

# My Humanity

Tripod

Again and again  
I do the wrong thing  
I'm trying  
I'm doing the best I can  
To do the right thing  
I'm sorry, I'm trying

Do you know  
How hard it was for me  
To say these things to you  
To apologise  
By writing a song for you?  
Do you know  
How much courage it took  
To not talk to your face?

You see, I'm an artist  
And you are not one  
So you wouldn't understand  
My pain is deeper  
My problems more complex  
Than yours are

Do you know  
How hard it was for me  
To say these things to you  
In a song  
So you don't get the answer?  
Do you know  
How much courage it takes  
To stand in front of people that love me?

And maybe  
This song will elevate me  
To a godlike status  
And then you will see  
The people validate me:  
"He's vulnerable  
He's sensitive  
He's lovely."

And they'll say:  
"Do you know  
How hard that was for him?  
He's such a fucking champ  
Shame on you!  
How could you hurt him?"

And they'll say:  
"He's our Lord!  
How dare you question him?"  
And they'll converge on you

(And shreds of your clothing will be flung skyward as his legion of fanatical devotees, their eyes bright with blind love, feast! )

Feast, my children! Because I'm so goddamn interesting and in touch with my

feelings that all shall bow down to me and despair!

(And he shall float down to the place where you once stood, graceful as though he were on an invisible trolley. And the surging throng shall part before him as if he were a dark Moses, and all that shall be left of you is a... hat.)

(Do you know  
How hard that was for him?)  
To have you destroyed  
Understand, I couldn't let you live  
You'd become  
A symbol of my weakness  
Of my humanity  
My humanity  
My humanity

And all semblance of the man I once was will be gone, encased in majestic fantasy, surrounded by sycophantic cronies paralysed by fear, I will become... a god. A GOD!