

I told you, you betrayed me,  
But I forgot to thank you.  
I thought I loved you, treated you right,  
Played by your rules –  
Only for you to squeeze my heart until it burst.

I thought I was full of life, open, and courageous,  
And that you, in your bilious stupor,  
Would repay me only with hate.

But though I suffered with you,  
I suffered before you,  
And I would suffer after you.

In my love, was fear of being alone.  
I treated you right to control you.  
I followed your rules, because I would rather have you than myself.  
Full of life, open, and courageous, was just  
Grasping for any base pleasure  
That would anesthetize my pains and fears.

And really, I just couldn't face  
The thousand deaths and disillusion  
Which draw the boundary 'round my mortal self.

So I turned you into my destroyer,  
And prayed to you, that through your betrayal  
I might die to my pitiful world,  
Because I exist in the realm beyond death  
As a radiant light, much more subtle than my mundane self.

The will in me to transcend  
Manifested myself in you as the betrayer;  
And you obliged me, aware or not.

And having died a death,  
Having learned I am both dead and alive –  
In life I actually can love,  
And indulge, and enjoy,  
As the proper exercise of that part of me that lives,  
And not as a magical attempt  
To pervert the world of temporary life.