

## Cool Knife Bro

Crywank

I want to brush my hair some more, but I'm scared it might fall out

I want to paint my face again, but I'm scared that they might shout

I dream of being being pretty

More than I do of thriving

I dream of being remembered

More than I do of surviving

I cross and cross and cross these trails

And cross, we cross the paths

Retread through all the footsteps where once we were so sad

It's nice to revisit

It's nice to replant

But do I guard all my trauma like a spineless sycophant

In busy rooms all they're to me, I still feel misunderstood

But it's ungrateful brain and chosen pain to say I feel unloved

I might be often drama king

I may mope and pout and crumble

Even in improving circumstance

I still find myself discrumpled

I dig and dig, dig out my brain

With primordial soup spoon

Phantasmagoric memories slowly detombed

And endlessly I rewrite all my histories of you

Unstable causality breathes into tapestries untrue

And soon I'm sure the guilt I feel just comes from my disposition

With these profanum [?] dichotomies they're just my own condition

Some days I feel the hero, other days I feel the villain

Perhaps we both are mutually instigator and the victim

I want to think so fickle, and live just aesthetic life

Because this self-analysis it cuts through me like a knife

That slices so mathematically into these perfect halves

And the binary of thinking can tear my head apart