

## A Portrait of the Young Man as an Artist

Antimatter

Look at you all clutching your guitars  
As if it makes a difference to who you really are  
Does the picking of a string stop the ticking of the clock?  
When will this curtain fall?

How did you carve that psalms?  
I'm sorry but your intellect is really not that sharp  
You're drowning so you plagiarize what you wish to become  
A stone masquerade so cold

What's real about this story?  
What's real?

Am I safe? Am I safe to be alone?  
When all around are lost  
Consumed by my indifference and left to count the cost  
Of all the bleeding hearts who suffered you because you told them...  
You told them you were someone

What's real about this story?  
What's real about this picture?