

Poetess' Play

Tina Dico

This old cracked ceiling
Is creaking at you
It seems to know the feeling
Of breaking like you do
You came here to test yourself
To take it all on
In stead you've made a mess of yourself
You've been having too much fun
And now you're fighting strangers
And shadows on the wall
And voices in your head
Saying 'Why am I here at all? '

You've ruled out your choices
Like the loyalist you are
And drowned all those noises
Strumming your guitar
Wrapped in cold comfort
A brief and short-lived kick
Another can of Export
That ought to do the trick
Cause she used to come home early
Just to be with you
And now it's getting later
And there's really nothing you can do

I came here to save you
Though I know I never could
I don't wanna change you
I just wish you understood
That you are just a puppet
In a poetess' play
And it's time to cut the strings now
It's time to walk away

Another early hour
Another painful kiss
Climb back up in your tower
Go dream of what you miss
You came here to calm yourself
To set yourself free
In stead you're alarmed as hell
Cause now you know you never will be
This is your illusion
These are your dreams
This is your life
And it's never what it seems

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