

Arsis, A Diamond For Disease

In denial of the thoughts that our feelings dissolve.
Your words were always chosen wisely, disguising all intent.
Amidst the poetry, I thought I heard you say,
"Let's make a deal, a diamond for disease..."
Then the promise of never was as embracing as the act of strangulation.
The idea of forever became the grandest humiliation.
I keep remembering your words, spoken in the guise of an oath, the promise of never.
Now never is all I ever receive, never, and the knowledge of your disease.
Those two words spoken aloud, I do, the promise of never.
Yet I still come, like a moth to a flame in assurance of pain.
Still you come, a breathing deathwish, with daggers drawn.
Always denying the idea that the mystery's resolved.
Examined closely, understanding all intent.
Amidst our screaming, I know I heard you say,
"Let's make a deal, a diamond for disease..."
If that's your idea of forever, I would gladly take strangulation.
Your idea of forever is the grandest humiliation.
Your matrimony was silenced.
All vows forgotten and the burden placed on me to aid you from the marriage bed.
That's when the promise of never became as embracing as strangulation.
Your idea of forever, the grandest humiliation.
Yet I never know how loosely you used the word friend.
In time I learned.
This I cannot forgive, but only you know the truth.
Your secrets, they follow, and shadows always show the path to the fallen,
The liars wielding daggers.
Take your skin away, wield the liar's dagger.
Because along this path are fragile whispers guiding me with guilt.
And though they scream the faintest lies,
They lead me to the knowledge that your words were chosen wisely,
Disguised was all intent.
Within the deceit, I know I heard you say...
For now, for forever; from the start, this was the deal.
"A diamond for disease."