

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.