

# Fish, The Web

The rain auditions at my window, its symphony echoes in my womb  
My gaze scans the walls of this apartment to rectify the confines of my tomb  
I'm the cyclops in the tenement, I'm the soul without the cause,  
Crying midst my rubber plants, ignoring beckoning doors,  
Clippings from ancient newspapers lie scattered cross the floor  
Stained by the wine from a shattered glass,  
Meaningless words, yellowed by time,  
Faded photos exposing pain, celluloid leeches bleeding my mind  
Christ, you've finished playing hangman, you've cast the fateful dice  
Advice, advice, advice me, this shroud will not suffice  
And thus begins the web  
Attempting to discard these clinging memories,  
I only serve to wallow in our past  
I fabricate the weave with my excuses,  
It's strands I hope and pray shall last  
Oh please do last, oh please do last  
The flytrap needs the insects, ivy caresses the wall  
Needles make love to the junkies, the sirens seduce with their call  
Confidence has deserted me, with you it has forsaken me  
Confused and rejected, despised and alone,  
I kiss isolation on its fevered brow  
Security clutching me, obscurity threatening me  
Christ, your reasons were so obvious as my friend have qualified  
I only laughed away your tears, but even jesters cry, but even jesters cry  
I realise I hold the key to freedom,  
Oh I cannot let my life be ruled by threads  
The time has come to make decisions, the changes have to be made  
I realise I hold the key to freedom,  
I cannot let my life be ruled by threads  
The time has come to make decisions, the changes have to be made  
Now I leave you, the past does have its say  
You're all but forgotten a mote in my heart  
Decisions have been made, they've been made, they've been made  
Decisions have been made  
I've conquered my fears, all my fears  
The flaming shroud, the flaming shroud  
Thus ends the web, the web, the web, the web, the web.