

## Man of Virtue

Iwrestledabearonce

Dying to live, trying to fit narrow  
Dying to live the definition.  
I won't be conned, I won't be ensnared.  
To tell you the truth, you make me sick.  
To tell you the truth you still have nothing.  
You are violent but I feel nothing.  
Your entitlement-  
I owe you nothing.  
I watch you deflate and I see nothing.  
You're not my Saviour this time.No.  
No point in trying to fix this narrow snare.  
You're still slack-jawed, listless and soft.  
Man of virtue. I will hurt you.  
And my heart is too cold  
And I lack a gentle touch  
And I do not exist as a constant to your crutch.  
I disregard your moral failings. If you couldn't get it up.  
And my heart is too cold  
And I lack the sympathy.  
It's too small.  
It would split if I would give you what you need.  
The constant to your crutch, if you can't get it up.  
You're failing.  
You can't control the clutch.  
I lack a tender heart. Can you function with no backbone?  
I have no consolation.  
I'm running out of patience.  
Can't control the clutch.  
So soft and slack-jawed.  
My conscience is crystal clear.  
My conscience is fucking crystal clear.