Amazing Transparent Man, The Thought Police

Here we are again.
You know that it's this time.
The roller coaster ride
You're always on my mind.
In your mind, you know that's not the truth.

You're sitting on my couch.
You open up your mouth.
Word come spilling out,
But I just beat them down.
You go now.
We'll talk again next week.

You grovel on the ground.
And say you hate the sound
Of your voice as it moves.
Casting shadows in the room.
This hateful seed planted in your womb.

And if there was a way
To transfer for a day,
Your blackened heart and mind,
And switch its place with mine,
You'd see things aren't half as bad
As they may seem.

But here you are now,
Standing on my door step,
Waiting in the cold,
Begging that you need someone to hold.
You know I cannot do that.
What we need it time to make this right
Up in my textbook mind.

You're tired of making sense.
Your mind is far too dense
To practice what you preach.
Don't always try to teach
These people
How to hate themselves.

Who am I trying to fool?
This idealistic duel.
My cracked, fragmented mind.
Why do I think you're blind?
You don't know
It's me inside who feels so hollow.