

Isolation

The Tea Party

In fear every day, every evening
He calls her aloud from above
Carefully watched for a reason
Painstaking devotion and love
Surrendered to self preservation
From others who care for themselves
A blindness that touches perfection
But hurts just like anything else

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Mother, I tried, please, believe me
I'm doing the best that I can
I'm ashamed of the things I've been put through
I'm ashamed of the person I am

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But if you could just see the beauty
These things I could never describe
These pleasures a wayward distraction
This is my one lucky prize

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