

# Capistrano, Your Dysphoria Is Another Reason W

You can always see through to me, but when I look back I am lost.  
Do you remember those times when we said one thing and meant another?  
How much longer can you hide behind that one-way mirror?  
We told stories to each other.  
But we never said the truth.  
We just sat there, lying.  
I hate it when you hide behind your words; it makes me sick.  
Just say it.  
Your words are a mirage of lies.