

Arsonists

"Shoeshine For Neptune"

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driving down the road i hear the radio
and your muffled screams through the back seat
i just made your shoes but they need to be
cleaned for meet and greet
so classic so smooth
as you sedated me
i slipped a little something into your drink
a potion, more like a poison
i tell you as you drive on
brake lights shine through black
they reveal the burial plot
one last kiss before your final send off
you take my final breaths
thrust them into the ocean
cement shoes
i shall become one with death
the air bubbles start to surface
a sensation of satisfaction sweeps over my entire body
content with the done deal
the taste of this victory is almost too much for me
don't forget i killed you
with my death that i home brewed
as i sink down i remember what the sea king said
"you die here"
the chemicals begin to mix
vision begins to blur
i fall to my knees
i am my own victim
i was meant this way either way
you tapped my phones
i made the set up
it was meant to be Neptune's plan
no fate involved

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