Yet, I am only one of many
Along such bitter roads

Chasm

I fall deep into the chasm
The darkness welcomes me
Gazing at the shadowed faces
Startled I try to breathe
I am caressed by whispers
Words with no meaning
Yet there is an answer
Ever toward it I'm leaning

Dark King

Dark tremors of pain rape me
Distant drummers lose the beat
My veins swell and start to bleed

I am not the me you see

Deep waters filled with slime
A dead fish scattered here or there

Waiting for the appointed time
When the rage has filled the air

Cramped inside this tiny box
My muscles scream in agony
Waiting for the chiming clocks

In my head to set me free
No will to fight but fighting still

Survival begs my attention

Swallow down the bitter pill
With a thought I'll never mention
Believe in grace but see disgrace

Filling up this awful spoon
Flinching from the evil taste
That has threatened to consume
A vial of life's wicked disease
Has broken on the floor

The devil in me grinning agrees
This world deserves some more
No saint am I, and never to be
To a darkness I've been drawn
Never mistaken for the King
I will forever remain a pawn

Frozen Fire

Bitter cold screams at me
Frozen fire in her eyes
Even nightmares are dreams
I am lost there inside
Tears are meaningless
When they mask a smile
I walk through the nothingness
Of every broken mile

3 A.M

She lights my way at 3 a.m
Through sanity and madness
Her touch both hot and cold
With Laughter in her sadness
She weeps for the misguided
Has no empathy for fools
Asks only that I understand
Truth amidst redundant rules

Acrostic 1

Why have I wandered
Away from my path
Red bathes my vision
Kills me at last
I whisper a message
Listened to by none
Last words of a battle
Songs never to be sung

Acrostic 2

Pray that you mean
Righteous words you spew
Over and above
My thoughts confuse
I wish you well
Save for one
Every single word a lie
Share to be undone

Acrostic 3

Such a puzzle to me
Is this life a mirror?
Never do we gaze
Never an image clearer
Ever in the darkness
Reach, but never near her

Acrostic 4

Smothered by insanity abounding
I scream into a broken mirror
Call out to anyone listening
Kill the messenger whom we fear
Can you try at least to grasp
In some small little way
That we all have fallen down
Yet still we call you out to play

Oh, Demon

Oh, demon, you mock me
Laughter rings in my ears
Your voice sings of songs
With most words unclear
I would be wise to leave you
My sanity begs for that relief
Yet somehow you entrance me
And I cannot bear to leave

Ghosts of Hearts

Ghosts of hearts;
sluggishly beating to angry rhythms
A darkness falls; belligerent words
Screams; loud enough to be heard for decades
Loud enough, truly, to forever on be heard
Bitterly the curses blurred, sharper than any razor blade
We all live with scars; although, they don't always show
We are all broken; truly everything breaks
When you crossed that faded line, didn't you know?

Waters

I gaze upon the waters deep
Lurking far beneath the surface
I see words that hold forever
As if from a looking glass
They want to scream out bloody
They want to cry for mercy
They want to damage barriers
But they fall away and hurt me

Dichotomy

Being a perfect dichotomy
I have walked on lakes of fire
Let nature take every part of me
Yet, yearn for thoughts higher
Found lies amidst the truth
Truth inside so many lies
While in my hands held the proof
That so many still despise

Last Words

I have found order in chaos
Baptized in fire and pain
Found light inside the darkness
With poison in my veins
Died only to live again
A resurrection with no past
Think before you speak, my friend
Those words might be your last

Midnight Deam

Deep inside a slow midnight dream
I became lost in your eyes
Or so it would forever seem
The road back to reality
An endless journey inside
Oh, what wicked thoughts I scream

Burning Snowflakes

I look at the beauty and wonder
Of blankets of snow
And I hear you when you say
That no two snowflakes are alike
I see the love of these flurries
In your glistening eyes
Such majesty in this frozen wasteland,
For the whole world to be awed
Yet, me, I see that wondrous sight
And search for gasoline and a match

Lost in Thought

There are times, my friend
When my thoughts run so deep
That I inspire even myself
Like a vast ocean of endless waves
Then there are those times
When all I seem to have in my head
Is an image of a skeleton
Doing a rendition of "Bad to the Bone"
While both demons and angels
Weep from my stupidity

