

A Life Once Lost, Grotesque

These words collapse your confidence
your destructive existence is nauseating
fake, with no self-esteem; you're nothing
you change with manic uncertainty
now I will be the master
now I will choose my boatswain
I push myself in and out of relationships
but I don't know you
I push myself in and out of control
but I don't own you
exactly how should I stand here, waiting for you to finally answer
as you verbally bash me