

No Puppet Now

You tied my hands with golden thread,
A smile so sweet, yet full of dread.
I danced because you told me to,
And thought your love was ever true.

You whispered lies in velvet tones,
And made my heart believe your own.
But every promise that you spun,
Was shadowed by another one.

I gave my trust, my every breath,
You staged a play, a slow, cruel death.
Your mask was painted soft and kind,
But daggers lingered in your mind.

I bent when you desired control,
You fed upon my breaking soul.
Each move was yours, not mine to claim,
You choreographed my loss, my shame.

You pulled my strings, I swayed with grace,
Not knowing truth behind your face.
A puppet dancing on the stage,
While you rehearsed a hidden rage.

Your hands were cold, yet I held tight,
Believing wrong could turn to right.
But every gesture carved a scar,
Each tug revealed how false you are.

I bowed when curtains drew their close,
Unseen, you laughed at what you chose.
The crowd applauded my defeat,
Your lies were music, bittersweet.

How cruel you were to wear that guise,
To paint devotion in your eyes.
Yet turn away when lights went dim,
And offer faith to her, not him.

I thought our bond was forged in steel,
But glass is all you let me feel.

It cracked the moment I held on,
And shattered when the truth was gone.

You fed on hope, my gentle fire,
And left me cold with no desire.
I starved while feeding all your needs,
A victim tangled in your deeds.

You stole my steps, you stole my song,
You taught me how to move all wrong.
Yet still I danced, though pain was near,
Because I thought your love sincere.

But now the curtains start to fall,
I see the strings, I see it all.
Your shadow cannot hide from me,
The truth is plain, I finally see.

You never loved, you only used,
Each kindness crafted to confuse.
A master with a wicked plan,
Who claimed my soul, but not the man.

I bled my heart into your hands,
You washed it clean like shifting sands.
And when I begged for something real,
You turned away, refused to feel.

I heard the crowd, they cheered your name,
They saw the act, but not the shame.
And I, the fool, played every part,
A broken stage beneath my heart.

Your silence now is louder still,
A hollow echo, sharp and shrill.
It mocks the trust I used to keep,
A bitter truth that cuts too deep.

You left me here with tangled strings,
A heart that breaks, a voice that sings.
Yet songs of sorrow turn to flame,
And burn the memory of your name.

You thought I'd break, but I still rise,

With wounded heart and open eyes.
No longer bound by what you say,
I tear the strings and walk away.

Each knot you tied begins to fray,
Your power fading day by day.
The puppet learns, the puppet fights,
And claims the stage beneath the lights.

No more your shadow holds my form,
No more your storm becomes my storm.
I carve a path, my steps my own,
The stage no longer yours alone.

I mourn the love I thought was true,
The fire I lit, the trust I grew.
But grief transforms, and pain will mend,
Your reign of strings has reached its end.

The mask you wore now starts to slip,
Revealing poison at your lips.
And all who watch will soon believe,
The lies you spun, the webs you weave.

I see you shrinking from the flame,
A coward hiding from the blame.
You thought my silence kept me blind,
But strength was building all the time.

No longer trapped, I break the chains,
I walk away from all your games.
The stage is mine, the truth my guide,
Your strings are cut, your hands denied.

So take your lies, your cruel disguise,
Your hollow heart, your empty eyes.
I've found my voice, my soul set free,
No puppet now—just me, just me.