

Catherine "Convertible"

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The sound of tearing might wake the neighbors up,
But how else am I supposed to get you off me.
Youve been writing all these clichés,
And isn't it too cute how apathy makes everyone smile.
Somebody please help this man he looks nearly dead,
Hacksaw in hand and a new convertible head.
"I had to feel something, or die trying."
This one last inevitably scripted of clichés.
Edged with irony has left me with just one stale truth:
"The beast cannot live without host."
So without a thought, starve that sycophant.
I'll never believe you when you say everythings ok.
Just stop hiding behind your apathy
And start tearing your skin
Do whatever it takes
To let light shine on what's within

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