

End Of The Line

Fuck the Facts

I swam until I was too far out and I would never make it
back alive.

Drew my last few breathes and screamed my terminal final
act.

Faster I ran towards the end of the line.

Returning not the worst to come until the waves wash
clean the shore.

The dirt will ever mold and crust.

Crushed into dust my hands.

Forever freed, the dust, myself.

You could not keep your thoughts to yourself.

Tears swelled up in your eyes when you spoke right to my
face.

Failure claims all that is touched by your hand.

Collect your dreams from out of the trash.

Unable to stand what you've become.

Behind your grin and open palm a fist concealed a
coward's heel.

You always knew.

You've prayed for this curse and now that it's here, you
have no hope for salvation.

The things I recall, you killing me twice.

One final grasp of your hand marks the end.

Then I will be the first to stand guard in this place.