

Laconic

"Storm Of The Century"

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your fictional words cut so deep
the falsism of your life always comes back to me
on my knees
inhaling acid rain
screaming to god
to forfeit the pain
delusional like a little child
i cant wait for the day that you realize
i never thought
that i could walk away
so easily
but i overcame the death of everything
the fire is out
its no longer aflame
everything's been deleted
after months of disdain
everything you do
everything you say
all the games you play
are just illusions
everything you are
everything you've done
everything you've become
will be nothing

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