

Why is it that we open our flesh based statue to
Minds that easily forget?
I remain torn from the hand that I would
Have placed on my inviting face
We sacrifice what brought us down
To indulge in the unknown
When you meant that much to me
So did the words that were released from your lips
But you weren't there
So i'll pride myself in knowing your false
Proclamation as I build this wall once again
What is left?
The fragments coated in sorrow
An acknowledged entrapment
I am here to strike you down upon your disgust
I will marvel in the glorified defeat