

Conceal the Face

Threshold

her memory still hangs over me
and over me she kneels
i cannot find a constancy in anything i feel
i do not have words to say
how much of me she takes
but i could live forever
on the food of love she bakes

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she looks at me and i can see
the hatred in her eyes
i left her once but now i know
i'm going to have to try
you and i cannot be real
no matter what we take
my ego now is miniscule
and life and love are fake

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