**Madhatter**

**M.L. James**

**1/16**

I can’t follow you

I can’t take your hand

You’re flying to the stars now

While I’m stuck here on this land

I’m not who I was before you

You’re not who I wanted you to be

At the crossroads there’s only glory

Calling out your name

And time it shows no mercy

It’s easy to get caught

You know that when your time’s up

There’s always a helluva cost

So crucify your anger

On your dirty cross

I’ll see you sometime later

In the wicked fog

Satisfy your worship

Masturbate your masses

Gotta keep your masses happy

Happy as a clam

I’m laying on the ground now

Your stories fill my head

My eyes are filled with stars now

Crystallizing into tears

For what was once so beautiful

For what once seemed to matter

For what was once so fucking great

I cry for you, Madhatter

A little too little, a little too late

It was all too little

Too late

Too late