

The Grand Silent System "Seems"

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Calling card has put to rest
Your orphaned opiate.
Once more it is summoned homeâ€¦

Can you keep a secret?
Is it a trial not to tell?
Will you pass it on, repeat it?

From the same mould we draw
A common theme to all thinking,
So bullet proof it for
It is ripe for the picking.
Absence is a form of closure;
Numbering the scores and tolls we court lament.
Seldom built to last size the plaintiff
While you're down on all fours.

Did you find being bought out generally
Turned bribes to weapons,
Redefine the cleansing taught to them:
You're the vessel.

Cope, concentrate, come forth the simple things; bind.
Hold kind, never concede,
Your worth is offering to guide;
The lease will end in time.

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