

## Scapegoat "Sevens"

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that very man on the corner with sign in his hands has  
lost his whole as the six to a twelve year old, I became  
that very man with the hole faster than wind, you'll  
leave your mark I'm on the incline with seven feet your  
seven fucks away from innocence cigarette burns  
should adorn my arms I've broken crosses into x's  
another covenant means little in the moment I swear  
when I came here that I hated you but now I love you  
I'm seven drinks away from sober yet you will shine  
blessed with not a whole, I have not a whole, I have but  
a hole seven leaves, seven drinks, seven down, drown  
and sink, crown of thorns, rigid streets, habits on  
leave, I'm in hell.

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