

Judas And The Tattletales

"There He W.A.S."

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There he W.A.S. all alone in the front with that smile
and his eye's wide closed
And now I'd like to try
To comprehend what he W.A.S. reveled in the same
soul shine that ravished him blind
As darkness swallowed what was left behind
So shows it's how those good ones go
Thank you for the Elliot

It's calloused cold and lame to rain scattered
fragments of your brain
Onto our byzantine's damp clay
They score with scorn our kingdoms walls that fall so
oblique
How many haunted minds just trying to make it through
a night
With the bloodied wounds of a dog fight
To lick and mend then form the scars that make us
unique

Mortalities resounding blow to the axiom of youth
Reverberated around your grave as overwhelming
proof
On face to face we all face time and lose, so did you...

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