## Intestinal Disgorge "Repentance Hour"

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As we learn, as we learn We try to forget

I loose the necktie, lift my head to breathe The air is thick as milk, let me nurse it in

The taste is sour tar Yesterday is now

My treasured penitence Craving forgiveness I stopped in midnight Tomorrow won't come

How I wish to escape The blame I cursed myself Faring indignity is my pastime My job is to regret

A night after another without any dream No god to guide me into a reverie

I stare at the clock in sweat The repentance hour is here

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