

Tragedies for Sale

Aborym

There is not much left to hide
I'm wrong about everything
You point the finger at me
I don't owe you anything

You slam the door in my face
Instead of wondering why
How is it that I feel fine
And I don't know who to trust

I'm just a ghost in a mass
Not even trying to stand out
Give me enough rope and I
Will hang myself and my lies

I'm just a whisper of smoke
No second chance for a despised
Go and sell some other lies
More futures to advertise

I learnt to write and to read
I learnt to avoid obstacles
To walk the dead-line alone
And to cohabit with pain

No one hears and no one sees
My moves, my hysterical thoughts
What I wrote on my sheets
And what I tried to tell you

My sharp projection on you
Isn't good as it seems
Wearisome therapy
To figure out what is real
The fear of loosing control
Annihilates the way out
Too much sex, too much drugs
Broken glasses around
Lusting the vicious white pills
That sent us up to the sky
Struggling hard through the nights
Shuffling fast through the days

I learnt to sell tragedies
To feel guilty and to accept
The tragic consequences
For everything I've done