

Jairus

"The Diaries Of Nancy Thompson"

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Become this death as spite leaves your tongue, when
double meanings kill my interest. This new mind
(someone take my hand) will have it's new hand to
wash away your mistakes with blood.

All you are is words you speak, to hide wounds from
angelic eyes.

Last words won't stop your world from burning, so read
this picture of what you are. I am blessed in ways of
silence and how your kingdom, the victim, shall inherit.

From the book of youth; (with faded pages....) stay
closed, lessed this spine crack and reveal (....I
remember shoulderlength summers). From the book of
youth; stay closed, lessed this spine crack and reveal.
All you are is words you speak (I will rise above them).

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