

I always wanted to tell you I needed you
But now I'm glad that I never did,
Because I never lied about that... at least.
It probably would have scared you, anyway.
One more excuse for you to run away.
And it scares me that you're so easily scared.
What falsity did I lead my heart into this time?
Unfailingly naïve,
Maybe I just fell in love with being the dream.

Ugh, more and more, I find I don't want you.
Shit, another lie. Tried to deceive myself; it's not easy,
It's just pathetic.
Well, they say we don't need anyone... at least.
Ugh, you don't know. You never know,
And your uncertainty is infecting me,
Because now even I'm not sure—
Do I hate you for not being who I thought you were,
Or do I hate myself for loving one I've just created?

Didn't you know?
A hero's a most fragile thing.
One must never get close
Enough to touch, or fuck,
For mortality can also be transmitted,
And with even a brush against our blemished human skin,
Slick with impious fluids,
Their skin becomes dry and cracked,
And holes form inside their perfect characters.
I guess now I can understand being let down
By an ideal...

When heroes turn to cowards, you start to resent your dreams.
You once glanced up into their brave, bright faces;
Now you can't even meet their dull, downward-turned eyes.
Plagued with constant failure,
The only thing they will ever succeed in is disappointing
(It's so easy, it's so pathetic).
And so they stop trying, and never give you the chance
That was their promise to you, implied all