

The End Of Our Rope Is A Noose

Cave In

Goodbye to his starving concrete male lows.
Resign all need for bargaining with an open door to a closet full of all the things he wrote as a kid,
i cant believe what he did.
Whole arachnid-eyed spinnerets form: the motive slips,
the bugs become the end, they eat you.
Glued by the palms to a dinner plate passive meat.
Shrewd likeness arms him like a runaway,
rampant glories nothing short of a forced drum drama vibed wished goodbye.
The knot that never come united leaves feelings i know someone else has lied.
About who you are and what you know.
The whitest lies are blinding snows, eyed in the mockery of his prey.
Fevered company with an array of wretched looking sister faces,
breathing the air of scare and tyranny.
He hunched right over, for me to use his back
and write out the eviction notice from my heart; no remorse,
the "i's" were dotted with poignant stabs.
All the things i wrote as a kid, i cant beleive what it did to you.
Low and behold the end of our rope is a noose.
I chased him right back into enternal peace and sealed that closed door.