

Pointed Sticks

"The Sound, The Flood, The Hour"

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God give me strength, you know I need it.
Say "Submit to me!" And I'll concede.
And when the crow rusts, water will follow in combust.
The veins of pride pump strong with the the blood of
scarecrows.
A cavity so fills, a likened tar is the stain of poisoned
arrows.

Straight through the soul of man.
God remind these people of what their in.

God give me strength you know I need it.

Pray for mercy.
So beg the pedestal to shine between each shoulder
blade
And slip a card of arrogant remains.
The mark of a titan bore silver, belted, strained the
neck
And made us giants but we stand as nothing but
crumbling stones.

The seventh circle is well reserved
For those who falsified God's words.
Fall to your knees.
So beg.
Pray for mercy.

In the eve of the hour all will beg
And pray for mercy.

So wave the banner high,
Nigh is the hour of the flood.
Pray, tell the tale of your pride and may we drown in
our blood.
Safeguard and hold fast the pages
That save us from a temperament of void.
To only you, oh Holy One, I submit my voice.

God give me strength, you know I need it.

Up to your neck in timeless, mindless, sightless, blind
confided,
Blight of the wired shine of pride,
You barely breathe
With the glare of certain death
Ticking and emitting the sound, the flood, the hour.
Take a second and beg, pray for mercy.

So fall to your knees and pray for mercy.
Fall to your knees and pray for mercy.

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