

Too Many Grasshoppers to Maintain the Harvest

Confide

He ceased. At once this dreadful land.
What have you done to me?
My thoughts into a dream.
Scrape out the eyes of those who've seen you.
Your promise is safe with me.
Take these nails and drive them straight through my wrists,
for my punishment is near.
Transform my thoughts into a dream.
Who am I?
I feel the sunset in my veins.
The Stars came with me.
Blood Red Sky.
Look Inside Me.
Father. I'm Waiting.