

# Manipulation

## Emilie Autumn

The time for your escape has come and gone  
What kept you here save your own curious mind?  
You say you've seen too much, and yet look on  
Where chaster souls would run, you glance behind  
Have you no ministering angels to consult?  
I have no power to decide your fate  
The choice was yours, but therein lies the fault:  
What good is choice when choice is made too late?  
What good is virtue but a thing to lose?  
What good are all the saintly attributes?  
We wear them on and off whene'er we choose  
To correspond with fashion, end disputes.  
If you should think to speak, say but a word  
And weigh it well. No explanation give  
To those who haven't asked. What has occurred  
Is nothing more than reciprocative  
Events without a price nor penalty  
You've nothing lost that I can say I've gained  
You've acted out your part adorably  
And for my part, I hope I've entertained.

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