The Web

Th3 Abyss

The rain auditions at my window
Its symphony echoes in my womb
My gaze scans the walls of this apartment
To rectify the confines of my tomb
I'm the cyclops in the tents
I'm the soul without the cause
Crying 'midst my rubber plants
Ignoring beckoning doors
Clippings from ancient newspapers
Lie scattered across the floor
Stained by the wine from a shattered glass
Meaningless words
Yellowed by time
Faded photos exposing the pain
Celluloid leeches bleeding my mind
Christ you've finished playing hangman
You've cast the fateful dice
Advice, advice, advice me, this shroud shall not suffice
And thus begins the web
Attempting to discard these clinging memories
I only serve to wallow in our past
I fabricate the weave with my excuses
It's strands I hope and pray shall last
Oh please do last
Oh please do last
The fly trap needs the insects
Ivy caresses the wall
Needles make love to the junkies
The sirens seduce with their call
Confidence has deserted me, with you it has forsaken me
Confused and rejected, despised and alone,
I kiss isolation on its fevered brow
Security clutching me
Obscurity threatening me
Christ, your reasons were so obvious
As my friends have qualified
I only laughed away your tears, but even jesters cry
But even jesters cry
I realize I hold the key to freedom

Ohh I cannot let my life be ruled by threads
The time has come to make decisions
The changes have to be made
I realize I hold the key to freedom
I cannot let my life be ruled by threads
The time has come to make decisions
The changes have to be made
Now I leave you
The past does have its say
You're all but forgotten
A mote in my heart
Decisions have been made
They've been made
They've been made
Decisions have been made
I've conquered my fears, all my fears
The flaming shroud, the flaming shroud
Thus ends the web, the web, the web, the web, the web

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