

False Hope

Fuck the Facts

Never forget that's why we're here.
Sulk and regret.
Concoct excuse and deliver me from this harassment.
Circular morals dizzy all those around.
I've struggled between two seas for what seems like forever.
Dig deep, dug paths, we've walked.
Kneeled down beside her, and traced my lips.
She cared for me and I let her down.
They say luck favors the prepared.
You just can't shake the clouds that rolled and rained down upon.
Your swollen egos' last stand.
For false hope, check here.
Bed sheet tucked slightly her last armored stand.
Sterility's fragrant grasp.
Cut me the fuck down.
Shut your wise ass up and relish the moment.
Misfortune delights at the burnt offerings.
Turning chemicals into flames.
A sleight of hand carried me where the wind blew.
A streetcar named "dead end" rides.
The city replies with arms open wide.
This duty delegated to this false hope.