

Rope

Counterparts

Portraits of hope reflecting of a blade that bears my name
Hanging inches from my head
There is no light bright enough to bring my shadow back to life
A presence that the fortunate weren't predisposed to feel
My seance of surrender will fall upon deaf ears

Promises I have disowned appear before me
Resembling the outline of my soul
Unravel me, every sentence makes me sick
Bound and abandoned by a noose that lifts me off my feet
Hanging like a halo overhead, I knew your rope was made for me

Fading, I fall backwards into the dust
Positioned vertically, but a casket knows to catch me
Buried only waist-deep in the earth
We carve the fading features of our silhouettes into our coffin
doors

Hope is a blade that bears my name
I knew your rope was made for me