Marionette Heart

It starts with a flicker behind my breath,
A voice that once dragged me close to death.
It crawls from the cracks of what I've known,
A puppet master carved in stone.

It tempts with comfort, old routines,
Dressed in doubt and in-between.
But I've seen the strings, I've felt the cost…
You play that game, you stay lost.

I've burned that script, I've sealed that door.
I'm not that man, not anymore.

Marionette heart, I cut the wire,
Stepped from the wreckage, walked through fire.
The thoughts may scream, the past may bite…
But I hold ground, I choose the light.
It plays the war like a worn-out part,
But I won't bleed for a marionette heart.

It speaks in echoes I've learned to fight,
Pulls from the dark, rewrites the night.
But presence is sharp, it cuts through lies,
I breathe, I watch, I don't reply.

It wants control, but I just stare.
No battle now, there's nothing there.

Marionette heart, I cut the wire,
Stepped from the wreckage, walked through fire.
The thoughts may scream, the past may bite…
But I hold ground, I choose the light.
It plays the war like a worn-out part,
But I won't bleed for a marionette heart.

The mind returned with sharpened teeth,
But I stood still, I didn't bleed.
It called again through smoke and pain,
But I won't dance that song again.

Marionette heart, you've lost your claim,
I don't serve ghosts, I don't play shame.
The strings are gone, the script is ash…
I live awake, I burn, I crash.
The strings are gone, the script is ash.