

# The Angle

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## End Of My Rope

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### Cover Page Footnote

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## END OF MY ROPE

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poem by  
NICK PICARIELLO

Handcuffed by society and blindfolded by the laws  
Beaten down by regulations but still fighting for a cause  
Bleeding outside and internally but they're out of gauze  
They did this to me cuz I'm imperfect, in fact I have perfect flaws

I have become friends with insomnia because my dreams are reality  
When I do sleep, it's with my eyes open because my life's a conspiracy  
The world watching me around the clock because I have addictive tendencies  
With an open mind I inject truth, I abuse it, because I wanna forget memories

I have the people that love me trying to take down my pride  
But I shut 'em down, shut 'em out, without breaking my stride  
And now it's just me and the voices in my head have multiplied  
Cuz I'm all I need, that's what they say, their voices have amplified

So I sit watching leaves fall back on trees, talking to myself, moving perfectly still  
The world moving at light speed but only to a dead end, doing what they will at will  
People fighting people, brothers fighting brothers; we're at a standstill, so why not kill?  
Your mind's at war, so dump out your ignorance; I'm serving up truth, if you want a quick fill

All the shit you hear, that's right every word, it's all a lie  
So forgive me while I fight back while you all stand idly by  
I'll quicken my pace, move with haste, cuz the last embers in my eyes  
Will never die, ambition unmatchable, no fuckin' tie, and one day I will rip a hole in the sky

But the fire extinguisher is protected by shattered glass and barbed wire  
So when the eruption is desired who will wanna put out the fire?  
Let 'em burn, let 'em burn chant the angels in the choir  
Burn faster, burn faster, let the temperature get higher

And all the work I do and the hours I put in will be nothing but ash  
Disregarded by those who judge me — claim my best belongs in the trash  
So how can you blame me when I go off on a rampage, bash and thrash?  
You're the reason that we clash, and I'm lowering my head, ready to charge, prepare to crash

But not even You, yes You, You know who You are, put me through hell but I smile and cope  
Knock me down, stomp me out, but I'm still breathing with Your hands around my throat  
Cuz even God tells me that I should, no I have to give up on hope  
But I hang on for the hell of it, sweating blood, my body is soaked  
But the knot is becoming loose, not at the end of my life — I'm at the end of my rope