

My toes finally crack after my final bow to a dead audience
I put on a show each night for empty seats and silent echoes
(I tore down the curtains so they won't close either)

As I walk through the stage, I hear creaks of memories, it's always been there, it's the same
I turn around with my face painted in hope
But nobody chants my name

I danced once for love, twice out of misery
A monologue to ghosts, two to the debris

All of this while my feet still bled
From shattered glass below my feet which the people who walked out left
And yet-
I still danced
Hoping that you would come and dust off my favourite front row seat
That maybe you'd clap for the girl who still danced even when the world failed her feet

But now I'm tired, I smile as I hold the truth closer
I'm bare with no signs of this playground, the show's now over.