

Nodes Of Ranvier, Eight Weeks of Privilege, No T

Remove your hand from my throat
My heart is too secure for your insecurities
Your pathetic attempt to be mine and his has failed
But only by my words was I the victor
Now I killed this desire
And it quickly became distaste
Distaste for you (or what you have composed to be you)
So please, quit wasting my time
Spend more time on you
Because it may take a while to remove your foot from your big mouth
To the eye you are sweet
But to the soul you are sour
And I am no worse without you.