

My Fallible Friend

In League

Stutter and stall, are you sure of the words you spoke?
Were you slow to form your convictions or quick to let them go?

If only you knew, the burden of proof is on you.
Our minds are vigilant, with confidence we are flawed.
Begging the question my fallible friend.

With torment inside your head, Injuring truth became your daily
bread.

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Our bodies weak, there is poison in the well.
We are damaged by the lies we breathe.

We don't always see eye to eye with the demons in our lives.
A premise will come to feebler men.
To break them.