

Men are waiting patiently;  
Remove me from the scene,  
A sea of faceless souls in suits.  
A sight for eyes, like thumbs;  
Sore, crooked, and bow and fowl relief.

You! Have!  
You have been exposed.

Your eyes speak well of you.  
They play my requiem  
to a closed-casket burial.  
Your conspiracy;  
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities.  
I have been betrayed so graciously.

My bloodhounds are hooked on a trail of ink  
Which led me to the words you scribbled down;  
{An} obituary dedicated to me.

{I} might as well be blind with isolated eyes like mine.

Your fingers are star-  
crossed lovers that can't seem to get enough of each other.  
This pantomime dialect doesn't practice what you preach,  
doesn't practice what you preach.