

Zola Jesus

"God I Hope The Data Is Lying"

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Here in this house of endless bloodshed
There is no air.
We never sleep.
They smell our skin a mile away.
Shaken,
I am the ashes in the ossuary.
Careworn and lame,
This threadbare brain
Sends only signals of decay.
If I can fall to sleep,
Don't dare disturb my rest.
Because it's been so long since it was safe -
So I wait here, feeding on fear,
With knuckles white and dripping red.
Shaken,
I face defeat at my own hand today.
Before the end comes from outside,
I draw it from within.
The fog of war:

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