

## The Fraud

Dew-Scented

Outright negation, you make me feel so right to be wrong.  
With empty phrases, you know it's better not to speak.  
It's false interaction, feeding lies as rhetorical wit.  
Common sense as travesty, words won't disguise the fraud.  
Let's face the facts, stand upright, this sickness will consume  
us.  
Let's get this right, out of the way at last, once and for all,  
Without intermission, you bring alive all the darkness in me,  
Pretentious form, guessing is wrong, it hasn't begun.  
It's vain dedication, wishing well when it's already gone.  
Your moves are pointless, blindfolding truth, the fraud  
Incinerate memories we cherished, immortalize the damage done.

The Fraud?

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