

Pointed Sticks

"Guardians"

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Can you show me what it's like to be alive?

My lord knows that I've been sinking.
The sanctuary's skin has finally been lifted.
The symphony has grown silent with distaste
From the grime it's sound produces and it's elegance
in waste.
I've grown blind to my eyelids they are the my
guardians of naught.
The sight my innards seek to dispatch is the very
reason I am wrong.
Call upon the almighty one for He is the only one who
saves.
Call upon the almighty one, protector of the graves.
All you've said is now forsaken.
What you've come to believe is forsaken.
As the wretches of this pit of heart cry we will all know
what is indeed
Forsaken.

Restless in a mess of contagion strains and
mismatched thought,
Lay the silent eyes of black heart nights eternally
searching for missing parts.
The tunnels lights are dim without fractions of time to
think for second thoughts.
Sink or rise there is no swim.
You live, you rise, you drink, you die.
The sky emerged with the black of dusk and the scent
of angels left us dust
With aromas filled of conspired trust,
As he could turn away from God.
The words unspoken fill syringes with not blood but
black eclipses
Of our hearts not sanctified
And in the image of our faith denied,
Beseech of the Lord and beg for sight.

Can you show me what it's like to be alive?

Tear it from the chest all the conflicting inflictions while

it settles in the head, parasitic-like thoughts.

This flawless design can never be duplicated
When the cycles of the earth fold the world infinite with
signs.

Let the truth be the prey of the faith-stricken cold
And when the core is warmed up ask for the path from
the lord.

Can you show me what it's like to be alive?

As we she'd the pretense and the dawn has stained
itself a place in mind,
The search is unending until we finally find.

Our creator.
Our sustainer.
In whom we always seek refuge.
Our Guardian.

Can you show me what it's like to be alive?

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