

Project 86

"Wordsmith Legacy"

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Knock, knock, knock
Sound the blows to the forehead from the
Mock, mock, mock
Of the words, a voice I hear every morning

Stalking me from yesterday
The taunts of one who sought to frame
The picture of this desolate
This figure cowering

Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word

Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word

Drop, drop, drop
Sound the sledge to the metal
Shot, shot, shot
Sound the pin to the chamber

My own words pound after me
Intentions bent on conquering
The very will I proudly claimed
Was the very axe that cut the nape

Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word

Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word

[Incomprehensible]

You can drown
In your own mistakes
Burrowing into the black
Or you can take my hand

Double
Edged
Sword
My every word

Double
Edged
Sword
My every word

Double
Edged
Sword
My every word

This gift was never yours
So why would you ever think
The words you said were your own?

I have chosen
And breathed
And forgiven
And changed

And purged
And cleaned
And forgave
And bathed

Carried
And soothed
And burned
And spoken

Spoken and spoken
Spoken, spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken

Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken, spoken

Yours is not to proclaim

