

Knife in the Safe Room

Darkest Hour

Call it escape to stay alive
Call it displacement with sunken eyes
When all it takes to reignite
Is separation of thought and sight

Drought flood bathing in blood
Sacred arrangement of god as a son

Drown any semblance
Of power of privilege of state
The plight of the sainthood
The harmony of gluttony and lust
The knife in the safe room

Without the business of death bringing glory what's left
A celebration of blood

My arrow is true
Another self given wound
They all come from above
To kill everything that you love

Control and everything you know
Is in the life you left
Is in the life you hold
Back then you never see the head
Disconnected flesh disconnected soul
The unseen unfolds
Who the pariah heeds
The pariah holds

This is the confession
Of an obsessive former human
The only one who tried to stop
This world from consuming
And devouring itself