

Primordial "Failures Burden"

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Days drift and I rise to the cold sun
I was born an old child
With no place for faith in my heart
Aged in my sleep or bitter times ahead

You may say I've given up the ghost
Once and for all admitted defeat
And laid out my hand for all to see
And made peace with the beast in me

Winter mocks me though he does not need to
call my name
He thinks my bones are brittle
And the grip of my resolve is tired
Sullen and weakened just the same

I don't remember when it happened
When the clocks stopped
Their hands tied
And my heart stood still

I have saved the least for last
Torn out all who reached for me
A beggar before beauty
Failures burden rests with me

Every man is evil
Every man a Liar
And every word he speaks
Kindling to the Fire

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