

# Heartbreaker

## Vices I Admire

What's your name? Tell me your secrets. Reasonable regrets, no preface or pretense, just c'mon lay down with me. Cut yourself from the stone, that you milled in the doorway here and keep every problem you want my dear, I'll make it perfectly clear: all I desire is your physical pain. Like when you crawl to me, open aversion is just for show, I'd give a warning but I think you know--it doesn't matter where you go--I'll be recording every casual shame. Now you know me.

And I'll tell you all about the politics of apathy. I'll get you drunk on a word and walk you down the street. I'll be uncomfortably warm, read me unreasonably well. I'll put your name on the list you'll be unable to sell. I am the heartbreaker.

There are those who impersonate their feelings of love, who draw their deficit courage from the red badge of another warm body embraced by the bed. And I'm just so damn sure that I'm not your enemy, I'll never say what you meant to me or pretend I'll be anything other than this weekend's release. And now you know me well: I'll fill you up just to empty you out. But, a criminal? No, I'm not, just the child of a lesser god (one who's both perverse and profane). Now you know me.

And I'll tell you all about the politics of apathy. I'll get you drunk on a word and walk you down the street. I'll be uncomfortably warm, read me unreasonably well. I'll put your name on the list you'll be unable to sell. I am the heartbreaker.

I'll get you outta my head. I am the heartbreaker.

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