

# The Explanation At The Center Of It All

Ego Likeness

My muscles break when i split in two because i can't stay  
here with you  
my bad dreams my loss of sleep my loss of hair my loss of  
trust the way  
She tells me to be still and that i know better the  
rushing in of ghosts and shards of disbelief  
rammed into my head the way i break the mirrors now your  
paintings in the trash my songs  
in THE MEMORIES OF WHORES our photographs that i can't  
look at the same our photographs the  
steel trap snapped between my legs the way my tongue has  
gone sour the way i wake up shaking  
the way i sense your caustic lies the way my stomach  
catches fire the way I'VE LEFT it all BEHIND...