

As Friends Rust

"Home Is Where The Heart Aches"

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Count me in, before you kick me out. We could argue 'till we're blue in my face, adding assault to injury. Be gentle. It's my last time to shine, else I fall victim to the fists of time. It seems our blood is worth no more than mud. But that's a blessing, isn't it? And, of course, I give into it. Home is where the heart aches. Home is where the love breaks. Home never happened to me. What you see is what you get, and I suggest you get used to it. Because I will never make you proud, and that's something I can live with. Things don't change, they stay the same. It's only the words that rearrange. I am the person I can't ignore. I am the person that I abhor. Fifteen years of endless fear, of stolen youth, of keeping clear. I am the person you can't ignore. I am the son you will never adore.

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