

Epilogue

Gatsby's American Dream

take your knife out
the blade is deep in my back
but it's not the first time
can we figure a way to bandage the wound
your misguided soul is playing the fool
nurture your ignorance
beware of betrayal which lurks in the hearts of all
don't cloak the animosity
living in a continuing soap opera
where you are the coroner
and i'm lying in the morgue
you've slithered and strangled me
i know i know i've done the same
lets start again