

## Cavalera Conspiracy

### "The End Of Our Rope Is A Noose"

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Goodbye to his starving concrete male lows.  
Resign all need for bargaining with an open door to a  
closet full of all the things he wrote as a kid,  
I can't believe what he did.  
Whole arachnid-eyed spinnerets form: the motive slips,  
The bugs become the end, they eat you.  
Glued by the palms to a dinner plate passive meat.  
Shrewd likeness arms him like a runaway,  
Rampant glories nothing short of a forced drum drama  
vibed wished goodbye.  
The knot that never come united leaves feelings i know  
someone else has lied.  
About who you are and what you know.  
The whitest lies are blinding snows, eyed in the  
mockery of his prey.  
Fevered company with an array of wretched looking  
sister faces,  
Breathing the air of scare and tyranny.  
He hunched right over, for me to use his back  
And write out the eviction notice from my heart; no  
remorse,  
The "i's" were dotted with poignant stabs.  
All the things i wrote as a kid, i can't beleive what it did  
to you.  
Low and behold the end of our rope is a noose.  
I chased him right back into enternal peace and sealed  
that closed door.

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