

Parade Of Scars

Corpus Christi

Righteous engagement of thoughts
set forth the crumbling of our souls.
Business knows no end, even to the death.
Friend or foe, raising it's unnerving head,
tormented by the gestures unknowing.

I see the lies behind your eyes.
Puzzling how it comes to this,
but I guess I had it coming.
Stabbed in the heart again,

The charade of life and a knife
from a friend watching our dreams fall apart.
Caught up in the parade of scars.

Humanity only breeds death,
yet continue to believe in each other.
Put my life out on the table
and let them feast upon it.

Inked in pain, a reminder of what they do,
heading not by contrast.
Is this the course never ending?

If this isn't hell then bow me now.
I lay my life out for the vultures.
They pick me up and tear me down