

Absence and Despite

Fuck the Facts

All my convictions turned to rust, washed away, from the second I met you. Staring at me, asking for shelter and I refused. I'm not your own, absent and despite, if you're troubled, I'll never be there, come close. The last thing you should pursue: that strong desire to reach me. Why track me down? I'm not the one to talk to. You need someone to grab your hand, or hug to say "I care". You need a shoulder to lie on. Well seek somewhere else, 'cause I won't be there for you. You are my burden, your weight will always be too much. Repelled by your sight, I close my eyes to your distress. Through the good times and the bad times, don't ever count on my support. It makes me feel good to see you sad. It makes me feel good. I want you quiet. I've never cared about your misery, your sad life that was calling for pity. I've always wished to see you lie, peacefully, quiet. Reunited for the last time, I sent you back, we weren't supposed to meet. I dug a hole in your backyard, pushed the dirt, created a space. I dug a hole in your backyard, pushed the dirt, created a space. I dug you a hole in your backyard. In response to a long scream. The echo, the remains, a place called home.