

Tied to My Neck

Converge

You told me nine times before and you said that her touch was not love all these years. You said that she stole and lied and you said to be "brave like me". And I couldn't believe when you said outlive, but I must come out and face the unwilling terms.

These eyes they are old and can only focus on the son that I was, the wrong that I was. I tried to gape the teeth just so the water could fill my lungs. And all this time I thought I was drowning and all this time she made me and you caged me and beat me. These shackles reek of your cologne and manipulative phrases. She is dying and I wish Hell upon you one thousand times a day. I have her graft inside of me, she sewed this body and made these eyes. She put them in my head and gave me life. You gave me hate, greed, confusion and a shimmering blurred backhand of your affection. She is dying and I have come to realize this.

He is breathing but should have stopped a long time ago. I know his heart quit but I have no reason for him to give anything.

And she is dying and I have missed her life. She gave everything to me, I have so much conscience tied to my neck. I want to swim atop of this sea and give her all the love which has so diligently fallen under lock and key. It was so uneven and the anchor that I have woven is weighing and pulling me down to the bottom of this ocean. And I wish I could spread my wings far enough to stop this fall from grace but there is nothing I can do.