

Ego's Game

Will Haven

The starters pistol fires
your game is afoot
and the clones cheer you on
you radiate intimidation
Don't you think she
can sense your eye's pierce
to the flesh or
does your ego block
You paint a pretty picture
of yourself to her
an abstract portrait
regardless of the truth
Don't you think she
can sense your eye's pierce
to the flesh or
does your ego block out
the emotions of another
You'll eat her existence
a slave to your game
Another's pain, fear's
it's spelled out in her eyes
when will
the child's ego let go
for the sake of being loved

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