

# Headstones

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# 1 - Headstones

## Headstones

I need to be alone. I cannot take this pain any longer. My chest is caving in from all the sorrow that you left behind. And now, all that's left are the aches of those kerosene kisses you placed upon the razor. The hearse is riding slowly through the graveyard now and I'm leading the way to your mausoleum. The headstones whisper your name as we pass them, oh so slowly, and I cry a little.

I choke on the memories of those days when we were happy. Do you remember? I ask you, 'cause I know you're listening. I know because I see you. Everywhere. I see you whenever I sleep, but then I hardly sleep because I miss you so much. You were the only reason why I decided to live. And now, as I stand and watch your coffin creep, as I stand and watch you reap, I cry a little.

You look at me with that blank expression, those empty eyes, and I listen to you breathe. But how can you when you are not alive. My mind travels to the days when your skin was beautiful and pale. Those lips so red. That hair so dark, your voice so smooth...And as I watch you now, eternally asleep, I wonder how it must be. Do you still feel? I want to know, I need to know. Why did you do this to me? I walk towards you and I cry a little.

My fingers pulse, my throat is dry, as I touch your hand. Remember when you liked it? You would smile with those eyes. But now, you stay still. Your skin is ice & you don't respond. I hear those voices again. The ones that kept me up all those nights since you left. The ones that told me your secrets. The ones that led me here tonight. The Headstones. They say you've changed. You are one of those forgotten by the sun, and I cry a little.

You look so perfect while you sleep. More beautiful then ever before. You're wearing the dress. Do you remember when you wore it? On our wedding day? Looking like an Angel sent to me straight from heaven. I couldn't have asked for a more beautiful bride. You seemed so happy that day. You appeared to have been glowing. Are you sure you weren't an Angel? But what does it matter now. Oh that gown, I look at it, and I cry a little.

Anthony asks for you, every day. He asks me why you went away. But what do I tell him? What can I say? He is too young. You see what you are doing to me? To US? How could you have been so selfish? I would like to know why you chose to leave. You seemed at peace with me. But now, all you do is Rest in Peace. Or do you? Do you really roam the streets at night like the voices tell me? I wonder, as I cry a little.

Remember our song? How we said we would play it for each other if one of us left too early. Was that a sign? Some kind of warning you were giving me that you were unhappy? Well, I hear it now. "The Truth About Heaven" plays in my head, in my heart, and throughout your tomb. Can you hear it? Are you singing along with me? I sit and sing, as I cry a little.

Oh my darling. My beautiful wife. The song is playing as I touch your sweet skin, and brush my lips over your tender cheek. I hear your laugh, so melodious, and I smile. I gently move my hand over your waist, and your muscles twitch. I smile. I cry a little.

“The Truth About Heaven” continues to play.

Oh, my darling.

My Sweet Mika.

The music plays, but you aren't there.

No, you were never there. Not even when I got to this place that confines you. Your coffin had already been opened when I arrived. But now as I turn to walk away, I find you.

I knew you were there.

You were always there.

Because you are the voices I hear.

You are the one outside my window at night, telling me the secrets of your life.

You are the one that led me here tonight.

You glide towards me; anything but human. You touch my skin, kiss my lips, hold me close...but I don't feel it. You are just a cold corpse. I look at those eyes. This is not the same person I loved. This is not my Mika.

And as I feel your lips on my neck, I choke.

I stare at the moon through the skylight in your tomb.

And as those fangs tear through my sweaty flesh, searching for my veins, all I can do...

Is cry a little...

The End