

Incarnate 365

Integrity

Imprisoned on this dying shell
Escape is inevitable
Light burns bright
Beneath these eyes
More than mere flesh lies salvageable

Imaginations indefinite neglect
Worst type of crime of all
Child's mind, all the time
Before you become your own evil

Thrown away tomorrow's
Scattered along the sides of the road
The nights I lied awake plotting
The demise of a love
You'll never know