

Since 1848

I Am Abomination

This deficit of currency is weighing heavy.
Parasitic suit coats shoving threats strait down my neck.
I'm onward west.

Searching for the pay dirt, tearing at the earth to compensate
my addiction.
Pennants for dependence on the monetary kings.

So count me in, I'm too far gone.
I'll bury my soul beneath this dirt.
As I tear apart this wretched earth.
Sever the treasure from this soil.
I strive to find who I once was, but it's buried deep.
Deep within this endless pit of god forsaken mud.

Salvation lies beneath the surface.
Reparation for the serpents.
Restitution for the vicious ones.

Trading in the heaviest shoulders for the smallest of boulders
.
Turning tables on the man who tells you that "gold won't save
you. Nothing can."

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I strive to find who I once was, but my future found me first.
Deep within this endless pit of godforsaken mud.

They regret it now, the threats they made.
Life in exchange for what is due.

They say never contend with men who have nothing to lose.

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