Immolate

The wolves, it seemed, were silent that night
While in the distance the moon it screamed
With a chill in the air, I lost the fight
Yet, somehow, I dared to dream
A fire I willingly lit so bright
That flames consumed all that could be seen

Insomnia

I am tired; exhausted by the sound
Of my own voice
The smiles mask a hole inside
That seems can never be filled
I've tasted life
And I've stared death in the eyes
On several occasions
But life it seems
Wasn't finished with me yet

Fallen

An angel
Can never comprehend
What it is like to be a demon
Sadly, a demon knows
Everything there is to know
About being an angel
Some days he weeps

Star Gazer

At times, when the rain falls
I try to hide away
At times the distant past comes with it,
And I merely end up crying
Like the sky above me
I know how hard it is
To leave the past behind us
Impossible to do
When there is such a constant reminder
I wonder
If you ever look down on me
And see the same light that I see
When I gaze into the stars

Eternity

Eternity gazed back at me
Like an ocean's horizon at midnight
The faintest of whispers
Softly caress my ears
And I wonder if it is a nightmare
Or a dream

Snarky Devil

I have inside of me
Both a bright shining angel
And a snarky little fiery devil
Depending on my day
And how much stupidity I can endure
I get to see which one speaks
You're welcome

Stagnate

What stale and stagnate thoughts
Scream up at me from this dusty book I read
Follow me, it says,
As it drifts quite quickly into hatred and bigotry
Love everyone it says,
But by turning a page, I find that it lies
Thoughts become a crypt filled with many bones
When you stop thinking and rest

Bones

I look around me in distress
I am bitter at times, I confess
I see that same old moldy logic
That relies on hate while they bless
Then I hear an amazing thing
Spring forth from a six year old, no less
I am reminded that all those old bastards will soon be dead
All this life is and was is a game of chess
Perhaps their dusty thoughts will turn to dust with their bones
And at last rest

Scream

Silence may be golden,
But I never did like gold anyway
If I scream loud enough,
Then maybe an echo of that scream
May reach the ears of the blind
Silent are the dead... I scream because I'm alive

Madman

Somewhere in my darkest moment
I grinned like a madman
In the darkness
I giggled like crazy people
I found that feeling both disturbing and hilarious
All at the same time
Sleep winks at me
Drenched in sarcasm
From the shadows I glare at intensely

Serenity

I am at a loss for thought
Deeper into the lack of I go
Serenity awaits on the other side
A peace I wish to know
With every single silent shout
Evermore I am silenced
Turned forever inside out
By whispers inside such violence

Hatter

We all hold a little darkness inside
We all could be guests at the tea party
"Switch seats," he cries
As we do, we realize that madness exists there as well
We delve deep
We wrap ourselves in the dark embrace
Until, at last, we are no longer guests

Whispers

I step outside into the cold
Looking up, always looking up
My eyes and ears are privy to
The conversations of a murder of crows
As I listen to their gossiping,
The thought occurs to me...
I hope they don't whisper my name

Lost

In a room with no windows
In a house with no doors
Trapped in screams
Deep in silence
Within walls without floors
Echoes of laughter
Off absolute nothing
No light was in there
Eyes in tears
Watching for answers
Just a shadow in despair

Worlds Collide

Walls close in, breathing shallow
A sense of all things and nothing at once
My chest rises and falls
Seems to be the problem here
Worlds collide; worlds die
Worlds are born in these moments
Crows mocking
Sparrows joining the song
Yet, you ask me what is wrong?

