

Feed Me Your Slander

You come in from the cold
But never take off your coat.
I heavily ponder the next word I will say to you
Wanting every syllable to form correctly
All I want from you though is
To tell me what I want to hear.
It doesn't matter if it's true or not
Because I live for your words.
They guide me through the fire
Their absence pierces my drums like a thousand daggers.
Just tell me what I want to hear
Your guile is better than truth
Gliding steadily off your tongue and into my heart.
I sway to its rapturous melody.

The world is a venomous whirlpool
But your mendacity, magnificent bliss
The perfect portion of ideal fiction
Possessing my every move
One silent moment equates to an impatient vibrato in my cave.
Just tell me what I want to hear
Your words are nourishing
They satisfy my bones and caress me in the darkness,
They make love to my mind when I am uncertain.
Just tell me what I want to hear, it doesn't have to be true.
Deceit is tenderized with less substance
While
Fact is served lean and raw.
Just tell me what I want to hear
Your words are life
Insurmountable walls I build my home in
A shielded empire of limitation.
Please tell me what I want to hear Feed me your slander
Lies are better than truth Served with much less substance and easier to inhabit.
Truth demands absolute sensibility
And subjugates the depth of my energy
Just tell me what I want to hear.

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