

## **The Snake The Cross The Crown "The Contortionist"**

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as I begin to sink into this fate that I have tried so hard  
to tread while you sit with your magazines your  
cigarettes your apathy as we continue downward into  
lukewarm discontent descending side by side as  
retrospect and time devour our thoughts and our long  
nights with such civilized but brutal taste in suffering  
and self disgrace your disappointment paints your  
eyes a darker shade of brown and your poor excuses  
reek of such expensive wine while my replies of  
cowardice get molded into forgiveness for everything  
you said and everything you did i have failed to forgive  
you for either i tried but i failed to forgive any aspects  
of either fairweathered friend how could these eyes  
ever forget those lustfull nights seeing your lips  
pressed against theirs as i tried to forget i tried but  
failed i begin to sink into this fate that i have tried so  
hard to tread because apparently i'm much too dense  
your much too tired and oh so stressed ignoring all  
these words that i am struggling to say so put down  
your pill bottles put down your glass of wine put down  
all of your magazines and look me in the eye and tell  
me that your happy tell me this is what you wanted  
from me because it's everything i have and everything  
i can afford such curteous envy i tried but i failed to  
forgive any aspects of either she never said she wants  
it all i bet she does i bet she does

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