

Exile

Ten

I took my hands off the wheel
And braced for impact
Stepped off the treadmill to feel
And never looked back

I thought I'd found something real
I ached for contact
My Esmeralda concealed
She'd break the hunchback

Jewel, why so cruel?
Mistress of the devil and de Sade
Fuel for the duel
De Medici, Bathory and Koch

True
That I was born and raised
Without you
But then forlorn, enchained, devoured
You tested, I proved sectile

Through
Another storm's embrace
And I bruise
Out in the pouring rain and drought
You guess but I choose exile

Each time I surfaced to breathe
You held me under
What do you think this achieves?
It makes me wonder?

Over time I've ceased to be
The Casanova
Broken somehow, I concede
That this is over

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