

# Tragic

## Erasure

Speak. Spell.  
What's that word again?  
In. Out.  
Of my head again.

Clear. Cut.  
Charmed I'm sure again.  
Merrity!  
I wish for thought.

Oh, wise men indeed,  
Are fools who believe.  
Her heart on my sleeve,  
Is laughing at me.  
Best left unsaid;  
There's no truth in what's said.

Cloud. Fog.  
Looks like rain again.  
Glass. Wall.  
Looks could kill again.

Clock. Face.  
Half past two again.  
Turn again.  
And how time flies.

Oh, wise men indeed,  
Are fools who believe.  
Her heart on my sleeve,  
Is laughing at me.  
Best left unsaid;  
There's no truth in what's said.

Dream. World.  
In my pawn again.  
Hot. Cold.  
Fingers burn again.

Teardrop.  
To the floor again.  
Cruelty.  
How real is real?

Oh, wise men indeed,  
Are fools who believe.  
My heart on my sleeve,  
Is laughing at me.  
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