

# Narcissus

## Threshold

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 aroundtrapped 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 aroundoh narcissus you petulant child admiring  
yourself in the curve of my eyes  
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you do nothing but diewrapped 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 sideoh 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 diehey 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 fearrunning 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-wreckyou 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 curgorging the junk food of flattery you  
haul your fat ego around  
everyone floored by the battering you give to whoever's aroundoh 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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