

Marionette

Make Them Suffer

Cheer the sad puppeteer,
Who constantly tugs as he snickers and sneers.
Frantically wiping his tears.

I'm always dancing in tandem with his teardrops so pained.
To the weeping; I shamefully lend out my frame.
Contortedly pulled to the centre of stage.

A re-enactment of his tragedy. Again and again.
Some abstracted form of attraction. Over and over again.

A marionette, I play my part.
The crowd have all gone, but the show must go on. I play my part.

Dance to the beat of his tears.

His story had chilled me, haunting my guilty ways.
He wept for days over a picture frame;
scrawling to pages, his play.

A marionette, I play my part.
The crowd have all gone, but the show must go on. I play my part.

Dance to the beat of his tears.
I watched his comfort turn to pain as he scowled his reflection
.
How long had he been locked away? Had it turned him insane?

"Shatter the frame. It mirrors my pain. It's not me it's not me
, I say."
A reflection of age. "Watch me shatter and break."

"This world was never meant for me, Keep me locked away.
This world was never meant for me. The show must go on."

The sad puppeteer he will stay.