

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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