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## **Confession Of Faith** "Cinders"

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The land lays veiled in our own stench As we bid on that which we won't clench Into our hearts that we then might See ourselves in only light Torn and laid below That which love did sow Into the fields of latent joy Inside our hearts that we destroy With faith in ourselves so feebly we'll stand As withered children smitten to dirt Will sin still sate my tongue For I am lost So proud I am of all that I have done To sit and veil the dying son For to myself I'll draw and keep And fall into life's steep End

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