

boys, bugs and men

Paris Paloma

You said those words and suddenly I'm five
And boys are bringing bugs, just to kill them for my eyes
And I can see their hunger, looking for a sign
That any of their destruction, has me suffering inside
You take such delight
In killing my light

If I don't make a sound, does it even hurt?
I'm bending to the ground, just to pick up little worms
And I have seen you relish, such violence with a joy
That I've only seen before, in the eyes of little boys
Discovering their power for the first time

You kissed me so hard, I had a grazed chin
I saw your eyes spark at the breaking
And in them I see hunger
Looking for a sign
That any of your destruction, had me suffering inside
It fills you with light
To take away mine

At the cutting of your tongue
All I hear is shredding wings
Before me is a man who cares not for little things
And now I have my answer, from when I wondered who
Those little boys became, because they grew up to be you
You've been playing with your power for a long time
A long time
You've been playing with your power for a long time