

Sherlock Holmes

RØRY

I wonder is it trauma, did childhood play a part?
A Cluster B disorder or is this just who you are
If I could meet your father I'd ask about the war
Maybe I'd find the answers to why I'm outside these walls

I've been through all the evidence
But I can't make sense of this

I need to know how you don't miss me
I'm Sherlock Holmes and you're my greatest fucking mystery
You were threatening violence when I heard form you
Now this deafening silence is my only clue

You will see me fighting but you won't call it brave
You'll call me the problem child so you can walk away
I know you were broken and that's why you broke me
We repeat the patterns that we're just too blind to see

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I won't have kids, won't pass it on
This rage won't live after I'm gone
I'll fight myself at every turn
I'll build a stake, let myself burn