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MiStErUnSpOkEn (Implicit)

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Cover Page Footnote

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MICHAEL CONGDON

MIStERUNSpOkEN (IMPLICIT)

From the shadows he rose
Carrying the pain they chose to impose
The sting merciless, never to go away
Just a cold blank stare, nothing to say

All those years waking up alone
Each passing day clearly monotone
I walk this place
Trying to keep pace
Time a friend, time a foe
Kind of tired of feeling low

Sticks & Stones
With friendly undertones
They don't know that I know it
And for their sake I'll never show it

So you say you need a friend
I have to ask what you intend
Once your need has been fed
How quickly will the friendship be shed?

How implicit is it
That the night will always kill it
The sun can't shake this abuse he is given
Of course she said with anger in it
I thought that was implicit

Like a leaf in the breeze
My mind is at ease
I'm lost in there
Eviscerating my despair
I wonder if anyone else is seeing
These transparent human beings
The ones that lack the feeling
And keep my spirit from healing

Such is the stride of MiStErUnSpOkEn
Seeking answers to everything
Enduring the sting from this whole absurd thing
Don't want to think this is all just a waste
It's hard to change your thoughts on the taste
Your mind now pleasant with the words I have spoken

How implicit is it
That the fear will always kill it
This love can't shine through the veil that conceals it
Of course she said with caution in it
I thought that was implicit