

# Nodes Of Ranvier, Eight Weeks of Privilege, No T

Remove your hand from my throat  
My heart is too secure for your insecurities  
Your pathetic attempt to be mine and his has failed  
But only by my words was I the victor  
Now I killed this desire  
And it quickly became distaste  
Distaste for you (or what you have composed to be you)  
So please, quit wasting my time  
Spend more time on you  
Because it may take a while to remove your foot from your big mouth  
To the eye you are sweet  
But to the soul you are sour  
And I am no worse without you.