

Look straight through me - look at the nightmare.
Our past is but a dream that we're trying to escape, trying to
evade to erase ourselves.
Look through me and see the advent of our obsessions.
Behold, your child, perfection - a rotting shell of atrophy

Watching: Crowds like crows, we furiously flock to tragedy; observe the hurt then hasten back to our peaceful, quiet nests of blasphemy

Scapegoat: Rather die and know, drag your failing body in tow - witnessing the wake, conflagrate the ready oil at the stake

Binging: The culmination of purging what our lusts have borne. We hoarded all the world to find we'd lost any semblance of our selves.

This dying dance

I am not my own reflection. I am not myself, I am not myself.
No, I am haunted by a non-existent Lover:
The spectre, the ghost, the soul-starving host.
I am haunted by a non-existent lover

I was gifted with the vision, but cursed to be the witness.

I'll be pale to match the walls and warped to trace the beams;
flushed to fit across the floor so you can step right over me.
Scouring this filthy slate these crooked bones they won't break
straight -
cracked and splintered like our house, upended by that first summer squall

Fading: so thin, you could snap me into the shape you need - gaunt enough to slide through that wedding dress.
Then stitch me to a fraying matrimony embalmed inside a never-ending ceremony.

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Invisible to me... invisible to me... invisible to me