

My Humanity

Tripod

Again and again
I do the wrong thing
I'm trying
I'm doing the best I can
To do the right thing
I'm sorry, I'm trying

Do you know
How hard it was for me
To say these things to you
To apologise
By writing a song for you?
Do you know
How much courage it took
To not talk to your face?

You see, I'm an artist
And you are not one
So you wouldn't understand
My pain is deeper
My problems more complex
Than yours are

Do you know
How hard it was for me
To say these things to you
In a song
So you don't get the answer?
Do you know
How much courage it takes
To stand in front of people that love me?

And maybe
This song will elevate me
To a godlike status
And then you will see
The people validate me:
"He's vulnerable
He's sensitive
He's lovely."

And they'll say:
"Do you know
How hard that was for him?
He's such a fucking champ
Shame on you!
How could you hurt him?"

And they'll say:
"He's our Lord!
How dare you question him?"
And they'll converge on you

(And shreds of your clothing will be flung skyward as his legion of fanatical devotees, their eyes bright with blind love, feast!)

Feast, my children! Because I'm so goddamn interesting and in touch with my

feelings that all shall bow down to me and despair!

(And he shall float down to the place where you once stood, graceful as though he were on an invisible trolley. And the surging throng shall part before him as if he were a dark Moses, and all that shall be left of you is a... hat.)

(Do you know
How hard that was for him?)
To have you destroyed
Understand, I couldn't let you live
You'd become
A symbol of my weakness
Of my humanity
My humanity
My humanity

And all semblance of the man I once was will be gone, encased in majestic fantasy, surrounded by sycophantic cronies paralysed by fear, I will become... a god. A GOD!