The Chosen

Voltaire

Last night a moth came to my bed
and filled my tired weary head
with horrid tales of you.
I can't believe it's true.
But then the lamp shade smiled at me.
It said, "Believe" it said, "Believe."
I want you to know it's nothing personal.
First time I had sex, I was three.
First time consenting was thirteen.
Though you weren't there, you remind
me of those hands.
Roses are red, violets are blue
If I'm schizophrenic, then I am too!
Whatever it takes to escape.
I hope you understand
why I'm forced to take your life in my hands.
I want you to know it's nothing personal.
And though we've never met
I've seen your image in a million waking dreams.
Your eyes they call to me, "Set me free."
Did I ever tell you, you look like my mother?
She once left me in a supermarket.
I promised myself that I'd never feel that way again.
Did I ever tell you that you look like my dear old mother?
I hope you understand
why I'm forced to take my life in your name.
I want you to know, it's nothing all the same.
And though we've never met
I've seen you image in a million waking dreams.
Your eyes call to me, "Set me free."
It's not easy being the chosen.

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