

Cable Car Theory, The "Tears For Broken Toys"

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All the bruises that never healed, broken vessels still
unrevealed.
Undo this.
And I still haven't gotten my hands around your neck,
ending it.
End the objection.
Witness this broken back,
these worn out hands, this intractable suffering.
You can try and hide behind the excuse of neglect for
only so long
but you have caused twice as much pain with one blow
to us before.
You made this, you swore you would break this.
I'm not trying to convince myself,
if there is any part of you left in me...
I'm not trying to convince myself,
if there is any part of you left in me I have long
since dispatched that disease.
Crawl on your belly, crawl and die.
Crawl in the mud, crawl and die.
I'm not angry anymore, I just need closure from you.
This thing you made came back to haunt you.

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