

Spider to the Fly

Breathing Theory

It's typical, insatiable, can't you see the web I've spun?

It's physical, replaceable, a bittersweet victim.

Deceiving myself blindly for so long...

You're fruitless, and the taste of you is gone...

My catalyst, a counterpart

You're sitting at the core!

Forsake it all, embrace it all

[?????] so much more.

[?????]

And hide the suffering inside.

"You're nothing in my eyes," said the spider to the fly.

It's temptation, this sensation. A simple, faithless life.

A delusion. So confusing. I'm better off bled and dry.

This emptiness is all that I've become.

Lost inside this web that I have spun.

The pendulum. The dying pulse.

[?????]

The tourniquet regurgitates.

I offer all I am.

[?????]

And hide the suffering inside.

"You're nothing in my eyes," said the spider to the fly.

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