Mirrors

I escaped from the madness
Chuckling at my own cleverness
I had to admit that I did indeed win the battle of wits
All the while grinning widely at my shadow
I can keep up the charade for as long as it takes
just so long as I hide all the mirrors

Okay

We gather together in groups of the mad
Trying to find sanity in an insane world
Believers and nonbelievers alike
We bleed inside from lies told with smiles
We tell ourselves everything will be okay
While at the same time never knowing what okay is

Broken

The hatred from another has killed our souls;
dying slowly we weep for the memory of ghosts
Resurrected we look with new eyes at the sea;
never seeing it the same
The world never changes; we do
In doing so, we join the ones who see
With new eyes, glories among such wretches
You cannot break
What has already been broken

Phoenix

Dark nightmares inside darker dreams
Try to whisper and drown out everything
Please be silent?
There is no silence in me
I choose a voice, not what you want to believe
I choose to rise as the phoenix screams

Trapped Syllables

Trapped, caged and broken by pain
Lost, confused and gritting my teeth
Breathe without me, cause I can't breathe
Leave me stranded, so far from me
Wicked words from wicked men
Spew trapped syllables, around we go again

Embrace

Seconds turn to minutes turn to hours turn to days
Sleep deprived, cast aside; lost inside this maze
Kill my dreams, yet I still dream of never being sane
Insanity, she smiles at me; such a warm embrace

Six Seconds

Six seconds is all it took
To change my life forever
Six seconds in slow motion
Like the soundtrack of my life
Matched to an old black and white film
As the projector burned a hole through the scene
Six seconds is all the time it took
For a door to close
And goodbye to echo through the room
Our world and our dreams

Notwithstanding downward spirals, I always fight

-J. Sinner

Part 2: Fall

How could I ever compare you to a sunrise, my dear
When you clearly were a sunset

-J. Sinner

Rose

Once I tightly held a rose
Gazed deep into her meaning
Had I once loosened my grip
I would not now be bleeding

Memory of You

I will hold every memory of you
Inside the deepest part of my soul
With me you will have immortality
Your story will forever be told

Smile

She had an amazing smile
Walking talking killer of men
Hips swaying to her own beat
She smiled at me and I was hers
She smiled reassuringly
Just before she buried the knife into my heart
Sociopaths felt more than her
Such a little black hearted succubus
But damn she could smile

The Silence

Silence filled the room
Bitterly hanging
In a balance of hatred and love
A calm before the inevitable storm
The storm raged
Breaking hearts and oaths
Truly, though; the silence
With its wicked lies
Damaged more

True Love

You find me inspiring?

I love you!

You find me evil?

I love you!

You find me funny?

I love you!

You hate me?

I love you!

Because, ultimately, your opinion of me

Doesn't change me or who I am

Echoes

She, oh, she was goodness with an evil twist

And I, I was a willing participant in my own destruction

Together we made heaven burn

And hell freeze over,

The echoes carry on forever into time

A Rebel's Love

He was a rebel, soaked in gasoline and whiskey
She was the opposite of a princess
Whatever that means
They tore the world in two
Ripping apart the seams that once held barriers in place
As with all things
There was an end to their story
But the truth of it all was too tragic to believe

Gold and Silver

She was a vision
Wrapped in gold and shining things
I was never gold
Only silver
And yet we shared our time
As only two souls connected can
She never cared that I wasn't gold
But sadly
I couldn't handle the fact that she wasn't silver

Love or Hell

The very fires from hell beckoned me
With a heat that seemed welcoming
Some call it love
But love seems too generic of a word
For the passion and destruction
That were created that day
I never gave it a second thought
And I walked into those flames
With open arms
And begging to be burned

Lost Love

She brought me to the highest most beautiful place
With the intention
I'm quite sure
Never to let me fall
I enjoyed the view with every fiber of my soul for a time
Somehow, somewhere along the way
She lost her grip
Or maybe, truth be told
She never truly had one

Angel of Music

She was an angel
Bathed in a light that heaven didn't even see coming
I was a desperate man,
Way beyond the reach of any salvation
She illuminated my night
With a beauty that can never be described by pen or word
I, her willing slave for all time

Hand-me-down Hearts

The heart is a funny thing
Like a broken record
Like a toy bought just to destroy
Like the hand-me-down clothes of a once beautiful soul
It is worn beyond stitching
And yet, somehow, the beat goes on

Bitter Love

I loved you like an endless sunset
On a warm sandy beach
And with a passion
Deeper than the ocean that swallows that light
You, sadly, merely loved me
Like an eagle loves a mouse

Healing

Despite a near religious belief on your part, my dear
The world did not begin when you did
And sadly I must be the one to break it to you
It will not end when you do either

