

Timepiece

Blood Has Been Shed

My own hand was the instrument destruction was imminent the pain of sorrow
was too much to bear I walked away and you never said a word punishment
enough I hang my hand I cannot look you in the eye coming chaos engulfs me
there was no warning it is never too late to start a new breaking the crutch
of the passive nature I will seize salvation that has eluded my grasp had I
only listened I was in earshot whispering shouting your ancient wisdom my
mind changes with every breath I cannot deny this burning sensation that
comes with understanding do now pass me by that was never your way.