

Jacky Heretic "The Cover-up Reflections"

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This is the last story I will tell; it's all going to hell.

Stuck with your head in the wall and that's how it has always been. Your eyes tell stories unspoken, but you keep them to yourself. But the last thing we need is for you to remain illusive in your camouflaged bright yellow cloak. I can plainly see you up there.

Pain in your eyes. Pain in your fucking eyes.

This is the last chance you'll get. Why didn't you think it through enough? Take this back, it haunts me you've been telling lies on. Behind your selfless thoughts, behind this fucking wall, we hide the little things, like forgiveness, but you took it all down. And the last thing we need is for you to remain illusive in your camouflaged but yellow cloak. I can plainly see you up there. Liar, burn. You hide in plain sight. Priceless, your eyes so cold, for moral discomfort reigns where the sun doesn't shine.

This is the last chance you'll get. why didn't you think it through enough? Take this back, it haunts me you've been telling lies on.

Pain in your eyes.

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