

Program The Dead

"Wordsmith Legacy"

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Knock knock knock
Sound the blows to the forehead from the
Mock mock mock
Of the words, a voice I hear every morning

Like stalking me from yesterday
The taunts of one who sought to frame
The picture of this desolate
This figure cowering

Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word

Drop drop drop
Sound the sledge to the metal
Shot shot shot
Sound the pin to the chamber
My own words pound after me
Intentions bent on conquering
The very will I proudly claimed
Was the very axe that cut the nape

Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word

(I'll never, ever look back
Sitting still, sitting still
Arrogant mindset of lusts
They search and strain and drink and stagger
When we are hollow
Sitting still, sitting still
You hate us cause we'll never go away)

"You can drown
In your own mistakes
Burrowing into the black
Or you can take my hand"

Double

Edged
Sword
My every word

"This gift was never yours
So why would you ever think
That the words you said were your own?
I have chosen
And breathed
And forgiven
And changed
And purged
And cleaned
And forgave
And bathed
And carried
And soothed
And burned
And spoken and spoken and spoken and spoken and
spoken and spoken and spoken...
Yours is not to proclaim...but only to obey."

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