

Confession Of Faith

"What Happens Then"

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I brought the detriment
Of carelessly spent
Consuming morsels
Cast off me as I went
Towards freedom's rings
A smatter of things
Seem to cadence glorify
I caught distant prisoner's scent
How dost thou feel
When tin and steel
We pass off as gold
And we try to hold
The passion slips
And solder fails
As truth rips
The fuck out of everything
And what have us now to bring
More shit and failure

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