

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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