

I Haven't Learned a Thing

My idea of life sits on the stand.
Nothing left but sour notes with these words
that dance like embers in the night.
My silence is now a virtue; your voice is a nuisance.
Can my eyes tell you my future?
Only lost and caught in between
denial and doubt.
The flames are an asset;
a scene for our enemies.
The stars are my guides.
My idea of life lies facedown.
Nothing left but desolation,
shed these words off the blade.
My love is a menace;
it lets me embrace these flaws.
Can your smile bring back my innocence?
Now found and yet caught in between
ignorance and lunacy.
(What's the difference?)

Oh, My What a Great Follower

Repeat in your head: you haven't moved on.
My smile is your frown.
Every word in your head has become unrecognizable.
My pride helps your mouth heave useless ideas.
You can't feel what I feel,
so invincible and my insults are golden.
Friends decay into Judas,
foes now reanimate themselves into
every scenario.
You would think we'd praise your hubris,
But the lives you've destroyed just can't put
in your trust.