

Richard Divine made up his mind
To take the last few steps to bathroom door
From his bedroom floor and to lock himself in.
Steady young hands, meticulous plans,
Disposable razors and a blister pack filled
With strong sleeping pills, a bath of hot water.

He said he's not for sale, said that he felt hounded,
Crowded and surrounded by this life he didn't choose.

He carefully wrote a funerary note
On his best writing paper, to set out the facts,
And sealed it with wax and left it in the kitchen.
He left it out so his parents would know
What there was waiting for them:
Pale cold skin, blood seeping in to the landing carpet.

He said he's not for sale, said that he felt hounded,
Crowded and surrounded by this life he didn't choose,
But everybody plays this game on a daily basis, they're not heroes,
They're survivors, it's not Shakespearean if they lose.

So do what you want, do what you want,
Do what the voices tell you,
But don't ever say, don't ever say that we didn't warn you,
Because we warned you.

He said he's not for sale, but he bought into his failure,
He's telling tales that hammer nails right into open palms.
A martyr in reverse, he's best at being worst,
The rest of us are cursed but we keep calm and we carry on.

So Richard, here it is
None of us are blameless, huddled here like strangers,
Shameless in our lists of all the changes we say we need.
But I think that you knew that you can't pretend
It's news that if you cut yourself you'll bleed.