

## **Antagonist A.D**

### **"The Golden Years"**

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So you stare in disgust at the face in the mirror  
Bloodshot, your eyes are hazy  
And the mist from the shower  
Doesn't hide your neck sagging onto your bare chest  
You look down but you can't see the floor,  
Only thick white, flesh.  
Liver spots texturise,  
And you can feel it dying too.  
Every drink, every step brings you closer to the sun.

You rest on a crutch, never wanting to walk  
You'd rather crawl, rather slither across the floor  
You stare in disgust at the face in the mirror  
Cursing life for being so unfair,  
You bought it all, the lies, the freedom,  
Everything had a price and you paid

The sun is setting, and you are sinking,  
You are broken your flesh is diseased,  
And your bones are brittle  
And you still don't understand, that you lived a lie?

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