## Tourniquet "The Skeezix Dilemma Part Ii"

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[I. The Suffering]

Skeezix bloated in petulance from the night's debauch Wields his mutated feline frame down from his arboreal watch

Space 109 is always occupied by the countless faces who tried and tried

Bruises from an unseen source as chronic abuser runs his course

There is no remorse

Sinewy limbs reach through the bars to collect the carcasses of souls Given over the deeds of infamy, Skeezix took his toll

The ungainly truncated form of the docile Pipsisewah Subtle in demeanor yet with powers that beggar description

They call him by different names Some call him Gilgamesh, the man who has never tasted death

The size of the room is half as large cause you walked around it twice

And you walk again with both eyes shut cause your fears became your vice

[II. The Battle]

Tormentor underestimating the power of the Pipsisewah

Confrontation on the grandest scale the outcome already known

The child whose humble prayer set the battle of ages

Torment no more

[III. The Victory]

We call him Jehovah who's always near And you can win the battle when you pray without fear

## The weak are victorious when the strong reaches down And the ones who bring sadness will bow to the Crown

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