

## Confession Of Faith "Upshit"

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If it taints against the reign  
Of what use is that to me  
If the thread tears beneath the weight  
Is there more silk to wind it together  
But look at all the length of twine  
In heaps at our feet  
If the thread is our life  
Must we not look to the loom  
Or just strive for wealth  
For our services rendered

Unto ourselves into the dark  
Inside the midst of a worsening storm

Where no seams will hold  
Where all fabric is in twain  
Beneath the edge of the loom master's robe

Woe

And what are we doing now  
And what are we  
When we only try to gain  
We are undone

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