

Rye Rye

"I'll Glory"

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Where do I begin? It's all so wrong, so fucked up from the start. You never gave yourself a chance to live, just make 'em proud and keep your head down and worry lonely later about the damage done. Look what you've done, look what's become of all your sycophantic self denying achievements that you've been relying on. Look what you've done, you caught the bullet in your teeth for them and watched them cheer and kept your mouth shut when they made you bleed. But do you even get it? I guess not. That middle management shoulder slump they've been patting for so long- it's not the first and it won't be the last, you're not the worst but you're sure not the best. When all is said and done, and when the race is run, they'll chalk it down to bad timing and move onto the next. When you let them in you let yourself get fucked right in the heart, they told you that you were a lion so you showed your teeth, they said 'bring us the head of the hero kid' so you signed the dotted line along your neck. And look what you've done, but the medics couldn't stem the bleeding, so they read you your rites and they laughed at your wrongs and said 'I guess things don't always go quite to plan', and look what you've done, you've joined the royal ranks of the sick and the sad and your song will echo down these lonely halls. Tried to be everything to everybody, now you're nothing at all.

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