

# Epilogue

## Gatsby's American Dream

Take your knife out.  
The blade is deep in my back.  
(But it's not the first time.)  
Can we figure a way to bandage the wound?  
(Cause it's not the first time,)  
Your misguided soul is playing the fool.  
Nurture your ignorance, and nurture  
nurture your ignorance.  
Beware of betrayal which lurks  
in the hearts of all.  
Don't cloak the animosity.  
La-dada-dada-dadada...Living in a continuing soap opera,  
where you are the coroner,  
and I'm lying in the morgue.Slithered and strangled me,  
(I know, I know) I've done the same.  
Let's start again.

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