

Threshold "Narcissus"

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caught in the headlamp glare of your own blinding
vanity
mesmerised by the stare of your shallow personality
gorging the junk food of flattery you drag your fat ego
around
everyone floored by the battering you give to
whoever's around

trapped in the personal hell of your own desperate
addiction
frightened that others can tell of your expensive
affliction
with your happiness based on a chemical you wax
lyrical with words so profound
when your indulgence reaches that level it's safest not
to be around

oh narcissus you petulant child admiring yourself in the
curve of my eyes
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you
do nothing but die

wrapped in the transparent lies of your desperate
situation
you expound on imaginary ties expecting us to believe
them
in the absence of concrete commitment
you've all the attention that money can buy
not caring that those who still love you are callously
thrown to one side

oh narcissus you petulant child admiring yourself in the
curve of my eyes
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you
do nothing but die
oh narcissus you treacherous child admiring yourself
in the curve of my eyes
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you
do nothing but die
hey you dog man whelp of a litter of scavengers
bolting the flesh of your victims with a ravenous greed
you work with your siblings up to a point

'til your ego is sated or your wallet fulfilled
jealously guarding the bones of your kill
with a malice that's born out of fear

running with the pack your defence is to attack
but i detect you in your stealth because you've rolled in
your own filth
you hope to gain my trust with your cowardly disguise
whispering such confidences my revulsion to a-wreck

you call yourself my friend you call yourself my friend
and when i turn my back your fangs will feel my neck
what is your domain but a barn where your runts roll in
the reek
you would seek to steel my freedom and have branded
me a freak
i want nothing of your snarling mongrel strain your
smarmy doggerel lies
and if these words have singed your fur consider
yourself a whipped cur

gorging the junk food of flattery you haul your fat ego
around
everyone floored by the battering you give to
whoever's around

oh narcissus you petulant child admiring yourself in the
curve of my eyes
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you
do nothing but die

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