

Self-traitor

Fuck the Facts

You gave it all
all your f**king life.
In your conscious
acceptance of despair.
You surrendered.
You gave over,
as a self-traitor,
the few bits.
The few parts
that made me gain respect for you.
Isn't it hard now
to crawl?
In your own mess,
smell the stench
of your own disgust.
Every living day,
a battle,
to embrace yourself.
In the depths of your hostile frame,
you are offering no resistance.
Was it worth the betrayal,
of your only
few strong
beliefs?
Your better times
will never come: they've never been.
You gave in all
all your f**king life
in your conscious
acceptance of despair.
You surrendered.