

## **It Dies Today**

### **"Bled Out In Black And White"**

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Disconcerting feeling has opened my eyes for the very  
last time

This faith stirs an echo

I hear amongst the safe and perfect waste

A slow fear still creeping in  
Invasive and persuasive like a whisper softly  
convincing me to move on  
Lay waste to all the tangible explanations  
Nothing's as it seems

Spit out the words to this question  
The validity of my future faults

Carving my intentions with this blade of distinction  
Digging deeper still in my skin  
Twisting slowly, opening the wound

Spit out the words to this question  
The validity of my future faults  
Spit out the words to this question  
Where do I begin?

This line scored from ear to ear  
Telling a tale of exsanguination

These (immanent?) fingers pressed against my neck  
Bleeding out the destruction I command

This calm stirs an echo  
I hear amongst the sacred perfect waste  
A slow fear still creeping in  
Invasive and persuasive like secrets quietly convincing,  
And missing the moral in these eyes

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