

Tracing oil trails and streaks of black,
serpentine, to certainties that never leave you.
Impact at the start of the escape,
far away, where no-one's coming to relieve you.

Excandescent star, swallowing your heart.
Excandescent star, swallowing your heart.

Betrayal's bible is handmade and heavyweight,
and best of all it's open ended.

Excandescent star, swallowing your heart.
Excandescent star, swallowing your heart.

Why do you stay if nothings left to save?
Eyewitness at the gate there to validate,
the claim that faith is not too far from fate.
Sealed to the page, the place you might be safe.

The weapon comes to cure the wound; it's overdue.
You keep the evidence to prove it,
and read the scraps like clinging leaves of tea,
but all I see is accidents, so rise above it.

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Is this superstition the one thing to add up?
Your trust that everything will turn to dust
is evidence enough.

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