

## Bitter Illusions

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My happiness is draining away in rivulets of shattered emotion,  
leaving me a stranded husk of human shivering in fright.  
You built up this palatial illusion of love with a convincing smile,  
but in the end it seems all you felt for me was bitter spite.  
I'm standing in the rain but someone replaced the water with acid  
and it's eating away at my skin while I try and suppress the tears.  
I thought you'd be standing by to hold me while I'm wounded  
but you've been feeding scraps of my sanity to all my monstrous fears.  
I'm too numb to feel the cold emitting from my own mind,  
these demented tendrils caressing my bruised brain.  
Instead of having someone to hold me up when I'm unstable  
I get a psychopathic asshole who's been delivering my pain.  
It seems our signals got so mixed we're tangled up in wires.  
I could strike back at you but then I'd be bound to my own kill.  
You drove your stiletto of hatred deep into my heart  
but I stand here in the cold rain waiting for you still.