

Searching for a Former Clarity

Against Me!

No the doctors didn't tell you,
that you were dying.
They just collected their money,
And sent you on your way.
But you knew all along,
went on pretending nothing was wrong,
you said I will keep my focus, till the end.
And in the journal you kept,
by the side of your bed.
You wrote nightly in aspiration,
of developing as an author.
Confessing childhood secrets,
of dressing up in women's clothes,
Compulsions you never knew the reasons to,
Well everyone, you ever meet or love,
be just relationship based on a false presumption,
despite everyone, you ever meet or love,
in the end, will you be all alone?
As the disease spreads slowly through your body,
pumped by your heart to the tips of your arms and your legs,
your greatest fear was that your mind wouldn't last,
your coherency and alertness would be the first things to fade,
as your hair thinned, as the weight fell off, as your teeth blackened,
as the lesions spotted your skin,
as you fell to your knees in the center of the stage,
as you offered witness to mortality in exchange for the ticket price,
as the lights blended into the continuing noise,
as all hope was finally lost.
Adrenaline carried one last thought to fruition.
Let this be the end.
Let this be the last song.
Let this be the end.
Let all be forgiven.

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