

# Catherine, Convertible

The sound of tearing might wake the neighbors up,  
But how else am I supposed to get you off me.  
You've been writing all these clichés,  
And isn't it too cute how apathy makes everyone smile.  
Somebody please help this man he looks nearly dead,  
Hacksaw in hand and a new convertible head.  
&quot;I had to feel something, or die trying.&quot;  
This one last inevitably scripted cliché.  
Edged with irony has left me with just one stale truth:  
&quot;The beast cannot live without host.&quot;  
So without a thought, starve that sycophant.  
I'll never believe you when you say everything's ok.  
Just stop hiding behind your apathy  
And start tearing your skin  
Do whatever it takes  
To let light shine on what's within