Blame

As you held your hand out to me
With that gleam in your eye that I mistook for love
I didn't notice
The knife in the other hand you held
Concealed behind your back
Truly, you were right
It was my fault after all

Part 3: Rise

Have I offended thee?
Hast thou felt bitterness?
Hast thou cursed me with thy words; the same ones that offended
thee?
-J. Sinner

The Key

She held out an answer
Like a light; a purpose
Following forever
As she both healed and hurt us
Born into fire
Yet never to be burned
Realization hit us
The final key had turned

Hope

Face first into the rain again
Awaiting a cleansed soul—liquid pain
Hidden behind saviors
Past, present and future
My voice silenced by inner thoughts
My heart beating to another rhythm
My mind; lost forever in a single moment
Cast down; bitter and angry
Yet, I march to the beat of the faintest hope

Answers

Questions in the eyes of the younger me,
like *why don't I fit in*
with these ragged clothes and broken dreams
Why do I feel alone in crowded rooms;
lost at times
Blurred images of smiles out of tune
Why did I have to be me and not you?
“Walk through flames,” I answer
“And find your way to see
I am no longer you
But you must die inside to be me
Live for the moments, child
That make it hard to breathe”

The Tale

The storms raging around us
In so many people's eyes
Some fallen, some troubled
Some filled with lies
Catastrophic tales of woe
And sounds of despair
Reaching endless hands out
Yet, finding no one there
Rest, weary ones
Everything continues on
Sleep, hungry ones
The tale has just begun

Letters to You

After a hundred letters written to you
That I decided to destroy
Without you ever reading them
An amazing thing happened
I realized
That I no longer want you to read them
I no longer will write about you

Egotistical

Do not ever make the mistake
Of telling me that something offends you enough
That I shall not speak it
I will quickly tell you that I, too, am offended by some things
But I'm not egotistical enough
To think that I am important enough
To dictate other people's thoughts or expressions

Enigma

I am an enigma
Seen through broken puzzle pieces of stained glass windows
Filled with images that lie inside the truth
Understand you?
I don't understand my damn self
But If you can love my broken image
Then I can love yours

Dreamer

I awoke from a dream into a dream
And dreamt I went back to sleep
Having dreamt of the dream inside that dream
I dreamt that I dreamt of a dream

Choice

Our pens as weapons
We kill the past of shadows
Hoping that light will emerge
Our pens as prophets
We gather together likeminded ones to our cause
Beware the words that lie inside the truth
They are the madness that overtakes
They live after death
Words of love or hate
your choice

Awake

Darkness in light
Light in the darkness
The Yin and Yang of it all
Despite protestations
Dire exclamations
Such dramatic explanations
Past empires; rise and fall
We still seek something
Inside the nothing
Heavens and hells and walls

Where the Truth Lies

Battered and bruised upon a distant shore
We crawled across sands of time
Blowing across weathered faces in such a hurried fashion
Destiny cried aloud in despair
We begged more time and were denied
We sing the songs as yet unsung
We write the words as yet unheard
We are the reason the sea will change its course
We are the truth in the lies

Shadow

I am the shadow
Of my shadow's shadow
Alive in the shade
Hiding from all pretty things
She was an angel
Making passes at the devil
I was her darkness
She became my wings

Self-righteous

Restless saviors treading bitter ground
Stumbling, falling and losing much sleep
Martyrs all; hoping for a better future found
Begging tomorrow's skies for what today could bring
Self fulfilling procrastinations abound
All the while dreaming of angel's wings

Endure

I am darkness filled with light
Growing ever happy amidst such sadness
I am desert rains upon sandy dunes
Ripped apart by time and madness
I only cry inside, for no more tears can brave the surface
Yet, the will to live screams loudly
I live; I will endure this

Come What May

Walk with me for a bit; if you will
Let us take it all in
Let your mind drift until it is still
Now, let me begin
Allow me to introduce us
Proper and complete
Although it may appear thus
I don't require anything
If you cross my path in dreams
Or if we meet along the way
Please don't try to save me
I am me; come what may

