

# You Won't Hear from Me Again

InMe

Perfection was never on the horizon or the agenda for that matter

I'll learn to appreciate these moments, even if they have to be spoon-fed

Why is it all so wonderfully hysterical these days

Even the jaded, have unmistakable grins

You wanted something different and I know I'm not a part of that

This blood is separate and I respect that

I will not leave my men, even if they fall

Respect the enemy, though they can be so cruel

You've got your precious home; I've got your crumple zone

You've got your bible; I've got survival

You turned your back on me, your cuts are seamless

This prisoner's been set free won't hear from me again

Cautious grins are interpreted in many ways

Reserving trust alike dust upon old photographs

You criticise but you don't even know my name

You love to hate, when to me it's just a big fucking game

I will swallow this moment of emptiness as I know my time will come

With my fist clenched and tight as my teeth

I try to say something nice to you but I can't

You wanted something different and I know I'm not a part of that

This blood is separate and I respect that

I will not leave my men, even if they fall

Respect the enemy, though they can be so cruel

You've got your precious home; I've got your crumple zone

You've got your bible; I've got survival

You turned your back on me, your cuts are seamless

This prisoner's been set free won't hear from me again