

## Archetype

## Panopticon

We've watched the clouds cry hand in hand.  
An end to all things.  
An embrace to ride the rising sun.  
Momentary beauty all to brief.  
Raced the evening stars and all their glory.  
Loves conviction so transitory.  
Betrayal.  
And cup runneth over, its brim tainted with your  
deception.  
My heart pounds rhythms that break my ribs.  
For a heart of love always forgives,  
But a mind of vengeance never forgets.  
Pick the scabs from my eyes.  
The colors so vibrant that I am blind.  
Shown beauty that never existed.  
Angels with no faces. f\*\*k wings.  
I've got arms to hold you.  
All of you.  
and i swear I'll never dream of flying again.  
But who stole my optimism?  
for the thieving hand will be cut.  
It's lies long side my heart.  
I suggest you wear thick gloves.  
1000 ghost for the not yet deceased.  
Next to them are visions of me.  
Locked away, yet I possess the key.  
I am the master of my own slavery.  
the truth is so poisonous.  
It's hatred disguised.  
Sometimes the most comfortable bed is made with  
virulent lies.  
I would drown you in uncertainty, choking on your  
tears.  
Your grasp transcending the distance,  
your reflection is the face of what you fear.