

These words collapse your confidence.
Your destructive existance is nauseating.
Fake, with no self esteem; you're nothing.
You change with manic uncertainty.
Now I will be the master.
Now I will choose my boatswain.
I push myself in and out of relationships.
But I don't know you.
I push myself in and out of control.
But I don't own you.
Exactly how should I stand here, waiting for you to finally answer.
As you verbally bash me.