

Boy Foundry

Born Gold

solitude is life's brightest fire,
but we're afraid of
the slightest scald
you would rather ravage yourself
than not speak of yourself at all

do you remember
my surrender's first blush?
no thing more vile
than eyes that adore you
because what is a man with nothing left to hide

am i too weak to be wicked?
i hope you never know.

when you see my face in a world of masks, does it look the same
?
self-control is nothing but my tired vanity on display

everything has a slow decay
but contempt's bloom is forever

am i too weak to be wicked?
i hope you never know

if i bore you
i can never forgive you.