

Anything about: love, bracelet, horizon, fragile

Sleeves

Through the city a man had gone
Wearing his sins on his sleeves
The concrete felt like amazon
Truth spoken, yet crowd disbelieves

Love was but an excuse
A drug for those weak of mind
From the beginning there were clues
The evening would not be kind

The man anticipated this
His morality always agile
His intelligence hit and miss
His ego weak and fragile

Delusion works only outwards
To himself a rat, to others, a lion
A president and king of cowards
Wanting bracelets made of iron

He walked through the fallen leaves
Horizon as far as ever
Wearing his sins on his sleeves
Wearing them forever