

# 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 losing 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