

## The Web

Fish

The rain auditions at my window  
Its symphony echoes in my womb  
My gaze scans the walls of this apartment  
To rectify the confines of my tomb

I'm the cyclops in the tenement  
I'm the soul without the cause  
Crying midst my rubber plants  
Ignoring beckoning doors

Clippings from ancient newspapers  
Lie scattered cross the floor  
Stained by the wine from a shattered glass

Meaningless words, yellowed by time  
Faded photos exposing pain  
Celluloid leeches bleeding my mind  
Christ, you've finished playing hangman  
You've cast the fateful dice

Advice, advice, advice me  
This shroud will not suffice  
And thus begins the web

Attempting to discard these clinging memories  
I only serve to wallow in our past  
I fabricate the weave with my excuses  
It's strands, I hope and pray shall last  
Oh please do last, oh please do last

The fly trap needs the insects  
Ivy caresses the wall  
Needles make love to the junkies  
The sirens seduce with their call

Confidence has deserted me  
With you it has forsaken me  
Confused and rejected, despised and alone  
I kiss isolation on its fevered brow

Security, clutching me  
Obscurity, threatening me  
Christ, your reasons were so obvious  
As my friend have qualified

I only laughed away your tears  
But even jesters cry  
But even jesters cry

I realize, I hold the key to freedom  
Oh, I cannot let my life be ruled by threads  
The time has come to make decisions  
The changes have to be made

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Now I leave you, the past does have its say  
You're all but forgotten, a mote in my heart  
Decisions have been made  
They've been made, they've been made

Decisions have been made  
I've conquered my fears, all my fears  
The flaming shroud, the flaming shroud  
Must edge the web  
The web, the web, the web