Illuminated

I call out from the distance
In twilight and pain
Remember all the times
I hid you from the rain
I am the answers
You thought you would never find
I inspire questions
In this land filled with the blind
Pain and misery
I am love and night
Just whisper to me
I am you; I am light

Controlled Chaos

I fade into the night
Just another shadow
A shade lighter
than the inky mist that swallows me
As above me silence
As below me silence
From inside me
Chaos
A battle to be sure
But the strongest, loudest voice is heard

Part 4: Love

He was a broken mirror
She, the broken glass of her own
Together; complete

-J. Sinner

Her

My nightly passenger
On streets of dreams
Paved in Emeralds
A Diamond
A queen
Seeking horizons
Beyond this stale place
Desperate for something
Light bathing her face
We bypass others
Who seek the norm
Creating new life
Breathing new form
Treading new ground
Until rising sun
She breathes
I breathe
We breathe as one

Dreams of Dreams

I have wrapped myself up in fiery love
It grew cold as snow on an icy grave
I have been burned so deep
Watching faces above
I tread the dark waves with so little sleep
Love again, I shall
Love again, I must
Dreams of blues lost in greens
Dreams of shadows; moments of lust
Dreams of dreams of dreams

One Moment

In a single moment
She became my everything
Every thought, every look
Every single dream
If tomorrow never came
A moment would be enough
One moment in her eyes
One moment lost in love

Moonlight

My eyes
They see the fire
Her eyes
They are the flames
Dare I taste such sweet desire?
Heated dancing
Moonlight in our veins

Night

Night has fallen
As chess strategies in movement
I am alive again
Masked by darkness
And its sweet caress
She moves
I move
We burn eternal

Beauty

Like a lone flower blooming in a dying field
You glow under a radiant sun
Rivers through desert plains
You bring grace to thirsty sands
Beauty; peace to chaos

Amazing

She was amazing
Completely her own
No masks
No shelters
Or hidden things shown
Beautiful completely
Inside and out
She was everything
No lies
No agendas
No doubt
She was perfection
Completely imperfect
Perfection

Spring in Her Eyes

Springtime upon a winter's dream
She brought sun to eternal darkness
 Fire to icy winds
 Flames to frozen mournings
She was alive amongst souls
 Breathing their last
 A wonder to behold
The sunshine upon Winter's past

Respect

She calms the raging infernos and storms inside
 With a look
She can make me pause my incessant rambling
Such power would be dangerous in the hands of another
 Yet, I let her hold my heart
Knowing she knows the power she wields
 My soul bows to her soul
 Respect is everything

Enraptured

Sleeping beauty has nothing on her;
lost in thoughts as she dreams
Wanting to wrap her in peaceful oblivion;
keep her from pain's lewd grasp
She reminds me of living things
Amidst the shadows of death
She keeps me forever waiting;
a soul enraptured

Clover

In a field of clover,
last rays of the dying light kissing our faces
We find completeness in our incompleteness
We find a nirvana; only known to few
We see the world as it is,
not how it appears
You see me
I see you
Moonlight plays her melody;
we dance to her tune

Small Things

It's the small things really
A walk under trees in the park
The feel of sunlight warming your skin
Hands held; deep in another world
They know it
They feel it
Not like we do though
They should
Small things lead to great things

Simply Love

I love you for the light I see in your eyes
Despite the darkness endured
I love you for the grin on your face
That makes sadness melt into happiness
I love you for the woman you are
Not what I wish you to be
I love you, purely, simply
because you are you...
And I am me

Unmovable

I want to hold you until it stops hurting
Touch your face with these unfiltered hands
Give you breath when yours is taken
Breathe for you when you can't
Hold your heart and never break it
I'll be your rock; lean on me
My faith in you cannot be shaken
Show you how unmovable I can be

Eternity

When I say I will love you forever
I mean it
I will love you for the rest of my life
Wherever I go from there
I will love you for eternity
Through the gates of heaven
Or the fires of hell
I'll either glow or burn for you, baby
Forever to me will always be
Eternity

I will leave you with this, dear readers

“Good times, bad times; yes, they most surely effect you
It is how you react to what falls in between, though, that defines
you”

—Jason A Sinner

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