

## 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