

As a corrupted spring.#
The "righteous man" falls down before the wicked.
For the men to search their own glory is not glory.
He that has no rule over his own spirit is like a
broken edifice.
Without its walls.
Recognition is not seemly for a fool.

Sew the lips and nail the tongue of the pretender.
Thorns through the limbs of those figures of great
failure.
Swarm of rats, vermins of the saviour.
as the dove tangled within barbed wire.
Limping oblivious shades.

Come behind my eyes.
A whip for the horse a bridle for the ass and a rod as
for the fools daily bread.
As coals are to the burning coals and wood to the fire.
So is a contentious man to kindle strife.

Thy ghostly self shall be chewed and disappear within
the depths of your own deceive.
They call out o your blind sight.
Canting from dusk 'till dawn, on and on the Gospel of
blood, but how is it to become whole?

Shall you come to the edge of reason or stand with eyes
tight shut?
Thou so graciously ill shade of grey.
The face of righteousness shall be the everlasting
embrace within thy blood and devoured soul.