

Hate

Funeral

OK, how i hate you
For making me want you so.
How I hate myself
For being so weak.

How I hate your tempting glances
.. or worse yet; your ignorance.
How I hate my effort

How i hate what you bring out in me,
And your effortless magnetism.
How i hate the things i do for you
To wake your desire.

How i hate the all devouring
Solitude that your smile transposes.
How i hate the fact
You could have whom ever you want.
How I hate the way
You make me wish i was among those.

How i hate your exquisite taste,
Your sleekness and grace.
How I hate my lack thereof,
And the longing to match you.

How I hate you stir in me.
I'd die for you, you know.
How I hate the irony.
Insane that this is love.