

Confession Of Faith "Crowd"

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I'm stationed across from a piecemealed land
And my faith seems so hidden faceless I stand
A deceiver with stringence as sand
Though my god is the whole of everything
That we see or can't be seen
And it all falls through my heart's drowning hand
Into deep pools of sensation
Extinguishing the light for my way
Towards rebirth and progress
But in dismay I fumbling say
Driveled words when I pray
In blank verse with blank heart
I can not find the point to start
So come follow me
And I'll drape us in offal and blight
And I'll sing for the moment
Sing how love is trite
But it's back the other way
And now our shades are as night
In my heart in my mind
The eye seems blind
And suspect all endeavors
Of what my life's confusion may find

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