

Twelve Tribes

"Faith, Hope's Dirty Knife"

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I swear i never thought i'd feel this kiss awakening
sickness to
Preying swine blessed clotting tears neglect my face
left as a bitter
Empty self sunken to the mire below i've found no
triumph in this
Last breath such weeping could not unmask to you my
love roughly
Her lips they move four seasons in passion eternity has
been
Unsung tragedy deceived in this spoiled tongue her
body sips from
The glass of a boy who spits the unsaid abiding thirst
but well fed i
Could have never guessed twisted wrists lead my
hands to injecting
Obsessions venom under her skin her seduction
bleeding into a
Child's torn imperfection grasping for a blurred forever
and this lust
Endured forever and forevermore feeling this kiss.

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