

Program The Dead

"The Hand, The Furnace, The Straight Face"

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Quiet
It's 4 AM
I was
Sound asleep
Trying
To hunt the sheep

There is a choice
Within a voice
Lurking somewhere between
Hidden parts
And facial scars
And remnants of the deepest needs
I am convinced
In sleeplessness
That we need some source of rest
Following
With frequency
Won't become a place to lay our heads

I've searched
And tried
And tumbled in the midst
I've swallowed pride
And nullified
What's left of innocence
Reparations
Won't be made
We'll set a precedent
Never to late
To recreate
So here's your evidence

Am I getting through?
Is this loud enough?
Any means
By all extremes
This feeling follows action
You can take
My worst mistakes
And use them for excuses

Or you can try
To realize
This vessel's by itself is worthless
The hand, the furnace, the straight face

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