Fish
"The Web"

The rain auditions at my window
Its symphony echoes in my womb
My gaze scans the walls of this apartment
To rectify the confines of my tomb

I'm the cyclops in the tenement
I'm the soul without the cause
Crying midst my rubber plants
Ignoring beckoning doors

Clippings from ancient newspapers
Lie scattered cross the floor
Stained by the wine from a shattered glass

Meaningless words, yellowed by time
Faded photos exposing pain
Celluloid leeches bleeding my mind
Christ, you've finished playing hangman
You've cast the fateful dice

Advice, advice, advice me
This shroud will not suffice
And thus begins the web

Attempting to discard these clinging memories
I only serve to wallow in our past
I fabricate the weave with my excuses
It's strands, I hope and pray shall last
Oh please do last, oh please do last

The fly trap needs the insects
Ivy caresses the wall
Needles make love to the junkies

The sirens seduce with their call

Confidence has deserted me
With you it has forsaken me
Confused and rejected, despised and alone
I kiss isolation on its fevered brow

Security, clutching me

Obscurity, threatening me
Christ, your reasons were so obvious
As my friend have qualified

I only laughed away your tears
But even jesters cry
But even jesters cry

I realize, I hold the key to freedom
Oh, I cannot let my life be ruled by threads
The time has come to make decisions
The changes have to be made

I realize, I hold the key to freedom
I cannot let my life be ruled by threads
The time has come to make decisions
The changes have to be made

Now I leave you, the past does have its say
You're all but forgotten, a mote in my heart
Decisions have been made
They've been made, they've been made

Decisions have been made
I've conquered my fears, all my fears
The flaming shroud, the flaming shroud
Must edge the web
The web, the web, the web

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