

A Past Unknwon "Cursed"

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Words as sharp as knives, bite your tongue or the rest will follow. What makes a man stems from the inside, paralyzing the outward of our being, shows who we truly are when the masks are shattered. This substance that holds you up won't last long, a fake persona can only get you so far. There's no light, it's so dark inside, help me understand, was it ever even there at all? How have you become so blind? The mask is so clear to see. The blood on your hands of the life you led means so much more when this is all you have left, when facing the end and nothing but regret. Will you not repent? Open our hearts, give us grace we don't deserve. With our drug of choice, the sin we blindly follow, it's time to make a choice, come clean of the wolf in sheep's clothing. You'll never escape what you have coming. Put to death this false concept of seeing. You will stand at the throne with nothing left. Open our hearts.

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