

# Killing a Con-Artist

## Cadillac Blindside

from a mile i saw it coming. something had to give; it could never stay that way. egos always get the best of us. the back-stabbing begins, whose blood will be shed today. plastic faces molded into things they wanted, the truth hiding behind. the damage has been done. we can't go back to square one, but those were the best times. would it be the same again? if we tried would it be like it was before? chances are we'd fail again. it's too late to turn back, what are we trying for? i admit there's something to it. you feel like you belong to something no one's ever had. but i just get sick to my stomach knowing that it's all such a fraud. it's all so sad.

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