

Whirlwind by Clare Lauren Kelly

Like the mad king...I'm contrary, but
Treat me like a person, not a delicate little lamb.
It ain't right in your eyes, but that don't make it wrong,

Only a pawn if you don't know you're being used.
My screws are loose but I don't want no screwdriver.

I cry atop a pile of broken mirrors,
No one likes me anymore and
Death laughs deeply from the shards of
The mirror shattered beneath my bleeding feet.

I'll watch you crumble into sand
What will you do? Oh, what will you do?
As it has been said and sung, if the right
Shows mercy, then use the left hand.

Dead love couldn't go any further,
What do I think? What do I say?
In the end it all goes away
While the darkness seeps in to stay.

It is said that a broken heart can't be healed
Yet they say time heals all wounds.
You ever say something, then instantly realize
The other doesn't know you well enough yet?

Are you brave or stupid little one?
Doesn't much matter which,
God will decide which of us is righteous
While the other reaps the whirlwind.

All the left is right, all the black is white.
Turn your face away from the blinding light,
Away from the cold unfeeling sight
So you can listen to the music of the night.

An eye for an eye, a wrong for a wrong,
Take the thief's hand, he shall never steal again.
Fool me once, fool me twice
I'm quick to give a smile, yet you won't get a second chance.