

Thorn Tracey

"Charmless Callous Ways"

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I have believed and wasted a tear
On charmless callous ways.
I've been betrayed into believing that those who never
win
Should never play.
Nothing succeeds quite like success.
To be doomed to be second best
I mistook for failure nothing more and nothing less.
But if hate is peace
And love is war
There's nothing left that feels worth fighting for.
And any way that's not my way.
Destined to be a grown up fool
And praised by idle lasting rules
To be king is to be cruel
Constancy's an unprized jewel.
Off the bounds and all those crimes
That we'll endure with our church bell chimes

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